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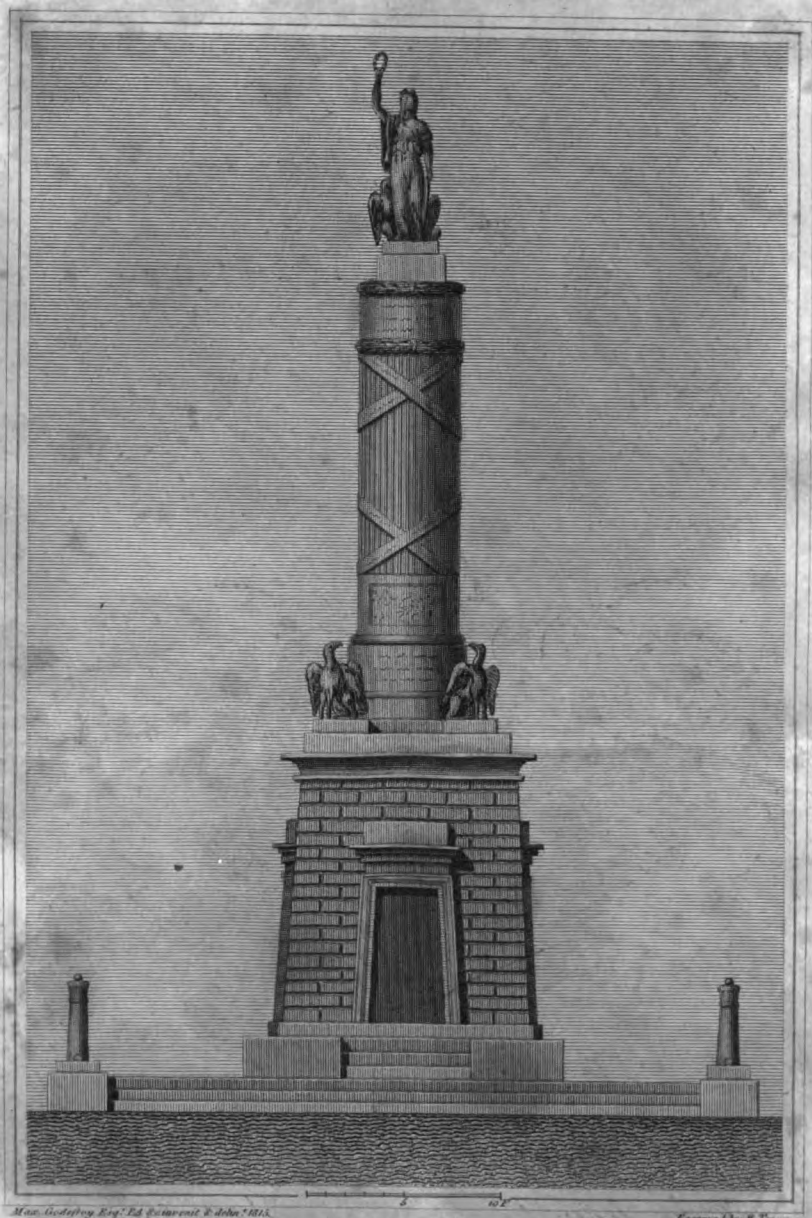
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Hope essays add: 30

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Mass. Geology, Eng. Ed. Curran & John, 1815.

Engraved by B. Tanner.

BATTLE MONUMENT.

The Corner Stone of which was laid in Baltimore at the Solemnity of the 12th of Sep: 1815, in Commemoration of the Defenders of this City, who fell on the 13th of Sep: 1814, at the Battle of North Point & the 13th during the Bombardment of Fort M^c Henry.



THE

Port Folio

By
OLIVER OLDSCHOOL ESQ

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THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, has enlarged the public understanding. HERE too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts which, otherwise, might have never appeared.—DR. KIRKES,

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1816.

NO. 1.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MONUMENT,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE ATTACK ON THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

FOR the following paper we are indebted to the attention of a friend in Baltimore, to whom we tender for his favour our sincere acknowledgments. We publish the article for sundry reasons: it is interesting in itself, it makes public an act of justice and honour to those who have fallen in defence of their country, and it sets forth an example that is altogether invaluable—an example, which, if followed, will soon wipe from the page of history one of the foulest charges against republics—that of ingratitude to their best benefactors.

That people who can thus reward the merit of the deceased, will never suffer from a want of merit among the living: that people who can thus honour the fall and perpetuate the memory and achievements of the valiant, will never want heroes to fight their battles. Let the inhabitants of other parts of the United States catch the fervent and well-directed zeal, and emulate the praiseworthy example of the citizens of Baltimore, and they may rest assured that in times of public danger they will receive their reward in a more impene-

VOL. I.

A

trable rampart formed around them by the breasts of the patriotic, the high-minded and the brave. For if any thing can add to the courage of those who are already constitutionally enamoured of danger, it is a confidence that, should they fall, their deeds will be rewarded by acts of public justice, and that their memory will survive in the gratitude of their country.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our admiration of the talents and taste of Mr. Godefroy, the architect of the battle monument of Baltimore, in the various departments of art which he so ably cultivates. We dwell with great pleasure on our recollection of one or two beautiful designs for a monument to the memory of Washington, and of an able representation of "The Battle of Pultowa," with which that gentleman contributed to enrich the collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, at one of their annual exhibitions. For so much genius exercised on objects which cannot fail to be precious to Americans, we hope he will experience an ample reward in the patronage and regard of an enlightened public.

We are promised, and hope shortly to receive from the pen of an able correspondent, an article descriptive of the military operations to which, under Providence, Baltimore owes her safety from the assault of an enemy, who had publicly and unblushingly avowed his intention of the most dishonourable, not to say the most brutal warfare.

ED.

ON the 12th day of September, 1815, the citizens of Baltimore assembled, and in grand procession, moved to WASHINGTON SQUARE, where with appropriate solemnity they laid the corner-stone of a MONUMENT, which they are erecting as a suitable tribute of respect to the memory of their brave fellow citizens, who fell on the 12th and 13th of September 1814, in defence of that city. *Maximilian Godefroy, Esq.* presented to the committee of vigilance and safety, the classical and superb plan of the monument which they adopted, and are now building under his direction. That gentleman is an artist pre-eminent in taste, an architect of fine talents, and an engineer of high distinction. So rarely endowed by nature, and so richly accomplished in departments of art that are both useful and ornamental, it is much to be regretted that he has not received in public estimation, but more especially in public employ, the standing which he merits.

SUCCINCT DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

The lower part of this monument, the square base of which is to be sixteen feet on each front, presents somewhat of the figure of an Egyptian tomb, ornamented on each side with an antique door closed with a tablet of black marble. Above arises a circular *fascis* symbolical of the union, on the *fillets* of which are inscribed the names of those to whose memory the monument is consecrated.

Above the cornice and at the four angles of the *socle* of the *fascis* are four marble *griffins*; the base of the *fascis* is to be ornamented with two *basso-relievos*, representing the battle of North Point, and the bombardment of fort M'Henry. Two *lacrymal urns* are to be placed in the intervals. The top of the *fascis* is to be bound with two *crowns* in *demi-relief*; one of cypress, the other of laurel.

The *fascis* is to be surmounted with a *socle* bearing a statue of Baltimore, (formed from the representations of Juno and Cybele) holding a crown in one hand, and an antique helm in the other, with the United States' eagle and a bomb along side of her.

The entire elevation of the monument from the pavement to the *socle* of the statue, is to be forty-seven feet, not including the statue, which is to be seven feet and a half—the whole to be executed in white marble.

The procession and the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of this monument were conducted with the most impressive solemnity. A detachment of horse preceded the mayor of the city and Mr. Godefroy the architect. They were followed by generals Smith and Stricker, and colonel Armistead, the brave commander of fort M'Henry during the bombardment, the committee of vigilance, and a number of general officers.

The clergy of the city preceded an antique car drawn by six white horses, handsomely caparisoned and led by soldiers. Upon the car was borne a model of the projected monument, at the foot of which were placed bullets, military standards, drums, and other trophies of war. The car was in the centre of a battalion which moved in the form of a hollow square, to solemn music. The relatives of the citizens to whose memory the monument is to be erected, and those who were wounded in the battle, followed the car. After them, appeared the governor of the state of

Maryland, and the members of the legislature, followed by the judiciary and other civil officers; and the procession closed with the military corps of the city and neighbourhood, under the command of major-general Harper. On arriving at the site of the monument, the right Rev. Bishop Kemp made a peculiarly excellent and appropriate prayer, after which the Rev. Dr. Inglis delivered an eloquent and affecting address. The corner-stone was then laid.

The corner-stone was laid by the architect, under the direction of major-general Smith, the commanding general at Baltimore, brigadier-general Stricker, commander at the battle of North Point, lieutenant-colonel Armistead, commander at fort M'Henry, and the mayor of the city of Baltimore.

The prayer and address are so much distinguished by the value of their matter and the force of their style, and by the strain of piety which they so eloquently pour forth, that they cannot be unacceptable to the readers of *The Port Folio*.

PRAYER BY BISHOP KEMP.

O God! the creator and governor of the world, in whose hands are the lives of men and the fate of nations, we approach thy throne with veneration and awe. We acknowledge our numerous offences and errors—we have sinned—we have done wickedly—we have rebelled against thee our God; while thy bounties have been bestowed upon us with a liberal hand, we have forgotten our kind benefactor!

We adore thee, O merciful Father, that our chastisements have not been measured by our offences, but that in the midst of wrath thou hast remembered mercy. On this occasion we present ourselves before thee with the mingled emotions of grief and of gratitude—of grief for the loss of our beloved citizens—and of gratitude, for the great deliverance, which the bravery of our troops and the merciful goodness of our God effected for us on this memorable day. And while we erect this monument to perpetuate their patriotic and intrepid deeds; we also offer it, as a testimony of thankfulness to that Being, who did not forsake our city in the day of danger—who inspired the hearts of our men with courage in so tremendous a conflict, who supported them in the face of an enemy, who had won many a severe fought field in European wars.—O God! on our gallant and beloved defenders pour down the best of heaven's blessings!

While this day reminds us, in the most forcible terms, "that man who is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery—that he cometh up and is cut down like a flower—that in the midst of life we are in death;" let it also teach us that of none can we successfully seek for succour but of thee O Lord! —Thou canst frustrate all the plans of men—thou canst defeat the most extensive warlike preparations—and devest the most terrific hostile engines of any effect but empty sound! "O Lord our Protector, how excellent is thy name in all the world!"

When our minds run back to the scenes which we erect this monument to commemorate—when we think of the heart-rending grief, and the dreadful anticipations, with which we viewed our troops marching out to face the foe—when we behold the sky filled with flashes of fire, which appear still bright in our view—when we listen to the tremendous roar of cannon which seems still to vibrate on our ears—when we think of the grief of the mothers, wives, and children of those who stood exposed in this awful day—how shall we sufficiently magnify the goodness of our heavenly Father, when we find ourselves, at this time, in possession of liberty, prosperity, and peace. Let our souls and all that is within us praise the Lord!

When we look upon this monument may our hearts, O God, be enlarged with sentiments of benevolence towards the widows and orphans of those whose names are inscribed upon it; and may another monument of affection and charity towards these interesting sufferers be soon erected, which the influence of the elements shall not deface nor the hand of time destroy. May a perennial stream of charity issue from it like water out of the rock of Horeb, to maintain the mothers, the widows, and the orphans of those who fell in defence of our city.

O God, continue thy protection to us! and guard us against the attacks of impiety and vice, foes that neither the bravery of our citizens nor the strength of our ramparts can possibly ward off—foes that would soon weaken all the energies of our country, and prostrate our fair fabric of liberty in ruins. In the day of prosperity, may we never forget our God, nor suffer the insidious and enervating influence of luxury to paralyze our free and wise institutions, and render us an effeminate and weak people. But

give us grace, so to maintain thy holy religion, that by its divine means and its sacred ordinances, we may be preserved a pious, a virtuous, and a happy people. Inspire our rulers with the fear of God, which is the foundation of all true wisdom, and the shield of every free government. Let the holy maxims of christianity be regarded as the ground of our policy and they will prove the ark of our safety—"that righteousness exalteth a nation, but that sin is a reproach to any people"—that "when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn"—that government is the institution of God for the punishment of evil doers, but for the praise of them that do well—and that to respect the authority of government and obey its laws and injunctions, are duties which we owe to God.

Fill our hearts, O heavenly Father, with the love of thee, and of our fellow creatures; and may a spirit of mildness, moderation and christian charity pervade every description of citizens! Then will this monument continue not only as a testimony of our respect for the memory of our departed citizens, but as a proof, that while we maintain the principles of christianity and cherish its noble virtues, our happiness and freedom will remain a monument more durable than marble: upon which both internal and external enemies will waste their force in vain, and exhaust their efforts in empty sound.

Continue to us, O bountiful God, the blessings of peace, and give us grace to apply these blessings in such a manner as to extend the influence of thy holy religion—to enlarge the boundaries of human happiness—to spread the knowledge and the practice of religion from the rivers to the ends of the earth—so that the happy time may soon come, when wars shall cease—when man shall no more prey upon man—when all unruly passions and bad dispositions shall yield to the amiable virtues and unoffending dispositions of true christians—when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Hear these our prayers, O merciful God: through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

ADDRESS BY DR. INGLIS.

Men, Brethren, and Fellow Citizens,

This day is consecrated to no common duties. Shall we joy, or shall we grieve? Shall we lament, or shall we give thanks?

Twelve months are just completing their revolution, since this fair city, and a large extent of our country, whose safety was not incorrectly adjudged to be embraced by hers, were exposed to the formidable assaults of a British fleet and army. Every shell from the bombarding squadron, seemed to the ear of the timid and the wavering, and I thank God there were not many such, a *minute-gun* that told of the *funeral of enterprising and devoted Baltimore*. Concern sat upon every countenance. Cowardice *was not*; or, if existing, was ashamed to let itself be seen. The foe was discomfited, and retreated from the conflict: a haughty foe: a foe, who had not scrupled to announce intentions not more destructive to us than disreputable to himself: a foe who arrogantly contemning our resources, forgot alike, that an Almighty Being rules the destinies of embattled nations, and that freemen, fighting for their families and their homes, strike with an arm of sacred confidence, which no boastings of the invader shall wither.

The joy of deliverance, however, is bitterly mingled with the tinctures of grief. Could I be so base as to lose the remembrance of the blood by which *my* safety was so dearly purchased, this monumental spot, these sorrowing relatives, and all these interesting memorials of public sympathy and respect by which I am surrounded, would instantly rebuke the treason. But gratitude to God must take precedence of the tenderest tributes of social affection. Charge me not, then, with offering an unseasonable request when I ask you to temper the melancholy offices of this day with the expression of your gratitude to God for the Salvation which he has been mercifully pleased, through the instrumentality of our brave fellow citizens, to effect in the midst of us. It is what the shades of those who have left you, if permitted to take part in aught that passes beneath the sun, would, I persuade myself, require at your hand: for there is scarce a social or relative virtue, be it generosity, or modesty, or piety, which does not hold a close alliance with true valour. "Not unto us;" I seem to myself to hear the heroes exclaiming; "Not unto us, O Lord;"

and not even to the intrepid ranks in which we fought and bled and fell; "but unto thy name be the praise."

Men, brethren, and fellow citizens; come with me to *their graves*; and *there*, let me speak with you.

Tell to the world that the Lord hath kept the city, and that therefore your defenders were not vigilant in vain. Tell to the world that your dwellings are your own: that your persons are free: that independence still hallows the soil on which you tread, the blood-bought heritage of your fathers: and that Almighty Providence, by your deceased heroes and their survivors in arms, hath done this thing. Almighty Providence frowned defeat and mortification on the self-confident invader, who, flushed with a long series of victories in the fields of European discipline, dreamed that an easy prey laid before him. By a divine blessing on the general industry, zeal, and patriotism, our citizens, whose habits and occupations had hitherto for a long train of years, been such exclusively as are incident to a state of peace, were rapidly converted into efficient warriors; and the city which had been destined to "sit as a widow," soon found herself enabled to sing, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight! my goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth the people under me!"

Figure to yourselves your temples and your dwellings on fire: your once busy and pleasant walks, an extended battle ground: your women and children wandering in exile, they know not whither, and scarcely caring how, pursued by the clangor of arms and the shout of licentious victory. But I forbear—I cannot speak what I feel. It is not for me to paint the horrors of a populous town taken by assault. Sad imagination may supply my deficiency. But gracious God, is it from this fate we have been rescued? Oh, blessings on the memory of the fallen! Honour to the scars of the living! Thanks to the swords of the chief and the soldier, the veteran and the young volunteer! Praise to the patriotism of all! and with especial fervor, be everlasting glory paid to God our Saviour—Most High—Most Mighty—and Most Merciful!

For, mark the reverse. The hostile step pollutes not now those hills and those vallies which were moistened by the blood of

our brave militia, and by the tears of their widows and their fatherless children. Not a plume drops from the eagle's wing: not an arrow from the gripe of his talons. The battlements are safe. The banner floats proudly in the welcoming air. The stars are sovereign. The altars secured from military violence and pollution, have been loaded with the oblations of adoring thousands. *The people have offered their thanksgiving unto a delivering God, and paid their vows unto the Most High. They would now do an act of justice to the brave. They now honour their noble-minded defenders.*

Rich shall be the reward of those who combatted, and have survived; for they have successfully acquitted themselves of one of the loftiest of social duties. Their country declares herself satisfied with their filial and prompt obedience. Conscience, with a glow of honest transport, looks back to well-sustained trials, to well-fought fields and well-earned reputation. God from on high, has blessed them in their deeds of glory.

They heard the drum beat to arms, and the trumpet sound to battle. They were told that blood must flow: They stopped not to take counsel from the unmanly idolatry of animal existence. They counted not their lives dear to them. They gazed on the star-spangled banner, the lovely pledge of success that kissed the inspiring breezes of Heaven. They vowed that *that banner* should not cease to wave. And, hear it, beloved countrymen, *they kept their vow—God being their Helper, they faithfully kept their vow.*

That banner still waves in undiminished splendour. It sparkles in beauty on the bosom of the Mediterranean. In terror it has gleamed on the towers of Algiers.

It is the pride of our eyes; and may it wave forever!

Brave citizens! the unwithering wreaths with which glory has crowned you, will not suffer us to forget those whose example has taught us how to endure—how to fight—how to conquer—and alas! how to die.

Yes, my countrymen, *how to die*. For after all, the felicity of this day is deeply tinged by the colours of death. The light that shines upon the field of glory is darkened by sepulchral gloom. From surviving patriots and soldiers resident in our com-

munity; and from those gallant men, inhabiting more distant parts, both in command and in the ranks, whose presence graces our solemnities, or the fame of whose services fastens our gratitude upon them; I must transfer your regards to *our fallen heroes*. When I turn my eyes to the distinguished officers on my right who conducted the defence of Baltimore, and to whose cool intrepidity and sound discretion, its inhabitants are under a lasting debt of gratitude, I am reminded that they have appeared before you on this occasion to deposit the foundation stone of a monument sacred to the memory of their brethren slain in battle. This deed of deep interest and solemnity has been done, preceded by the rites of our holy religion. And I hazard nothing in affirming that all who are concerned in the performance, derive from it a generous and melancholy pleasure. To high-minded men nothing can be more gratifying than language or actions expressive of the admiration due to virtue and to valour: Nothing to the christian man more sweet than the giving of honour where honour is due. Spirits of the warlike dead! whom living, we loved; and whom, departed, we bless! who would not cull the fairest and the sweetest flowrets nurtured in the kindly lap of earth, and strew them on your glorious graves? Who would not catch the last rays of the western sun, as he sinks behind the mountain top, after a day of powerful refulgence, and say, 'tis thus the patriot falls—'tis thus the hero dies?

In the division orders which regulate the movement of the troops this day, the general has been pleased to exhibit so just and animated a view of the utility of monumental structures on occasions like the present, that any additional observations on the interesting subject are rendered superfluous. It may not be thought irrelevant, however, simply to remark, that these memorials of a people's grateful affection for men who have honourably fallen in their defence, have in them not more of justice to the meritorious dead, than of excitement and stimulus to the living. Wiping away the stain of ingratitude from the republican character, a character too often inconsiderately reproached by those who should more righteously and candidly estimate human nature, they prove to the youthful citizen that the hour, *though it may linger, is sure to come at length, which consecrates the tomb of patriotism, and*

heaps its benedictions on the name of the dying hero. Well, therefore, have the fathers of our city terminated their honourable career of official labour and vigilance, by an act so worthy of the guardians of public freedom and public virtue; an act, I had almost said, which renders the citizen who first suggested it, and I am ignorant who he is, deserving *himself* of a monument. In thanks to this paternal body, my countrymen, for this most commendable act of theirs, give it a due weight in the direction of your principles and conduct. Come to this hallowed spot, and as citizens and soldiers, suffer yourselves to be informed at once of virtue and its praise—of duty, and its proud reward. Remember what has been done, and what has been endured by the men whose *deathless names* this monument records; and go, and endure, and do likewise. Their country has not forgotten *them*. *Your country will never forget you.*

No distinctions of party separated these gallant souls in the loveliness of the patriot's expiring moment. No factious temper averted one gentle bosom from the steel that struck at the vitals of a common country, or one manly front from the bullet's swift-winged death. Let no recrimination of this accursed sort freeze any heart against the claims of freedom, the laws, and the public safety. Let the only strife among us in such times of national trial, be *who shall teach the enemy the speediest and the sorest lesson*.

There is other instruction from this monument; instruction which I may not omit. My character as a minister of religion forbids me to omit it. God is holy. God is just. God is the avenger of guilt. Impenitency finds no favour before him. Do I mean to cast reproach upon the heroes whom I have praised? Your candour will acquit me of this injustice. I mean simply that the perplexities, the horrors, and the desolations of war are among those rebukes with which heaven chastises men and nations for their crimes. And in these mysterious chastisements it often happens that the least guilty fall martyrs to the greater guilt of the community at large. Public repentance, therefore, must be pressed from that very theatre where public suffering and public gratitude mingle in the same scene. Diminish, then, the sum of the general guilt in the diminution of your own. Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for

he will abundantly pardon. Out of the depths cry unto him, and he will listen graciously unto your prayer. Those who humble themselves before him he will exalt; for sweet to him and acceptable are the orisons of a people's humility. Be not afraid of evil tidings, but be prepared for them. Let your hearts be fixed, trusting in the Lord, and doing good. Thus praying, and thus acting; thus believing, and thus combatting; let no mustering thunders of alarm betray you into despair of the republic *The sacred and majestic columns of piety and of patriotism shall steadfastly support it; and Liberty shall never find her grave in your intrenchments.*

I add but a word. Ye widowed and childless hearts, bleeding with fresh sorrows: ye agonized bosoms, which throb at the remembrance of joys fled never to return; of affections never again to meet their objects beneath the skies: look at these badges of general grief: see this monumental offering of a saved people to the beloved memory of the virtuous and the brave: and believe that your country mourns with you. Yes, the commonwealth mixes her tears and her warm blood with yours over the sacred ashes of the dead! Fathers and mothers—she thanks you by me for the precious gifts which you have bestowed upon her. Sisters, wives, brothers, friends—she makes your sorrows *her own*. Accept her sympathy. Accept her holy enthusiasm of feeling. Accept the protection of that freedom and those laws which the integrity and valour of her departed heroes—your husbands—your fathers—your sons—your brothers—were instrumental in preserving to her in that moment when Honour sat weeping over their wounds, and gazed on them beautiful in death. Be comforted. There is a rest where mourners weep no more. The All-merciful invites you to that rest. I have done.—Now then my country,

Now "thy tones triumphant pour,
 "Let them pierce the hero's grave;
 "Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
 "O, how sweetly sleep the brave!
 "From the dust their laurels bloom,
 "High they shoot, and flourish free;
 "Glory's temple is the tomb!
 "Death is immortality!"—*Montgomery.*

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT, NO. XII.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CURIOUS BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE VINDICATED.

THE course of intellectual pursuits has of late years undergone a great change. Now we seem to estimate every branch of science and letters according to its connexion with the general utility; but formerly controversial metaphysics and divinity, philology, criticism, and antiquities chiefly occupied the hours of literary leisure. By means of this change not only have many studies been brought into more general cultivation, as chemistry, mineralogy, and both branches of ethics; but others have been in fact created, as theories of medicine, of agriculture, and of political economy, some of whose important branches form separate sciences of themselves.

There is no country in which this altered taste in studies so predominates as in the United States. Nor ought this to be a matter of wonder. Possessing a country for which nature has done every thing, and man as yet but little, we are constantly invited by the opportunity and stimulated by our wants, to aim at improvement. Every man, whether his object be fortune or fame, is most likely to attain it by turning his attention to what may be useful. Plans of saving labour, of improving manufactures and agriculture, theories of curing diseases, and above all, speculations on laws, constitutions, and the regulation of states, are what the country most needs, and therefore what it most encourages. He who can advance any thing on these subjects at once valuable and new is amply rewarded, so far as he can find remuneration in the public favour. But for those studies which are rarerly curious, so much are we engrossed by those which are useful, there is none left to regard them: and the study of philology, of metaphysics, and the higher branches of mathematics are almost universally neglected.

While the philanthropist may hail the change as favourable to the happiness of man, and more worthy of his dignity, the cautious inquirer may doubt whether in avoiding one erroneous extreme we may not have run into its opposite.

There is such a kindred connexion among the different subjects of human speculation, and their several ramifications are so

interwoven with one another, that we cannot successfully cultivate any one without somewhat improving those that are contiguous. If, therefore, utility alone be the test by which we are to estimate the merit of the different sciences, they all have strong, though unequal, claims to our favour.

To enumerate all the various links by which each science has affinity with others, would be as difficult as it is unnecessary. It will be sufficient for the present purpose, to select by way of illustration, some of those branches of knowledge, which having a less evident bearing on our welfare, are least cultivated among us.

Botany.—This study has indeed been cultivated with an ardor in Europe, since the days of Linnæus, perhaps beyond its intrinsic merit; but it here is very little regarded. If a little reflection however, will teach us that an intimate knowledge of plants may advance the science of medicine, by discovering to us their healing and stimulating properties: may give aid to the mechanical arts, by furnishing materials for dyeing, tanning, weaving, and building: may assist agriculture by teaching the better management of crops, and by the introduction of new grasses, and new species or varieties of plants already known: and may thus aid the statesman in providing food and clothing for man—If it be objected that the science is at present nothing more than a catalogue of names, and that it gives neither exercise nor instruction to any other faculties than those of vision and memory; it may be answered that this is the fault of its votaries and not of the science itself. That it has not advanced from a study of words to things, may be partly owing to its being neglected by those who are capable of improving it. What was done by Linnæus was a useful preliminary step, and a vast achievement of human industry: but when the whole vegetable world was arranged under the classes which nature herself had instituted, and every different kind had its name and description, future botanists might have explored and imparted to mankind, their best mode of culture and improvement—their mutations—their medicinal qualities—their utility in the arts, whether in furnishing provisions, conveniences, or ornaments to man. How many plants now bloom and perish on our mountains and in our forests which might mitigate the bitterest pangs of disease, and sometimes avert the arrow of death itself

How many indeed may even be found about our dunghills, and among the most unwelcome intruders into our gardens! That there are among our indigenous plants certain and immediate remedies to the most active poisons, and brilliant and unfading dyes which are as yet unknown to European art, those who have been conversant with the Indians of this continent can readily testify. As these may have been discovered by accident, many others may exist which have escaped their notice. This field of inquiry indeed is so vast and so fruitful, that almost every day chance brings to light something useful, while science discovers nothing, because her eyes are turned another way.

Natural History.—All that has been urged in favour of botany, applies to the study of animated nature. We are indebted to animals for a large proportion of our food, and for our warmest and most beautiful clothing; for their assistance in our most laborious operations; and for furnishing us with an easy and rapid mode of conveyance. No one can doubt that the art of managing them and of improving their breeds cannot but be advanced by an accurate knowledge of their history, qualities, and manners. And that inquiries cannot be safely trusted merely to that class of men which has an interest in making them, is evident from the improvement which the treatment of the horse has experienced, since the institution of the Veterinary Societies in Europe; though this animal, above all others, had previously been the object of ordinary care and attention.

But although it may not be unworthy of men of genius and science to acquire an accurate knowledge of the horse, the dog, the cow, the sheep, the hog, and in short of all other animals which may be subservient to the purposes of man, what benefit, it may be asked, can be derived from enumerating the different species of spiders or bugs, or exploring the manners of snails? To this objection it may be answered that the laws of animal life form a subject so copious and so elusive of our grasp, by means of the senses, and are withal so important to be known, that we should avail ourselves of every possible source of information. In this point of view no part of the works of nature deserve to be disdained. Besides finding in all of them, from the highest to the lowest, much to be admired, we often unexpectedly light upon

instructive analogies. It is by the congregation of remote and insulated facts that we are led to the discovery of general laws. The functions of nature, one would think, cannot but be better understood by a near and a comprehensive view of her operations, than by one that is partial or superficial: and in the course of our researches, even into the minutest of her creatures, we are often rewarded by some discovery which may contribute to our comfort or enjoyment. The most beautiful of dyes is furnished by an insect. Peculiar acids have been extracted from others. When we owe so much to the bee, the silkworm, the Spanish fly, and some others, who can say that there may not be many valuable properties among the innumerable tribes of insects, which industry, assisted by genius, may in time discover? If, moreover, an intimate knowledge of their history and economy should render no other benefit, it may serve to prevent their mischief—often very extensive, and beyond our present means of avoiding. It might be very practicable for us, were we better instructed in their history, to counteract the ravages of the borer in the West Indies, of the Hessian fly and the weevil in the United States, by which the revenue of whole countries is so greatly diminished; to say nothing of the various insects which annoy our cattle, horses, and even our own species. Thus, a thorough knowledge of every part of animated nature is important with regard to comparative anatomy and physiology; to manufactures; and to private and public economy.

Mineralogy.—An accurate acquaintance with the various mineral substances, whether metals, earths, acids, or salts, cannot but multiply and improve the riches we draw from the bowels of the earth. There is perhaps not a species of soil or stone upon this globe, or within it, that may not be made subservient to the comfort of man, in providing him either habitations, utensils, tools ornaments, fuel, or medicine. And though much has been done by scientific inquiry, how much more is there yet to do! The mineral wealth of this vast continent still remains almost unexplored. Nor has science any where as yet ascertained upon what principles the fruitfulness of soil depends. We should surely be more likely to learn the means of increasing and preserving the

pabulum of plants, if our experimental farmers were more of botanists, chemists, and mineralogists.

Mathematics.—The sciences of measurement and calculation are so auxiliary to every profession and occupation in life, that their elements compose a part of every system of instruction, however circumscribed. But the more abstruse branches of geometry and algebra are also not without their use. By the aid of astronomy and arithmetic we are able to traverse with safety and certainty those wide and trackless oceans which cover four-fifths of the globe. Thus the intercourse among nations is facilitated, and the discoveries which necessity or chance have brought to light in one country are communicated to another; their mutual wants are relieved; and a salutary stimulus is given to exertion by means of a gainful commerce. While astronomy has, by its assistance to navigation, done so much for trade, manufactures, and the diffusion of knowledge, it has in turn been indebted to the mechanical arts for the perfection of the telescope, the quadrant and its other various instruments. It has also aided us in a more accurate knowledge of the relative position of the different parts of the habitable globe. But for our astronomical observations of Jupiter's satellites, the longitude of most places, would even at the present day, be a matter of uncertainty. By the assistance of logarithms and fluxions, calculations otherwise the most operose or impracticable, are made easy and certain; and by the aid of these not only do geometry and algebra lend their aid to their sister sciences, but the labours of even the financier and political economist are abridged and facilitated. Indeed if we consider the assistance which the mathematical sciences have given to navigation, we must admit that there is no branch of human knowledge which they have not directly or indirectly benefited.

Foreign languages.—The defence of the study of the classics will hereafter be the subject of a separate consideration. It may however be here briefly observed that the acquisition of the dead languages may serve to sharpen a boy's faculties when he is not able to learn any thing else, and therefore may be considered as subsidiary to the acquisition of every other species of knowledge.

This study has, moreover, a direct tendency to improve us in writing and speaking our own language, both by the excellent examples of composition which they afford; by the exercise they give us in making translations; and by teaching us the etymology of particular words, and the principles of language in general—an improvement of incalculable benefit, whether we consider it as affording a direct pleasure to ourselves as facilitating the communication of knowledge to others. It is by a study of *words*, and of things *through words*, that our orators, and fine writers both of poetry and prose, are principally formed. And it is by the arts of style and method that these can combine delight with instruction, *lectorum delectando paciterque monendo*, and thus do so much to impart and diffuse to the *many* what has been discovered by the *few*.

Antiquities.—As a branch of history, this study is entitled to encouragement and respect. The situation and conduct of nations, at different times, though often alike, has never been the same: and whatever may help us to remove the rubbish which time has heaped upon past occurrences, is valuable by giving us a new chapter in the history of man. Thus the exploring of monumental inscriptions, buildings, fortifications, medals and coins, are all useful in this respect; and often enable us the better to understand the laws, arts, and manners of those who flourished on the theatre of the world centuries ago. Accurate information of every thing appertaining to the ancient nations of Greece; to the Romans; and the Carthaginians, especially the latter, if it could be obtained by modern industry, would be of inestimable value to us in the administration of our republic, by teaching us what it would be safe to imitate, and what it would be prudent to avoid.

These remarks upon the utility of some particular branches of learning and science which many among us affect to underrate, might be extended to an indefinite length. They are however sufficient to show us that we ought not hastily to impute insignificance to any subject of diligent and ardent speculation. The fact is that the same close affinity which the ancients supposed to exist among the muses may be extended to the whole circle of arts and sciences, and every benefit rendered to any one member has

a tendency to advance the interest of the whole family. Let us consider, for example, the mechanical application of steam, from the first hint of the marquis of Worcester, in his century of inventions, through all its gradual improvements, to those floating batteries which the genius of the late Mr. Fulton has contrived for the defence of our maritime cities, or to the steam-boats which now ply on the river Mississippi. We here find that the discovery of a simple fact in pneumatics has given rise to improvements in mechanics, in the military art, and in navigation, and to commercial and political consequences that are important, beyond all calculation.

Independent of the general utility which every branch of science may possess, by its natural affinity and probable benefit to the rest, they are all individually useful by the exercise they afford to the intellects of those who pursue them. The mental discipline is nearly the same in every subject which may be denominated scientific. They all accustom the mind to comparing and discriminating—to generalization—and abstraction. They teach it to perceive analogies, and to invent illustrations. At one time to resolve what is compound into its constituent elements, and at another, to deduce remote and complex truths from simple and undeniable principles—above all, they form habits of patient and diligent inquiry, of method and arrangement. Though different sciences furnish different materials, the intellectual instruments and operations are, with little variation, the same.

But admitting that any particular study was not attended with the advantages of public utility or individual improvement, and its sole direct benefit consisted in the pleasure it imparted to its votaries, it certainly is no small praise that by furnishing a harmless and interesting employment, it would cheer the dreary hour of sickness and solitude; it would afford a security against the seductions of vice and the temptations to crime; and would enable unhappy mortals to elude those vain hopes of the future and bitter regrets of the past, and the thousand black chagrins which idleness never fails to engender to beset the path of even the most virtuous in their journey through life. In this point of view the study of entomology, or conchology, or ichthyology, afford as venial an occupation as hunting, or fishing, or any other unprofitable pursuit.

It is readily admitted that all human studies are not equally deserving of the encouragement they receive, and that some of them are carried far beyond the limits which a regard to public or private utility would prescribe. If we would graduate them according to their intrinsic importance, certainly we should place those highest which most concern the happiness of man; and of these, we would give precedence to that branch which appertains to communities rather than to individuals. "The proper study of mankind, is man." According to this standard ethics, including politics, jurisprudence, and moral philosophy, would occupy the first place. Physics, including agriculture, chemistry, and natural history the next: and the mathematical sciences the last. But though not all equal in dignity, they are all entitled to respect, and are all indispensable to civilized man.

Nor will it be denied that much of the time and talents which have been devoted to some less important branch of science might have been advantageously transferred to others of more dignity and value. He who, like Leuwenhoek, has had the patience to count the eggs in the roe of a herring, might have passed his time, at least as agreeably, in acquiring more useful information. But every human pursuit is susceptible of abuse, and man ever has been prone to extremes. It must also be recollected that by giving an undivided attention to a single subject, more extensive and accurate knowledge will be obtained concerning it; and though the individual inquirer may be a loser, the world is likely to be a gainer by this minute subdivision of the field of inquiry; since the result of a year's labour may often be imparted in a single hour.

It may perhaps be objected that, as life does not allow us leisure to cultivate every branch of learning, and to acquire every species of knowledge, it behoves us to make a selection of the most worthy and devote ourselves exclusively to that. But there are many who by patient industry may make successful researches in natural history, or experimental philosophy, who would never attain proficiency as statesmen or legislators, as writers or orators. How many are now delving in the learned professions who not only add nothing to the general stock of human knowledge, but who cannot comprehend what is already known, and

who have with difficulty acquired that portion of information which is necessary to ensure a livelihood? That the number of this class should be lessened would certainly occasion no loss to the world, and as certainly none to themselves in point of pleasure or intellectual profit, if their occupations were exchanged for others more suited to their capacity. In fine, as it respects the public, much of the time bestowed in forming crude political theories—in acrimonious invectives—in frivolous discaptations—might be more beneficially laid out in investigating the operations of nature, however minute. And as it respects the individual himself, it is a mere matter of taste whether he catches butterflies or squirrels—hunts deer or frogs—and traces the pedigree of a horse or the history of minnows. In either pursuit he may find equal interest and amusement.

Every species of occupation or research which may be properly termed scientific has been vindicated upon the general grounds that there is the closest affinity among the different branches of human knowledge—that though they are not all equal in importance, some minds may pursue one with success, when they would fail in another—that where no public benefit can be derived, they are entitled to indulgence as sources of innocent amusement—that where they are pursued with more ardour than can be justified upon any of the preceding grounds, the instances are rare, and that we must be content to put up with this liability to excess to which every good thing is incident—and lastly that this excessive devotion is no where more perceived than in those studies which are most useful and dignified, and which are pursued by thousands without advantage to others or themselves from the influence of vanity or habit or example.

There is, however, one consideration which is peculiarly applicable to the United States. From the nature of our government, we are, as has been observed, more invited to the study of politics and legislation, and those branches of learning which qualify the possessor for the discharge of public offices. The honour and emoluments by which these are rewarded, operating as a bounty, give them extraordinary encouragement, and degrade all others below their appropriate rank. In these, therefore, we are conspicuously deficient; and foreigners, taking a partial view of

our learning and science, are apt to judge erroneously of the whole from the unfavourable opinion they justly form of a part. They find us but little acquainted with chemistry and mineralogy—not adepts in the higher branches of the mathematics—indifferent prosodists—careless about the minutiae of classical literature—and they regard us as a people inferior in intellect and native genius. Nor are we altogether free from a similar sense of inferiority. On this account then, it would be desirable to see every branch of science and learning prosecuted and encouraged. I would have a question concerning the Greek accents discussed with all the laborious research and critical acumen which could be displayed at Oxford or Cambridge. For we shall never effectually wipe off the illiberal reproaches with which our intellectual character has been assailed, so long as there is any branch of letters in which we shall manifest a decided inferiority; and until we are disenthralled from every species of dependence, literary as well as commercial, we shall not attain our proper portion of national respect. Besides, excellence in the sports and pastimes of the mind, as well as in its more serious contests, are to be valued, not for their intrinsic worth, but because superiority in the one would afford a just promise of superiority in the other. As the case now stands a scientific treatise is quite a rarity, and a dictionary of arts and sciences, composed and not merely *copied* in the United States, is a literary phenomenon which we can never expect to behold, while there are so many among us who, however limited their capacity or theatre of action, set up for statesmen and philosophers, and disdain to be any thing else.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD TEETH.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I TRUST that some remarks on the advantages of good teeth, and the inconveniencies of bad ones, as well as a few hints for their preservation, will not be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. A former number of your useful miscellany bestowed

merited praise on certain celebrated dentists of your city; but these artists are within the reach of but a small part of the community; and, after all, the prevention of an evil is far better than its remedy.

It is certain that no part of the "human face divine" is more pleasing to the eye than a regular and white set of teeth. And let puritanism or austerity say what they will, it is a virtue in us to endeavour to appear amiable and agreeable in the eyes of others. We cultivate beauty in flowers; we admire it in birds; we praise it in horses and dogs; and shall we be indifferent to it in our own species? This would be the height of ingratitude to the bounty of Nature, which has planted in the human breast so lively a sensibility to personal beauty. Let us not then perversely thwart her benign purpose. Besides teeth that are decayed and neglected are sure to occasion a disagreeable breath: and though we may be careless about exciting admiration, we certainly ought to avoid giving offence.

If the care of the teeth is important as it respects others, it is much more so as it respects ourselves. When in a state of decay they are apt to cause troublesome and obstinate tooth aches, and sometimes painful affections of the head, ulcerations, and weakness in the eyes. When the jaw teeth are lost, and we are consequently unable to perform the useful office of masticating our food, we are exposed to the long train of diseases produced by indigestion, besides being deprived of half the pleasure of eating.

The loss of teeth, moreover, always more or less affects the speech. It surely behoves us to guard against whatever may in the smallest degree injure this noble characteristic of our species. A clear and distinct utterance adds no little to the pleasures of familiar conversation. To the orator it is indispensable.

If any thing else is wanting to inculcate attention to the teeth, it is that certain European travellers have considered bad teeth as a national defect in the United States. I am far from admitting the justice of this reproach, as a general one; but on the contrary have thought that, on comparing an equal number of Americans and Europeans in some of the states, in this particular, the advantage would be with us. Yet, inasmuch as some local habits and individual cases may have induced illiberal foreigners to say that

of *all* which was applicable only to a few, we owe it to ourselves to take away from European arrogance even this pretext of our inferiority.

Injuries to the teeth are caused principally by *heat, tartar, scaling, and scurvy* in the gums; though sometimes no doubt their unsoundness is hereditary, in which case the only remedy is to be found in the art of the dentist. To avoid the ordinary causes of decay, the following easy rules would commonly be efficacious.

1. *Beware of drinking or eating any thing very hot.* No one thing besides has done so much injury to the teeth as the hot tea, hot coffee, and hot soups to which so many people accustom themselves. The use of hot drinks has been known, when suddenly adopted, to produce a sensible effect on the teeth in a few weeks.

2. *Clean the teeth twice a day with a brush, in the morning and on going to bed.* Water alone, thus frequently used, will commonly be sufficient to prevent the accumulation of tartar, which is ever forming on the teeth, and which, if neglected, sooner or later destroys them. But, as in particular individuals, and at particular times, this remedy may not prove sufficient,

3. Once a week, or fortnight, or month, as occasion requires, *use some weak alkali*, which combined with the acid substance on the teeth, makes it more easily separate and yield to the operation of the brush. Substances that will answer this purpose are always at hand, such as charcoal, wood ashes, soap, and chalk. They should, however, be used sparingly, as the daily application of them may act upon the teeth themselves as well as on the tartar which encrusts them.

4. *Whenever* the gums threaten to leave any of the upper part of the teeth exposed, *make use of Peruvian bark* as a tooth powder. Tincture of myrrh, table salt, and charcoal are also useful in preventing the scurvy of the gums. As this, however, is not always a local disease (perhaps never with persons attentive to cleanliness) the only effectual remedy is to restore a healthy temperament to the whole system.

5. *Never use the teeth for cracking nuts* or other hard substances. A large part of the animal tooth has irritability and sensation, like the other bones, and experiences the same mischief.

vous effects from exposure Above, it is protected by the gums; below, by a bony encrustation of peculiar hardness, commonly called the *enamel*. Whenever either of these defences are removed, the consequence is pain, disease, and decay; and the enamel is more carefully to be guarded, because when once destroyed it can never be replaced.

I sincerely hope, sir, that such of your readers as now have good teeth may so profit by the foregoing rules as to preserve them to old age, for old age will come on *in spite of their teeth*; and that those to whom this advice has arrived too late may inculcate its observance with their children until habit shall make it both easy and agreeable,

BENEVOLUS.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NATURAL AND STATISTICAL VIEW, or Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami country, illustrated by maps—with an Appendix containing observations on the late earthquakes, the aurora borealis, and southwest wind; by Daniel Drake.

UNLIKE the majority of books, whose title-page too often superabounds in pretension, while their other parts are comparatively bald and defective, the volume before us gives to the reader much more than it promises. It begins with a degree of modesty which, commendable in itself, and on all occasions conciliating, is more particularly so *here*, inasmuch as it leads to a very pleasing disappointment. We open the book to acquire some knowledge of a single town and a small district of adjacent territory, situated on the right bank of the Ohio, and close it possessed of information, neither limited nor unimportant, respecting the whole of the western states: for it is to be observed, that without going avowedly into the application of them himself, the author furnishes us with facts and principles which *may* be applied to a very extensive section of the country watered by the branches of the Mississippi.

Although not entitled to rank with literary productions of a very high standing—a distinction to which, from the nature of its subject, it could not be expected to attain—this volume is compo-

sed in a style that is creditable to its author. In narrative and description the matter is pertinent and well selected, and the diction, if not perfectly chaste and elegant, is concise, forcible, and clear. In every instance the events narrated, and the objects described, are placed completely within the view and apprehension of the reader: and in the discussion of topics that are as yet unsettled, and the illustration of occurrences that are yet to come, the arguments are, for the most part, sound and weighty; and the reasoning, if not always conclusive, is such, at least, as commands attention and secures respect. But the principal value of the book arises from the number and importance of the facts it contains, derived from the personal observation of the author. In this respect it is abundantly rich. On the whole, we recollect no work written in the United States, which, within an equal compass, gives so able and satisfactory a view of the climate and statistics, in the most comprehensive signification of the terms, the antiquities, and the medical history of the tract of country to which it relates. Without meaning to speak of Dr. Drake in the language of flattery, from which we feel persuaded his modesty would shrink, we think it but justice to state, as our candid opinion, that he is entitled to be proud of his book, and Cincinnati to be proud of him.

As this volume relates to a new tract of country which we have never visited, and respecting which, as far as we are informed, but little that is worthy of notice had been previously written, we pretend not to judge of the accuracy of its statements. We receive them as authentic, because we confide in the veracity and competency of the author.

Were we to find fault or to suggest amendments touching any quality of the work, it would be that of style. The diction we think somewhat stiff; inattention or failure as to the selection of phrases, renders it occasionally colloquial; and it contains several words which are not recognised by the best lexicographers as legitimate portions of the English language. Of this number are *freightage*, *immigrant*, *immigration*, *to waggon*, and a few others, most of them verbs, which, without any competent authority, our author has taken the liberty to form from nouns, by prefixing the particle *to*. However great may be the advantages which our

country derives from the domestic manufactures of our mechanics and artists, we are yet to be convinced that our language is improved by this copious manufacture of American words. Although it does not belong to British writers to teach us how to think respecting our own affairs, we must admit that they are our safest guides in the use of language, and that we ought, as yet, to be extremely cautious of rebelling against their authority.

As a tolerably fair specimen of Dr. Drake's style of writing and manner of reasoning, we lay before the readers of *The Port Folio* his

"COMPARISON BETWEEN THE INTERIOR AND ATLANTIC STATES.

"Ever, since the publication of the celebrated *"Notes on Virginia,"* in 1787, the Ohio countries have been considered warmer, in the same parallels, than the Atlantic states. The difference was supposed by Mr. Jefferson to equal what would result from three degrees of latitude. Imlay, in his letters on Kentucky, written four years after, has advanced a similar opinion. The ingenious Mr. Volney, availing himself of the facts collected by the former of these authors, has extended their remarks, and assigned to the hot region its northern and southern limits; which he informs us are the 36th and 42d degree of latitude. Professor Mitchell, in his learned and thorough review of Mr. Volney's book, by not opposing, has admitted this assertion, and Dr. Mease, in transcribing large portions of the speculations on this subject into his *"Geological View,"* has given them his sanction. Finally, Dr. Morse, and most other compilers of American geography, have adopted this opinion, and its diffusion among the people of the United States has for many years been general. Thus fortified with eminent names, and guarded by popular prejudice, it may seem a rash undertaking to attack this position; but as not many of these gentlemen ever visited the western country, and as most of them were, it is evident, in possession of but few accurate observations on the climate of this region, it may perhaps be excusable to doubt the correctness of their conclusions.

That there is a difference of temperature in the climates of these regions is perhaps undeniable; but it seems to consist more in the distribution than in the absolute quantity of heat.—Or at least if there be a difference in this respect, it cannot equal one third of what has been mentioned. That the Miami country, in its climate, resembles the centre of North-Carolina; and that Richmond, for four months, is invested with the ice and snows of Fort Wayne, is what those who may happen to winter successively in these various and distant places, will, I apprehend, scarcely admit. But the most conclusive facts in opposition to this opinion are furnished by the thermometer. The average result of eight years observations at this place, it will be recol-

lected, is 54.25 degrees. Dr. Rush states the annual heat of Philadelphia at 52.5 degrees; more recently, Dr. Coxe, from six years observations, deduced 54.16 degrees. From manuscript information with which I have been liberally furnished by Mr. Legaux, it appears that the mean heat of Springmill, on the Schuylkill, nearly a degree north of this place, as drawn from seventeen years observations, is 53.32 degrees. The mean term of these, 53.66 degrees, considered as the standard temperature of that quarter, is only six tenths of a degree lower than that of Cincinnati, which is fifty minutes further south. Again, Mr. Legaux found the mean heat of 1810 and 1812, at Springmill to be 54.50 and 54.30 degrees, that of the same years at Cincinnati was 52.77 and 52.65 degrees, giving in both cases about one degree and two thirds less heat to the latter than the former. Again, Mr. Jefferson states the heat of a cave in Virginia, near the latitude of Cincinnati, at 57 degrees, about two degrees more than the heat of the earth at this place.

A reference to the temperatures of summer and winter will give nearly the same results. From nine years observations (three at Springmill by Mr. Legaux, and six in Philadelphia by Dr. Coxe) the mean summer heat of Pennsylvania appears to be 74.6 degrees. The mean summer heat at this place, for an equal number of years, is 74.1 degrees. The average number of days on which the thermometer ascended to 90 degrees or upwards, during the same period, was fourteen each summer; and the greatest elevation observed was 98 degrees. All of which would bear a comparison with corresponding elevations in Pennsylvania. Mr. Legaux* declares the most intense cold at Springmill, from 1787 to 1806, to be 17.5 degrees below 0; within that period, at this place, the mercury fell as we have already seen, 18 degrees below 0. The average of extreme cold, in several years, is stated by the diligent observer just named, at 1.8 degrees below cypher; the same average at this place, from five years observations, is 2 degrees below. Mr. Volney asserts that he has seen the mercury, for several successive days, at 6 and 8 degrees below cypher. Near the Ohio, in December 1796, the mercury was observed for three mornings in succession, to be 14, 12, and 1 degree below 0, and for the ensuing three, to fall between 8 and 1 degree above. Again, we are told by Dr. Rush, that in Pennsylvania, the parallel of 41 degrees is the southern limit of steady cold; in the state of Ohio numerous observations go to prove that the cold is intense and regular, even before advancing to that latitude. And Mr. Volney informs us, that the Potomac seems to constitute a southern limit to the snows of Pennsylvania and Maryland, as sleighs are almost useless and unknown beyond that river; in this country, of the Ohio river, in the same latitudes, a similar remark may be made. Lastly, the French traveller informs us, that in the times of harvest at Monticello and at Kaskaskias, near the river Mississippi, places having the same elevation and latitude, there is a perfect coincidence; and I have found, by comparing

* See McMahon's Calendar.

the seasons for harvesting bay, rye, wheat, and oats, on the Schuylkill, as stated by Mr. Legaux, with the same at this place, that there is no difference.

But much reliance is placed on the growth and residence, in this country, of certain plants and animals, which in the maritime states are, it is said, not found as far north by several degrees. Of the former, Mr. Jefferson has cited the reed and catalpa; of the latter, the parakeet. We will consider these separately. 1. This bird, it is true, resides constantly along the Mississippi, Ohio, and their tributary rivers, as far north as 39 degrees 30 minutes, and is seen occasionally up to 42 degrees. But it is a well ascertained fact, that the climate of these latitudes is much colder than that of places in the Atlantic states, where this bird is rarely seen. There must be causes, therefore, for its higher latitude in this country, that are not connected with climate. One of these, professor Barton suggests, is the southern course of our great rivers. If this bird, as most of its family still are, was originally an inhabitant of the tropics, it must have migrated into the depths of this region, along the Mississippi and Ohio. The wide alluvial vallies of these rivers, it is observed by the late ingenious and lamented Alexander Wilson, abound in the favourite food of this bird: such as the fruit of the cockle burr (*xanthium strumarium*, L.) cypress, hackberry, beech, and sycamore, most of which are rare or unproductive in Pennsylvania. To these, the same distinguished ornithologist remarks, may be added the salines or salt licks of this country, about which he never failed to see flocks of parakeets. Finding a region abundantly stored with agreeable food, this bird long since became its permanent inhabitant; and acquired hardness of constitution sufficient to enjoy good health, where the average heat of some months in winter is seven degrees below the freezing point. In the Atlantic states, the rivers flow to the east or southeast. In advancing towards Pennsylvania, therefore, this bird cannot travel *along*, but must *cross* their vallies; a movement which it has no inducement to make, and hence it generally stops among the cypress swamps of North-Carolina and southern Virginia. 2. The catalpa. It would seem that soil, or some other circumstance, more than climate, regulates the geography of this tree; for it is found on the Washash, in the latitude of the Miami country, and grows perfectly well at this place, but was never seen here until planted. It flourishes in Pennsylvania, and even preserves itself in the climate of Great Britain, if placed in sheltered situations. Its native growth in the western country cannot, therefore, be considered as an evidence of superior mildness of climate. 3. The reed, or cane, which, I believe, has not been found east of the Big Sandy, was probably brought to this latitude by that river, together with Licking and the Kentucky. Finding a saline, fertile soil, it became naturalized, as it no doubt would in the dry alluvial lands of the Potomac. There is certainly nothing in the coldness of the climate along that river to prevent it; for in the winter of 1796-7, in a part of Kentucky where the cane once grew luxuriantly, and where it still existed, the thermometer, between the 22d of December and

the 10th January, sunk many times below cipher, and once to 14 1-2 degrees beneath that point, without destroying that vegetable.

To these examples Mr. Volney has added several others, as the cotton, tobacco, and Indian corn; sassafras, pawpaw, and pican. The last of these trees is peculiar to the western country, and cannot therefore be used in the comparison: the pawpaw grows in the fertile parts of Virginia, as far north as this town, and the sassafras is found even on the banks of lake Champlain: the Indian corn is cultivated with success in New-England, and tobacco has long been one of the staples of those parts of Virginia and Maryland which are under the same parallels with the Miami country; cotton is not considered worthy of cultivation in the state of Kentucky north of Green river, in lat. 37 degrees 30 minutes, although it will occasionally ripen at Cincinnati, as it has been known to do near Philadelphia. Such are the facts adduced to substantiate this opinion. Most of them, I think, prove nothing; and if a few be admitted to give some feeble support, they are sufficiently counteracted by the thermometrical and other observations which have been stated.

Other phenomena might be cited in support of Mr. Jefferson's conclusion, but when critically examined they fail to have that effect. 1. The Delaware at Philadelphia is oftener frozen over than the Ohio at Cincinnati; but this seems to arise from that city being 50 minutes further north than this town; and from the former of these rivers being much cooled by deep snows, after flowing directly south, out of a mountainous tract between latitudes 42 and 43 degrees; while the Ohio, for 400 miles, meanders in a deep, narrow, and reverberating valley, has generally a western direction, at one point extends as far south as 38 degrees 30 minutes, and receives the Kenhawa and Big Sandy rivers, which originate between 36 and 37 degrees.* Every five years, on an average, is perhaps as often as the Ohio is blocked up with ice at this town. Concerning the Potomac, in this respect, I have been able from the accounts of that river to collect nothing. 2. Another fact is the existence of the soft-shelled turtle in the waters of the Ohio, while in the Atlantic states it is not found north of Georgia. It is even said that this reptile inhabits lake Erie, which is not improbable, as it could pass thither in those floods which occasionally connect the tributary waters of the lake and Ohio. But waving this, it is certain that this turtle is found in waters much colder than any of South, or even of North Carolina; so that its higher latitude on this side of the mountains cannot be considered as indicating inordinate heat.

* How much the freezing of rivers in the middle latitudes is affected by their *courses*, appears further from the fact communicated to me by Mr. Wm. Rector, that in the winter of 1808-9 the Mississippi, at St. Genevieve, in latitude about 38 degrees, was so firmly covered with ice in a single night, as to bear horses and carriages the ensuing day. The river above that town runs directly from north to south.

Mr. Volney considers the superior prevalence of the southwest wind in this country, a conclusive proof of greater mildness in its climate; and this, it must be confessed, seems, at first view, a strong fact. Did it blow ten months out of twelve, and travel directly from the gulf of Mexico, as Mr. Volney supposes, it must of necessity raise the temperature of this country much higher than that of the Atlantic states. But it prevails only nine months of the year; has generally no great velocity; in most cases blows not more than eight hours of the twenty-four; and there is reason to believe that but little of it comes from the gulf of Mexico. It probably consists of air from beyond the Mississippi, which is obeying a general law of the atmosphere in the temperate zone, by moving eastwardly, and from which course it is deflected by the vallies of the great rivers that traverse this region. Considered under this point of view, we can comprehend how the southwest may be the prevailing wind in the interior, and the west-northwest in the maritime states, without any great difference in temperature; and this is rendered still more palpable by reflecting, that the rivers of the Atlantic states generally run from the northwest, and of course, when this wind reaches the summit of the Alleghenies, it may assume the direction of the vallies beyond, and be restored to its original state of a west, or even become a northwest wind. Another argument of a similar kind, in favour of a difference of temperature between the interior and maritime districts, is the greater prevalence of the northwest wind in the latter. Even this, however, may in part be explained away. The northwest wind of the Miami country and Kentucky, in its passage thither, traverses but few lakes. It comes from the northern, [and perhaps most elevated portion of the Chippewan mountains, and is thereby rendered intensely cold: the same wind, in the middle Atlantic states, passes over lakes for a thousand miles, and is rendered so temperate, that the region immediately to the leeward of lake Erie has the mildest climate of any part of the United States of the same latitude. In crossing the Alleghenies this current is deprived of a portion of its heat; but still, perhaps, is generally as cold a wind at Cincinnati as at Philadelphia.

To take, however, a correct view of this subject, we must not merely advert to the relative prevalence of the southwest and northwest currents in the two regions; but extend our inquiries to all the *southern* and *northern* winds. From the best authorities to which I have been able to refer, it seems that these, in the Atlantic states, blow about an *equal* number of days in each year. At this place, it appears from the preceding tables, that the southern are to the northern as 322 to 256—in other words, that the former prevail over the latter by nearly twenty per cent, or one fifth; too small a predominance to produce any striking difference of heat in the two regions; and the effect of which is supposed to be diminished—first, by the circumstances connected with the southwest and northwest winds; as just

mentioned; second, by the reduction of temperature in the southeast, east, and northeast winds, upon the Alleghenies. But it is doubtless true that the same parallels are somewhat colder east than west of the mountains; the causes of which appear to be—1. The equality of the northern and southern winds in the former, and the preponderance of the southern in the latter; but this, as we have just seen, produces much less effect than is generally supposed. 2. The situation of the mountains—west of the Atlantic, and east of the interior states. On this continent, in the latitude of these states, as well as in the temperate zone generally, the western winds predominate much over the eastern, which compensates for an opposite movement between the tropics. At this place the former are to the latter nearly as two to one. The Atlantic states are therefore to the leeward, and the interior states to the windward of mountains 3000 feet high; the atmosphere of which is brought down twice as often on the former as the latter. Hence it appears, that the temperature of the maritime states is sunk by the mountains: and not that of the western states raised by the gulf of Mexico. 3. The greater elevation of the interior region. 4. The deeper snows of the maritime district. These are generally brought by the northeast wind from high latitudes, and when they are dissolved, absorb a large quantity of heat from the atmosphere, earth, and all surrounding bodies, which becomes latent, and flows out of the country with the water that it produces, reducing the temperature of the surface in proportion to the depth of the snow.

The interior have not only been declared much warmer than the eastern states in the same latitudes, but denounced as liable to sudden and extreme changes, in a degree entirely unknown in the latter. This opinion I suspect to have arisen in part from the report of immigrants, who, upon settling in this *new* country, have had their curiosity awakened, and become, for the first time in their lives, attentive to natural appearances. They have then gone on to compare the sudden changes of this climate with those of the climate left behind, but which, unfortunately, they never observed; and of course decide in its favour. The thermometers of the two countries indicate no material difference on this point, as appears from what follows. Mr. Volney states the annual range of the mercury in Pennsylvania, on an average at 160 degrees. Mr. Legaux even makes it more: at this place, as has been stated, it is exactly 100 degrees. The extreme range, taking the cold in one year and the heat in another, in Pennsylvania, according to various authorities, is about 120 degrees; the difference in this country, in the course of 25 years, has not exceeded 116 degrees. The difference between the warmest and coldest times of each day in the year, I have found, by comparing the manuscript journal of Mr. Legaux with my own, is at least as great on the Schuylkill as the Ohio. Professor Day has kindly furnished me with a statement of this difference at New-Haven, in 1809 and 1810, from which I find, that the daily changes from cold to heat were about one

degree greater at this place than that; but the opposite changes were 2 1-4 degrees greater there than here; and at a short distance from the seaboard, the difference would be still more striking. An inquiry into those sudden and irregular reductions of temperature, which are every where deprecated, would give results in no degree unfavourable to this country. No fall of the mercury at this place has ever exceeded 20 degrees in an hour and a half, which Dr. Rush states to have taken place in Pennsylvania. The doctor also asserts, that the thermometer has fallen 41 1-2 degrees, and Mr. Legaux saw it fall 47 degrees in 24 hours; which is five degrees more than any depression ever observed here in the same length of time. Finally, Dr. Rush declares that there is but *one* steady trait in the character of the climate of Pennsylvania, and that is *it is uniformly variable*. From all these evidences, and from the fact that consumption, rheumatism, and other diseases ascribed to changes of the weather, are less frequent here than in the east, I think the opinion that this climate is more changeable than that of corresponding latitudes in the maritime districts, is proved to be without any sufficient foundation.

The comparative estimate of the winds of the eastern and western states, has been in a great degree anticipated; but a short recapitulation may not be unprofitable. The prevalent winds of the interior come from between south and west. Some of them are from the gulf of Mexico, but the greater number appear to consist of air which, in conformity to a general law, is moving eastwardly, and suffers deflection to the north by the vallies of the Mississippi and Ohio. The winds between north and west are next in prevalence, and consist of two varieties—that which attends or follows thunder-gusts and other storms, and is supposed by Mr. Volney to descend from the higher regions of the atmosphere; and that which comes from beyond the sources of the Mississippi, and frequently continues for several days. The prevailing winds of the middle Atlantic states are between west and north. They consist of the real northwest, which traverses the lakes, and loses much of its rigour, which, however, it reacquires in ascending the Alleghenies—of the mountains or alpine atmosphere, frequently rolled down towards the ocean—and of the southwest wind of the interior, converted by the vallies of the eastern rivers into a direction north of west. The west wind of both regions possesses nearly the same qualities; but from having traversed an additional range of mountains in reaching the Atlantic states, must be colder and drier there than here. The east, southeast, and northeast winds of those states, taken together, prevail more, and are warmer and damper than in the interior.

The violent northeast and southeast storms of the Atlantic states, are unknown in the western. In the quantity of water that falls in the two regions, there is probably not much difference. The southwest wind is the cause of great rains in the latter, and the northeast of still greater, perhaps,

in the former. In this latitude more rain falls west of the mountains, and more snow east of them. In the interior there is more cloudy weather, and greater atmospheric humidity. In thunder-gusts and other electrical phenomena, in droughts, and in the periods at which most agricultural operations are performed, there is perhaps no material difference.

It remains to be acknowledged that this comparison is only an imperfect outline. The observations made at this place are defective in many respects, but if much fuller, they could not, of course, indicate the climates of the surrounding region. The observations made in Philadelphia, with which those made here have been in part compared, are not the most proper for that purpose, inasmuch as the extremes of temperature in a city are less than in the adjoining country. To the observations of Mr. Legaux I have been obliged continually to refer. They were, I do not doubt, made with accuracy; but from the unexpected result of the comparison, there is much reason to apprehend that the situation of his thermometer, or some other circumstance, has caused him to assign to Springmill a higher temperature than it really has. It is to be hoped that some eastern meteorologist, who possesses more accurate information on the climate of that region than can be obtained by a person resident in this, will undertake such a comparison as the observations made at this place would support.

That section of our author's work which is headed "Future Consequence" cannot fail to be particularly interesting, as well, perhaps, as useful, to those who may meditate a removal from the Atlantic to the western states. We make no apology, therefore, for copying it into our journal.

It will, perhaps, to many persons at a distance, and particularly to those who have not studied our natural and commercial geography, appear altogether visionary, if not boastful, to speak of *cities* on these western waters. Yet it is certain that those who have contemplated this country with most attention, are strongest in the belief, that many of the villages which have sprung up within thirty years, on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, are destined, before the termination of the present century, to attain the rank of populous and magnificent cities. The grounds which support this prediction are too broad to be travelled over at this time; but it may be rendered plausible in a high degree, merely by a reference to the Mississippi. If we consider the quantity of water discharged by this great river—the vast extent and number of its branches, many of which exceed in length the largest rivers of Europe—the general direction of the main trunk, nearly from north to south, passing through more than fifteen degrees of latitude in the temperate zone—the diversities of aspect and inexhaustible fertility of the region which it irrigates—the boundless and perennial forests which in the

east and in the north overshadow its sources—the numerous beds of coal and iron which enrich its banks—the reciprocal ties and dependencies, which can never cease to operate, between the inhabitants of its upper and lower portions—the numerous states which will possess in its navigation a common interest, that must forever constitute a bond of political and commercial amity—we must be convinced that there is no river on earth of equal importance; or at least none on whose countless tributary streams so many millions can subsist.

Of all the ramifications which enter into the composition of this majestic river, the Ohio will unquestionably retain for ages the highest rank. What comparison the countries dependent on it will ultimately bear to the Hudson, the Delaware, or Potomac, cannot at this time be determined; but any hypothesis that assigns to the former a decreasing ratio of improvement will be seen to have no foundation; the opinion that these states cannot support even a denser population than any in the east is altogether groundless; the associations of wildness and ferocity—ignorance and vice, which the mention of this distant land has hitherto excited, must ere long be dissolved; and our Atlantic brethren will behold with astonishment, in the green and untutored states of the west, an equipoise for their own. Debarred by their locality from an inordinate participation in foreign luxuries, and consequently secured from the greatest corruption introduced by commerce—secluded from foreign intercourse, and thereby rendered patriotic—compelled to engage in manufactures, which must render them independent—secure from conquest, or even invasion, and therefore without the apprehensions which prevent the expenditure of money in solid improvements—possessed of a greater proportion of freehold estates than any people on earth, and of course made industrious, independent, and proud;—the inhabitants of this region are obviously destined to an unrivalled excellence in agriculture, manufactures, and internal commerce; in literature and the arts; and in public virtue, and in national strength.

Where will be erected the chief cities of this promising land? It may be answered with certainty—on the borders of the Ohio river. They are not likely to become places of political importance, for these must lie towards the centres of the states which this river will divide; but the commercial and manufactural advantages that exist in lieu of the political, are so much superior as to justify, in this inquiry, the omission of every town not situated on the Ohio. Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Louisville are the places which at present have the fairest prospects of future greatness. The age of Cincinnati is intermediate to the others. Their population and business correspond at present with the order of their enumeration; but the time is apparently not remote when a different comparative rank will be assigned them. Both Cincinnati and Louisville seem destined to surpass Pittsburgh. To this prediction the inhabitants of that town—for thirty years the *entrepot* of all the

Ohio countries—are not expected to assent. It will even be regarded by them as groundless and arrogant; but without stopping to anticipate and repel the charges of self interest and vain glory, I shall proceed to a brief exposition of the relative advantages of that town and this. It is well known to all the people of the United States, that for twenty years both foreign and Atlantic goods, to the amount of several millions of dollars, have been annually wagoned to Pittsburgh, deposited in its warehouses, and shipped in its boats for the country below. The expense of these operations has, of course, been defrayed by the consumers in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and the adjoining territories, who have thus made to the prosperity of Pittsburgh a yearly contribution of great value. Hundreds of our merchants were passing moreover, through this town; and it was early discovered, that if manufactures were established, it would be possible to dispose of many articles required in the newer settlements below. Hence founderies, glass-houses, breweries, and iron manufactories of various kinds were erected; and the wares of this “Birmingham of America” superadded to the merchandise of the east, soon spread extensively over our country. During such a period of commercial prosperity the borough could not but flourish; and were the causes of its growth as permanent as they have been efficient, it would unquestionably retain an enviable superiority. But a change in the current of our importations—such a change as has already begun—must inevitably reduce the ratio of improvement in that place, just as much as it will be increased by the same cause in Cincinnati, Louisville, and the other towns below. The wagoners employed in the transportation of our merchandise from Philadelphia; the boat-builders and commission merchants; the freighters, and those who manufacture for these populous young states, will no longer receive our specie for their services; and must of course find other employments, or emigrate to other towns. The coal and iron of that place will indeed long continue abundant; but these are easily floated with the current to the towns below; which can thus establish the manufactures dependent on these important articles, with nearly as much facility as they are set up in Pittsburgh—while that town must obtain its cotton and sugar, its hemp and lead, at an expense of freightage, taking these articles together, more than twice as great as that paid by us. The country around that place is, moreover, rugged and sterile, in comparison with that about either Cincinnati or Louisville; and the greatest population it can support will have a correspondent rarity. Pittsburgh, therefore, has not so high a destination as its younger rivals to the westward; but it must forever maintain a very important and respectable rank.

The chief advantage which Louisville possesses over Cincinnati is the partial interruption of commerce at that place by the *Falls* of the Ohio. The cargoes of boats, when the water is low, are wagoned for two miles round those rapids. This not only gives employment to a great number of hands,

but it makes the town one of the heads of navigation—a place of debarkation and deposit—where, of course, an active mercantile business may be done. If these obstructions to the navigation were irremovable, Louisville would certainly arrive at a very exalted degree of commercial greatness. But the opinion of professional engineers is such as to dissipate much of this interesting prospect. The desired improvement was actually commenced more than a year ago; and although the prosecution of it has been for some time suspended—by causes not necessarily connected with the undertaking—there can be no doubt of its being resumed and finished before the lapse of many years. When this is done, the commercial importance of that town must receive a signal reduction; but still it will possess the peculiar advantage of a site for great water-works. It will, moreover, be the emporium of an extensive and fruitful district in Kentucky; for which its situation on a southern bend of the Ohio gives it a number of advantages. Still there are reasons for believing that CINCINNATI IS TO BE THE FUTURE METROPOLIS OF THE OHIO. Its *site* is more eligible than that of most towns on the river. It is susceptible of being rendered healthier than Louisville, and is extensive enough for a large city. The Ohio bounds it on the southeast, south, and southwest, so that all the streets, if extended, would, at one or both ends, intersect the river within the limits of the corporation. It has, therefore, a great extent of shore, along the whole of which there is not a reef nor shoal to prevent the landing of boats.—Opposite to Broadway is the mouth of Licking, a river whose navigation will certainly be much improved.—Over the town plat, as we have seen in the preceding article, a canal at some future period may be conducted from the Great Miami, whose waters can, by another canal, be connected with those of the Maumee, and thus secure to us a new and profitable trade with the lakes.—A survey of the Ohio will exhibit to us the important fact, that between Pittsburgh and Louisville there is not a single spot where a future rival to Cincinnati can be raised up. Finally, by a reference to the map of the Miami country, it may be seen, that the river, in approaching Cincinnati from Maysville, which is sixty miles above, runs generally to the northwest; that after passing the town, it soon alters its course, and flows nearly to the south for more than forty miles; and consequently that Cincinnati lies in a situation to command the trade of the eastern and western, as well as the interior portions of the Miami country. This is the case for more than thirty miles in those directions; and when the improvement of the roads shall be such as to facilitate intercourse with this place, the power it must exercise over these opposite districts will be still greater. The adjoining parts of Kentucky, although politically disconnected, must long continue to acknowledge their commercial dependence on Cincinnati. Thus it is the permanent mart and trading capital of a tract whose area equals the cultivable portion of New-Hampshire, New-Jersey, or Maryland; surpasses the state of Connecticut, and doubles

the states of Rhode-Island and Delaware taken together—with a greater quantity of fertile and productive soil than the whole combined.

These are some of the local advantages of Cincinnati; and if improved with a spirit corresponding to their magnitude, its inhabitants cannot fail to realize their most glowing anticipation of future greatness.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATION OF GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

TAKING up the other day *L'Abeille Americaine* of the 30th of September, my eye was attracted by a specimen of a proposed translation into French of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, by a Mr. T. De Russy. The work is spoken of in terms of high encomium by Mr. Chaudron, and probably its poetical merit is not overrated. Yet, considering it as a translation, calculated to convey a just idea of the English poem, I cannot entirely add my suffrage to that of the editor of *L'Abeille*. In many parts it is too diffuse, being rather a paraphrase than a translation; and the amplifications always injure the sense of the original. But a comparison of the passages will show how far my observations are founded. The selection begins with this passage of the poem:

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

Thus rendered in French:

Auburn! asile heureux de joie et d'innocence!
Hélas! après vingt ans de regrets et d'absence,
Quand je viens m'égarer dans tes sentiers chéris,
Je les trouve muets! Tous tes attraits flétris
Par le caprice vain d'un maître atrabilaire,
N'offrent plus qu'un aspect affreux et solitaire!
C'est ici, qu'autrefois le village existait!
Ici, pour nos amans, l'épine fleurissait!
Dieux! que ses souvenirs, s'offrant à ma pensée,
Pèsent péniblement sur mon ame oppressée!

Here the simple phrase of "the tyrant's power" is illustrated by the line,

Par le caprice vain d'un maître atrabilaire.

An "atrabilious master" is but an odd association to a merely English apprehension; yet I presume not to doubt, that it is well adapted to the genius of the French tongue and taste, and unexceptionably elegant. But the "vain caprice" of such a master is evidently out of place. It is well known to the English reader, that it is the spirit of improvement and husbandry, sweeping away the humble comforts of the cottager, which Goldsmith laments; and that the tyranny he complains of is by no means the vain caprice, but the calculating cupidity of a thrifty landlord. As it was not, however, for the French bard to be acquainted with the singular way of thinking of the English one, he may be readily excused for the misconception. He could not but have known, though, that his

Ici, pour nos amans, l'épine fleurissait,

was an interpolation. Goldsmith has no such idea. He speaks indeed of the hawthorn growing, but without the most distant allusion to its use to lovers. But love, probably, is an ingredient in a rural scene, which the spirit of French gallantry renders indispensable; and, moreover, although it is a superaddition, it is thoroughly in unison with the subject. But I must positively object to the vehement exclamation of "*Dieux! que ses souvenirs, &c.*" Goldsmith's tone on this occasion is plaintive, it is true, but it is dejected and submitted, the mere expression of a tender regret, and as different from the impassioned, theatrical manner of the translator, as is the gentle grief of Richard the second, shaking the dust off his head, from the boisterous sorrow of Othello, clamouring about his handkerchief.

The next passage seems to me better translated, and more true to the sense and spirit of the original.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:

I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.

Au milieu des chagrins, et des soucis rougeurs,
 (Car j'ai connu du sort les affreuses rigueurs!)
 Je conservais l'espoir, en cet aimable asile,
 De jouir un instant d'un sort doux et tranquille.
 Sans désirs, ni terreurs, d'attendre le trépas;
 Et même, par mes soins, de ralentir ses pas.
 De trouver, dans le sein de la philosophie,
 L'art d'animer encor la flamme de la vie.
 Enfin j'avais l'espoir, (hélas jusqu'au cercueil
 La faible humanité conserve son orgueil!)
 De voir, au coin du feu, les savans du village
 Admirer ma science, et d'y paraître un sage!

I should object to no part of this but the two lines,

De trouver, dans le sein de la philosophie,
 L'art d'animer encor la flamme de la vie.

Goldsmith does not propose to animate the flame of life by philosophy. He is for soothing, not animating it; for keeping it from wasting by repose, by shunning the disquietudes of busy life: and the idea was sufficiently conveyed by the *par mes soins, de ralentir ses pas*. The lines about philosophy, therefore, and especially if it be the new philosophy that is intended, were much better suppressed.

After this comes the allusion to the doublings of the hare, and its return to the place at which it was started. In Goldsmith it is simply the illustration of a single idea; but Mr. T. de Russy expands it into a simile of much studied minuteness. In it are set before us all the particulars of the animal's swiftness and timidity, its scampering over the fields, the sinuosities of its course, a protecting river which it traverses to the source, together with the fatal and unerring instinct of the pursuing hounds, aided by the scent which the poor fugitive spreads abroad to her ruin. All this may be very beautiful, picturesque, and descriptive, but it is not to be found in Goldsmith: nor did it enter into his head to run a parallel in all points between himself and a hunted hare. The single circumstance of its returning, and there finishing its exist-

ence, is all he had occasion for; and this is fully preserved in the translation, without the four lines beginning,

Les détours sinueux—

But for justification of these remarks, the passages referred to, both in the original and translation, are here set before the reader

And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Tel on voit de nos champs l'hôte agile et craintif,
Au bruit du cor bondir, errant et fugitif;
Les détours sinueux qu'il décrit dans sa course,
Le ruisseau protecteur, qu'il traverse à sa source,
Rien ne peut égarer la meute qui le suit;
La vapeur qu'il répand la guide et le trahit.
Formant la courbe alors, vers sa terre natale
Frémissant, il s'avance à son heure fatale!
Tel long-temps poursuivi par un injuste sort,
Résigné, je venais attendre ici la mort!

The next four lines—

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease,

appear very well rendered by the corresponding four:

Paisible et doux loisir! solitude chérie!
Repos, plus cher encore au déclin de la vie!
Quel charme, quel bonheur, de couler dans ton sein
De nos jours agités le soir pur et serein!

In the following line of the original, viz.

Who quits a world where strong temptations try, &c.

the train of thought is broken in the translation, which makes it the beginning of a paragraph, thus,

Sur l'Océan du monde il est permis au sage.

Nor, although the sense is not essentially different, does it seem to be either clearly expressed or comprehended.

On the whole it may be observed, that however better a poem the amplifications of the translator may make *Le Village Abandonné* than the *Deserted Village*, they yet make it a different one; whence it may be inferred, that if the object be to furnish a just exhibition of the English poem, they had better be laid aside. But whatever garb the work may finally assume, we cannot but hold ourselves indebted to Mr. T. De Russy for the compliment paid to English, which is also American literature, by the employment of his talents in dressing it in the language of his country: wherefore, the friends to literature must wish him success, both in regard to the execution of his design, and the subscription by which it is to be accomplished.

R. N.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS ON THE WRITINGS OF AUSONIUS.

(*Concluded from vol. v. page 461.*)

ALMOST all of the writings of Ausonius which have remained to us, are in verse, if we except only his letters and his panegyric on Gratian. In the enumeration which we are about to make, it would be extremely difficult to pursue a chronological order, since, for the most part, they consist of small pieces composed at different times, and are preserved in various collections, of which the dates are sometimes contemporaneous. Therefore, in order to assign to each composition its proper date we should be obliged to pass from one collection to another. Indeed we are ignorant of the precise date of some of these collections: whether, for instance, the Letters preceded the Epigrams, or whether that of the Idyls be not anterior to both. In order to avoid this confusion and embarrassment, we shall follow the order that has been adopted in the last editions of his works.

Prefixed to these editions, we find three prefaces by Ausonius. The first, which is in elegiac verse, is addressed to the emperor Theodosius, and appears to be a reply to a letter which the emperor had addressed to him, requesting a copy of his writings. Some of them the emperor had already read: but as

Ausonius had since published others, he was the more anxious to peruse them, as the public voice had assigned to them a higher rank.

This preface alone, it seems, ought to be sufficient to prove the authenticity of the letter of which some have even doubted the existence. It contains nothing, but what is quite likely to have passed between Theodosius and Ausonius; and it would undoubtedly be a great injury to the memory of the latter to depose it from the head of his works where it was placed by Vinet. Theodosius wrote it with his own hand. It expresses great respect for the talents and erudition of the poet. The author takes care to say that his request is not to be viewed in the light of an imperial command, but as an evidence of the friendship subsisting between them. In order to insure his acquiescence, he reminds him of the examples of the learned men in the time of Augustus, to whom they communicated their works; and with singular condescension, he assures him that if the emperor felt more admiration for any of these than the royal writer does for Ausonius, there was none whom he loved more.

To a letter so pleasing, Ausonius replies that it is impossible to refuse any thing for which such a sovereign as Theodosius has expressed a desire: that his request bears with him all the authority of a law: that though he were entirely destitute of all the fire of genius, such condescension would light the flame, &c.

The second preface is also in the elegiac strain, and is the most considerable of the three. It contains a summary view of the events of his life; from his birth to the time of his consulate, inclusive. Therefore it was not written until after the year 379. Ausonius put it at the head of one of his collections, and addressed it to the poet Syagrius, whom he selected to be his Mæcenas. He did this, as he himself says, in order that the public, seeing at the head of the collection the name of Syagrius, might rather attribute it to him than to the true author.

The third is a trifling thing. It is nothing but a light compliment in sapphic verse to Latinus Pacatus Drepanius, dedicating the last collection or a different one. Ausonius gives to Drepanius no other title than that of son, because he was much younger than himself. Hence we may fix the date of this to be previ-

ous to 390, Drepanius being then proconsul of Africa—because Ausonius would not have forgotten that circumstance had it existed; as we shall find on another occasion. He represents him as one of the first poets of his age.

The *Epigrams* of Ausonius form the first collection of his writings. They are in number about one hundred and fifty, including the four on the Roman Fasti, which he composed, but which have been lost. These four last epigrams, together with the first, which is in praise of the valour and learning of the emperor Gratian, are the most considerable. They are worth all the rest. Among these latter are some wholly in Greek, and others compounded of Greek and Latin, and many which are unworthy the pen of a good Christian, on account of their obscenities. For these he might well blush and apply to himself what he some where says of others, *meis etiam intra me erubescō*.

It was for this reason that the elder Scaliger, wished he never had been advised to write epigrams. Besides those which now remain, and which, he says, are generally too little laboured, grating to the ear and difficult to pronounce, there are others, which are sterile and frivolous, and some detestable for their indecency,—not only unworthy the pen of a poet, but also to the eyes or ears of a reader. It seems, he adds, that in order to correct them, we must burn them entirely.

Other critics seem to think that his epigrams breathe the spirit of Martial. But there is as much difference between the two poets as there is between the ages when they flourished. At the time of Ausonius, polished latinity had already begun to decline, and the art of poetry to lose some of its elegance. Notwithstanding this, however, the most skilful critics find much delicacy in some of his epigrams.

However this may be they are the first of his productions which were published after the art of printing was discovered. They were printed at Venice in the year 1496 in one vol. fol. with a preface from Barthelemy or George Merula. Indeed some have said that they had appeared in 1472 and afterwards in 1496.

The *Ephemerides* of Ausonius which followed his Epigrams, contain, in verse of different measures, all the events of a

holy day, from morning to night. But it has not reached us entire. Towards the end much is wanting. It appears to have been written for the use of young men whom he had under his care; and we thus discover, much to the honour of the poet, that at the same time when he taught the belles lettres to his disciples, he endeavoured to instil into their minds the principles of the Christian religion. This is acknowledged by one of them, St. Paulinus, as we have already seen. This is undoubtedly the most valuable of all the writings of Ausonius, and merits for him the title of a Christian poet, however some of his pieces may militate with that character. It includes all that the purest philosophy teaches in morals and it displays the precepts, practice and even the prayers of the day of a Christian. The prayer which he has inserted, beseeching the Divine Power to afford him grace to spend the day in a proper manner, breathes nothing but piety and a pure faith in the mysteries of his religion. It holds a language worthy of God, and he insists on the eternity of his word, with the design, perhaps, of fortifying his youth against the errors of Arian, who gave much trouble to the church in his day. Some extracts may enable the reader to form his judgment with more confidence.

*Omnipotens, solo mentis mihi, cognite cultu,
Ignorate malis, et nulli ignote piorum,
Principio extremoque carens: antiquior ævo,
Quod fuit, aut veniet: cujus formamque modumque
Nec mens complecti poterit, nec lingua profari.*

*Ipse Opifex rerum, rebus causa ipse creandis,
Ipse Dei verbum, verbum Deus, anticipator
Mundi quem facturum erat: generatus in illo
Tempore, quo tempus nondum fuit: editus ante,
Quam jubar, et rutilus cælum illustraret eous:
Quo sine nil actum, per quem facta omnia.*

*Da Pater invictam contra omnia crimina mentem,
Vipereumque nefas nocituri averte veneni.
Sit satis, antequam serpens quod perdidit Evam,
Deceptumque adjunxit Adam: nos sera nepotum
Semina, veridicis ætas prædicta Prophetis,
Vitemus laqueos, quos letifer implicat anguis.*

Da Pater hæc nostro fieri rata vota precatu.
 Nil metuam, cupiamque nihil, satis hoc rear esse,
 Quod satis est. Nil turpe velim, nec causa pudoris
 Sim mihi. Non faciam cuiquam, quæ tempore eodem.
 Nolim facta mihi. Neo vero crimine lædar.
 Nec maculer dubio. Paullum distrare videtur
 Suspectus verèque reus. Male posse facultas
 Nulla sit: at bene posse adsit tranquilla potestas.
 Sim tenui victu, atque habitu: sim carus amicis.

Ausonius, in his journal, marks the hour of dinner to be at 11 o'clock, A. M.

To some writers there has appeared so much of a Christian spirit in this effusion, that they have thought it necessary to take it from Ausonius in order to give it to St. Paulinus of Nola, whom they thought it better suited.

Following the *Ephemerides* we have the *Parentalia*; that is to say, eulogies on the relations of the poet who were deceased, or tributes to their memory. It is divided into thirty chapters, without including the two short prefaces, one in prose and the other in verse, and contains the eulogies of more than thirty persons. They are generally in elegiac verse.

Ausonius composed them after his consulate, and even after he had quitted the court and retired to his seat in Saintonge. He had been a widower, at the time, thirty-six years. We learn from this little piece, which is in prose, that Ausonius had already published some poetical pieces, when he composed this. He has so much modesty as to say that they were not much relished and to acknowledge the justice of the public taste. He had good reason to use this language in relation to his epigrams and similar effusions. As to the *Parentalia* he says neither the title nor the subject is very inviting. It must, however, be admitted that they throw much light on the history of the fourth century.

The *Eulogies* or *Epitaphs* on the professors of Bourdeaux were not composed until after the *Parentalia*. They are even subsequent to the punishment of Eucrocia, wife of the poet Delphidius, who was executed in 385. This collection contains twenty-four chapters, without including the brief preface which is

prefixed, or two short epilogues. We find in it eulogies on upwards of thirty persons, expressed in verse of almost every measure. The poet has treated strangers, who were taught at Bourdeaux, as natives of the place who had become professors elsewhere. He seems to have limited himself to the professors of the fourth century. He says expressly that only those who are dead are the subjects of his song; and he prays the reader to look less to the beauties of the composition, than to the evidence of his veneration for the learned men of his own country. He declares, moreover, that he does not undertake to treat of the advocates, the historians, the poets, the physicians, the philosophers; but simply the professors of grammar and rhetoric. It is certainly a loss in the literary history of France, that he did not devote his pen to these topics also.

The Eulogies on the professors of Bourdeaux, are followed by *Epitaphs* on those heroes, who fell at the siege of Troy. This order is natural; since we are assured by Ausonius that the epitaphs were added to the eulogies not as a series, but in order to prevent the former from being lost. He confesses that they are no more than Latin translations from a Greek philologist. They amount to twenty-six in number: to which he has added twelve others on celebrated persons, such as Niobe the daughter of Tantalus, Dido, Diogenes the Cynic, and others. These translations from the Greek are spoken of highly by the critics as possessing great ingenuity, spirit, and elegance. There is nothing in this collection to indicate its date.

Nor do we find any thing by which we can ascertain the age of the *Cæsars* of Ausonius.

It should seem that they are among the earliest productions of his muse, as they are addressed to Hesperus, his son. He was apparently very young when Ausonius composed these verses, in order to give him some idea of the history of the emperors. Accordingly he represents in twelve verses the series of twelve Cæsars, whose history has been written by Suetonius. In twelve other verses he traces the period of the reign of each, and in a similar number he describes the death of each. Afterwards he describes, in as many quatrains of elegiac verse, the character of all

the emperors, from Julius Cæsar to the time when he composed this poetical history. What remains to us comes no lower than the reign of Heliogabalus, of whom we have only two verses.

The *Celebrated Cities* is another work of Ausonius, in which, in fourteen chapters, or articles composed in heroic, he has sung the praises, and sometimes given a description of seventeen towns. They are ranked in the following manner: Rome, Constantinople, Carthage, Antioch, Alexandria, Treves, Milan, Capua, Aquileia, Arles, *Lerida*, Athens, Catania, Syracuse, Toulouse, Narbone, and Bourdeaux. The article of Rome contains but a single verse: but he enlarges much more upon Bourdeaux, as the place of his birth, than upon the other cities. He does not forget the good wines of his country. He says that he had been consul here as at Rome; by which we are to understand some charge in the police, which is elsewhere, called duumvir, and which still retains the name of the consulate in some towns of Guienne.

The *Seven Sages* is in verse, of different measures, and is addressed to Latinus Pacatus Drepanius, proconsul, in a short letter in elegiac verse. In this effusion the author has contrived to interweave all the fine sentiments of the ancient sages which tend to promote virtue. He introduces each of them separately and puts in his mouth the lessons which he formerly taught. He has not forgotten the principles of natural philosophy, as they were understood in those days; and are to be gleaned from the writings of Pythagoras, Zeno, Epicurus, and some others. A few errors are discovered in some places, but they are not considerable.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE ADVERSARIA.

Thus in delight my winter evenings roll.

It is the opinion of honest old Roger Ascham that “although *Carmen Hexametrum* doth rather trot and hobble, than run smoothly in our English tongue; yet I am sure,” he continues, “our English tongue will receive *Carmen Iambicum* as naturally

as either Greek or Latin. But for ignorance men cannot like, and for idleness men will not labour, to come to any perfection at all."

This Milton well understood, as indeed he did every thing else worth knowing in the whole compass of learning. He that reads him with right judgment will easily observe what use he makes of the Iambic, and how frequently in the second place, to give strength and firmness to his verse. For example,

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend;
As at th' Olympian games, or Pythian fields.

And a little after, in this sweet verse, where all the feet, except the fourth, are Iambics:

For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.

What follows in the page of this learned old gentleman is not less true at the present time than it was in his day. "For as the worthy poets in Athens and Rome, were more careful to satisfy the judgment of one learned, than rash in pleasing the humour of a rude multitude: even so, if men in England now had the like reverend regard to learning, skill and judgment, and durst not presume to write, except they came with the like learning, and also did use like diligence in searching out, not only just measure in every metre (as every ignorant person may easily do) but also true quantity in every foot and syllable, (as only the learned shall be able to do, and as the Greeks and Romans were wont to do) surely then rash ignorant heads, which now can easily reckon up fourteen syllables, and easily stumble on every rhyme, either durst not for lack of such learning, or else would not, in avoiding such labour, be so busy, as every where they be; and shops in London should not be so full of lewd and rude rhymes, as commonly they are. But now the ripest of tongue be readiest to write. *And many daily in setting out books, and ballads, make great show of blossoms and buds; in whom is neither root of learning, nor fruit of wisdom at all.*"

If Ascham had lived in our time he could not have more accurately described the rage for the buds of "Della Crusca"

and the blossoms of "Matilda:" when the good old English bullion is driven from our closets to make room for the puerilities of Bloomfield and the mawkish insipidity of Wordsworth. Shakespeare well understood the character of his countrymen when he said that novelty was only in request among them. We can all remember, that at the time when the schemes of the great disturber of the world were contemplated with a serious eye, and all hearts were united to repel the projected invasion of England; at such a moment, when every thing connected with the dearest feelings of our nature was in jeopardy, the chalky cliffs were deserted, and all ranks of people flocked to London—to listen to the pulings of Master Betty! And now the trained-band captains of famous London town are rocking Joanna Southcote's cradle to the lullaby of

The sea is Britain's wide domain
And not a flag but by permission sails—

though the spirit of American emulation vexes every wave, and the howlings of the northern blast are silenced by her victorious cannon.

Whence arises this strange instability of character, in a nation proverbial for its obstinacy? Is it owing to a proud consciousness of superiority and security? Yes, this is the great secret of English success in arts and in arms: and it affords an invaluable lesson to American youth. This delusion once destroyed, we meet them on equal terms. That which the mind wills, in most cases, it must accomplish. The poet was not rash when he pronounced these words:

Speak the commanding words, I WILL; and it is done.

Without penetrating further into a question, the discussion of which is not suited to the pages of a literary journal, we may admit Ascham to defend his country against an imputation which the mind, dwelling upon the present renown of English arts and English literature can scarcely admit, could ever have been just.

"And here, for my pleasure, I purpose a little by the way, to play and sport with my master Tully; from whom commonly I am never wont to dissent. He himself for this point of learning, (metre) in his verses doth sometimes halt a little, by his

leave. He could not deny it if he were alive; nor those defend him now that love him best. This fault I lay to his charge: because once it pleased him, though somewhat merrily, yet over-courteously, to rail upon poor England, objecting both extreme beggary, and meer barbarousness unto it, writing thus unto his friend Atticus: *There is not one scruple of silver in that whole isle; or any one that knoweth either learning or letter.* Cic. lib. 4. Ep. ad Att. ep. 16.

“But now master Cicero, blessed be God, and his son Jesus Christ, whom you never knew, except it were as it pleased Him to enlighten you by some shadow, as covertly in one place you confess, saying, *veritatis tantum umbram consecramur*, as your master Plato did before you: blessed be God, I say, that sixteen hundred years after you were dead and gone, it may truly be said, that for silver, there is more comely plate in one city of England, than is in four of the proudest cities in all Italy, and take Rome for one of them: and for learning, beside the knowledge of all learned tongues, and liberal sciences, even your own books, *Cicero*, be as well read, and your excellent eloquence is as well liked and loved, and as truly followed in England at this day, as it is now, or ever was since your own time, in any place of Italy, either at *Arpinum* where you ~~was~~ born, or else at Rome, where you was (were) brought up. And a little to brag with you, Cicero, where you yourself, by your leave, halted in some point of learning in your own tongue, many in England at this day go straight up, both in true skill, and right doing therein.”

The *argumentum ad hominem*, which the pedagogue here uses so adroitly, was once practised in a similar manner, by one of our own scholars, though with greater success, because he had an opportunity to vindicate his country, in an interview with the person who manifested the grossest ignorance of the subject. “Why what do you know in America?” said Dr. Johnson to Dr. Ewing, about the commencement of the revolution—“you have no books.” “Oh! pardon me sir!” returned the American, in a compliment, not less elegant than just, “we have just printed the Rambler.”* It is needless to say that the *Ursus Major* of

* See “Life of Dr. Ewing” prefixed to his *Lectures on National Philosophy*.

British literature was propitiated by this flattering evidence of our discrimination and intelligence.

The editors of the Quarterly Review not long ago lost sight of an American publication under review to copy all the effusions of malevolence, misrepresentation, and ignorance which they could find, against American taste, customs, morality, and literature. They talk of our mobs, though science had plead in vain, on her shores, for the decisions of Mansfield and the discoveries of Priestley: and rail at our demagogues, as if the slumbers of London had never been awakened by the yell of "Wilkes and Liberty," or her tower had never been willing to discharge a prisoner at the back door, while its peaceful guns reverberated to the cry of "Burdett forever."

I say not these things in anger, but in sorrow. However we may have been disgraced by ignorance, vulgarity, and folly, these gentlemen may be assured, that with regard to our language we can travel not only from county to county, but from state to state, without requiring the aid of an interpreter; and the state of our morals is such that we need not carry hostile weapons or implore the protection of a military guard on our highways. The criminal calendar of the whole United States for one year, I venture to say, will not exhibit as black a catalogue of enormous crimes as the annals of one session at Old Bailey.

But without entering into a parallel in which a benevolent mind cannot indulge with any pleasure, let us look forward to the "piping times" of peace, when our only emulation shall be directed to those arts and those virtues which adorn our nature and fit us for another and a better state.

AN OBSTINATE MAN, says an old black-lettered gentleman, does not hold opinions, but they him; for when he is once possessed with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just

opposite to that against which the impresson is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion he has faith enough to save an hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererrogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief, and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights, most of all, to differ in things most indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a weaker colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can find his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says, is tied faster before it is filled than when it is full, and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

While the doctrine of RETALIATION is so much talked of, the point of the following anecdote will be felt. Henry VIII intending to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I, with a severe menace, the latter begged to be excused, saying that such a message to so hot a prince might cost him his life.—“Fear not,” said old Harry, “if the French king should offer to take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power.”—“But of all these heads, replied the Frenchman, there may not be—one to fit my shoulders.”

Athenæus (lib. x. p. 441 E.) informs us that Alexis says *elegantly* or *beautifully* (καλῶς,) you drink and don't vomit. Dalechamp here, however, shows us with references to Celsus, c. 3. 1. and Plin. c. 53. 11. and cap. 3. 26. the superior excellence of

the ancients in gluttony. , After much eating and drinking it was customary to have recourse to an emetic, either through luxury, that they might have a greater appetite afterwards, or for the benefit of their health, to remove the crudities of the stomach. This Alexis seems to have been a very sober poet, for he elsewhere affirms that of all evils drunkenness is the greatest and most pernicious to mankind. Much wine is the parent of much sin. And to proceed: *Το παρσινειν εκ τῆ μεθυνης γινηται*, p. 444. B. *from ebriety proceeds madness*,* as our bedlams can testify. But what of all this? Do men err here through ignorance? No; then every sort of advice or information on the subject is vain, and the whole comes at last to this old maxim, too applicable to man in all his deviations from the line of rectitude:

We know the right and still the wrong pursue.

Wine, however, has many virtues, and full as many eulogists, who by no means imitate those who preach what they do not practice, and like a finger-post (☞) or, as they sarcastically call it in New-England, a parson, to point the road they never travel. Its *doubling* power has frequently been sung, but it has also an *ex nihilo* creative faculty, which Athenæus shall describe, p. 445. F. At a symposium (*anglice* row, bout, blow-out, frolic, &c.) some one, seeing the wife of Anacharsis, said "O, Anacharsis, thou hast married an ugly woman." "So it seems to me," he replied; "therefore, boy, mix me a cup of purer, i. e. stronger wine, that I may make her handsome." Is not this a potent virtue? And can it be credible that wives are sometimes heard to complain of their husband's drinking? Rather let them join chorus with Ion, the Chian, and sing *Τῶν αγαθῶν βασιλευς οινος*, wine is the king of good things! P. 447. E.

Alcetas, as great a bibber as any of our Madeira men, was honoured with the cognomen of *Χωνη*, *The Funnel*; which seems to have given Addison the hint of a name for a toper in the *Spectator*, No. 569. "I was the other day with honest WILL FUNNEL, the *West Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of october, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nine-

* See Casaub. p. 738.

teen barrels of cyder and three glasses of champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number." The *decay of moisture* in our globe is ascribed, says he, to the growth of vegetables, but he wittily attributes it to men, who, compared with their fellow creatures, drink much more than comes to their share!

The *eleventh book* treating of *cups* naturally follows what has preceded. Casaubon tells us that the ancients in their symposiums used wine for three purposes—necessity, pleasure, and piety. Through necessity during, and for pleasure, and in libations to the Gods after, the repast. It seems to me, says he, not to be badly said, that *a great cup is a silver well*; and such he appears to think must have been the measure given by Ulysses to the Cyclops, or three of them could not have so overcome the monster.

The elegancies and delights of an ancient convivial board, are well described in D. E. F. p. 462. Here is the jovial line:

Πινωμεν, παιζομεν, ἴτω δια νυκτος αἰοδη. B. 463. "*Bibamus, ludamus, tota nocte cantemus.*"

Let us drink, let us sport; all night let us sing!

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse
Nil mihi rescribas attamen, ipse veni.

The critics, as may be seen by consulting professor Burman's edition, differ extremely in pointing and reading the second line. In Dowza's MS. it was *non* for *nil* which gives room for this jocular construction—and which all married ladies will join me in saying is in the true one:

This to Ulyss, absent too long from home,
Penelope sends; write me no *buts*, but come.

A bachelor of arts reading the first lesson, Gen. ii. spoke the second syllable short in the word Euphrates; upon which the following epigram was made:

Venit ad Euphratem, subito perterritus hæsit;
Transeat ut melius, *corripuit* flumen.

When he came to the river he was frightened; and in order that he might get over it more easily he *abridged* it.

As BEAUTY depends so much upon idea and difference of taste, it can never be defined in a manner truly satisfactory to all parties. While some insist that it depends not upon a certain set of features, however truly lined, others declare that beauty is composed of true harmony and proportion. Beauty has been rendered intricate, whereas it is one of the most simple of all ideas; it is only keeping close to nature, and every difficulty in its composition will be lost. Hogarth's principles of beauty are; fitness, variety, uniformity, simplicity, intricacy and quantity. Mr. Thompson, in his Elements, thinks it the result of six different accidents, each of which is a distinct beauty of itself, and consequently communicates that peculiar beauty to which it is joined.

Burke is of opinion that neither proportion, fitness, nor perfection, are real causes of beauty. According to him, its requisites are smallness, smoothness, variety in the direction of the parts, and melted in each other, delicacy without strength, and colours clear and bright.

Beauty may be divided into two departments; the sublime, and what may be styled the harmonic; they are totally different from each other in effect, and are the peculiar distinctions of the two sexes. In proportion, as the male partakes of the harmonic, so much does he lose in dignity; and the more the female acquires of the sublime, the more she loses in sweetness and delicacy, and the chief characteristics of her order.

Strict proportion, the first principle of the sublime, is seldom seen, except in pictures and statues, and being the result more of reason than of nature, is more applicable to the reflective sex. Burke, in reasoning by analogy, led himself into a gross error in supposing that proportion was not a real cause of beauty, whereas, in the sublime order, it is the most distinguishing point. Beauty, says a Spanish author, translated by Southey,

Rightly defined, is symmetry of parts,
And where that symmetry of parts exists,
There is the figure perfect.

Expression is likewise a grand assistant; it was the error of Guido to be so extremely solicitous in attiring his figures with beauty (cold and artificial) that he never consulted the temper or disposition of his subject, and thereby rendered most of his pieces

insipid and unintelligible to the mind's eye, by their want of expression. The forehead is the seat of majesty; the eye and eyebrows those of expression. Without this distinguishing requisite, the most perfect symmetry loses its effect—

For what are all

The forms that brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.

Akenside.

Grace is analogous to elegance; it may be called elegance in grandeur, and consists in that certain fitness of doing things, so seldom acquired, and belongs to attitude and motion. In this, more than in any other, the sublime connects itself with the harmonic, and, by blending the austere graces of Michael Angelo with the more soft and finished colouring of Titian, renders the possessor more agreeable to the delicate taste of the softer sex.

The harmonic consists in shape, smoothness and colour. The beauty of shape consists in its symmetry, the proper disposition of every part, and a judicious melting into an entire whole. The figure rather inclining to the diminutive, than height: the head small, the neck straight, flexible, and rather long, increasing in size and whiteness towards the bosom; the bosom well divided, the breasts rising gently, round, and firm, and their natural whiteness heightened by a few blue swelling veins; the shoulders gently spread, with some appearance of strength.

Smoothness is particularly requisite in the harmonic, as it gives an air of delicacy to the most ill-made form.

The beauty of colour is so imposing, that colour, with some, is synonymous with beauty. The variety of beauty is in the head and the face; the beauty of the rest of the body is in its uniformity of white. To begin with the hair:—the colour of the hair is according to taste; the Romans were particularly partial to red—

*Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis?*

So were the Greeks; but Anacreon appears to have preferred black, as appears in his twenty-eighth Ode.

The length of the hair, too, is subject to the same ordeal. The ancients were so sensible of the beauty which it gives to the countenance, that they seldom adorned it, unless upon particular political occasions. Although a black-coloured hair is particularly calculated to set off the whiteness of the skin, I do not hesitate to give the preference to a light brown, full, and waving carelessly in unpremeditated ringlets.

The forehead, being the largest part of the face, should be small, smooth, and open, with a gently rising eminence, and the eyebrows, formed by nature to protect the eye, well divided, broad, and freely, not stiffly arched.

The eyes, speaking a language more delicate than the tongue, should be full of expressive eloquence, and either blue, hazel, or black: the beauty of the eye consists chiefly in its languor or briskness. In the first there is more sweetness and delicacy; in the latter more vivacity and expression. When once the languid eye makes itself understood, its expressions are deep and lasting; the other, surprising by its splendour, and dazzling by its vivacity, loses its effect by the quickness of the cause.

The cheeks require to be soft and plump, with an air of delicate health richly tinted with vermillion colour.

The nose placed exactly in the centre of the face, mounting abruptly, with an imperceptible rising upon its top.

The beauty of the mouth are the teeth and lips. The teeth should be rather long, narrow, and highly polished; the lips, pouting with a living redness. 'Tis in the lips, as Ariosto says,

That these soft words are formed, whose power detains
Th' obdurate soul in Love's alluring chains.

'Tis here the smiles receive their infant birth,

Whose sweets reveal a Paradise on earth.—b. 7. l. 89.

The chin, small, white, soft and decorated with dimples. The poets generally made the chin the seat of love; as in Drummond of Hawthornden, sonnet twenty-five.

Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son intrench'd therein.

And in the "Shepherd's Tales" by Richard Brathwayte:

————— a dimpled chin,
Made for Love to lodge him in.

And Matthew Prior:

In her forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
He, in the dimples of her chin,
In private state by friends is seen.

Baltimore 1814.

J. E. H.

THE BROKEN HARP; Poems. By H. C. Knight. Philadelphia: John Conrad & Co. 12mo. pp 180. 1815. 75 cents.

THE following review of the "Broken Harp" is from the pen of a correspondent. The sentiments it contains are so nearly in unison with our own, and therefore, as *we* must of course believe, with truth and nature, that we cannot refuse it a place in The Port Folio.

Ed.

THE first piece in this volume is a kind of dramatic poem called "Earl Kandorf and Rosabelle, a Harper's Tale;" and is written in that pace, trot, and canter measure which, however attractive to some, we do not admire. We presume it takes the precedence on account of its greater length; for although it contains some of the best, it also contains some of the worst poetry in the volume.

The Tale, which is sung by a harper to a company of youths and maidens, who are assembled on the village green, to dance around the maypole, on the moonlight eve of a mayday, is this:—It opens with a furious thunder-storm, in Autumn, in Scotland—then appears a lonely cottage on a moor, and a crazy female is discerned, standing heedless at the gate, and no one there to take her in; for—

———"a little dark-hair'd boy is there alone,
So affrighted, he stands like a burial-stone,
To tell that his sire and sisters are gone."

It seems that she was betrothed to Kandorf from a child, and that he had been suddenly called to quell an incursion of marauders on the southern border. During his absence, Osroch, a cousin, who was a libertine, and wished to obtain possession of her person and estate, found means, by forged letters and artifices, to persuade Rosabelle that Kandorf had proved faithless, and was afterwards defeated, and had shot himself. Hence, brooding grief and mortification gradually broke down her delicate mind, and she wandered away to the heath, where we first find her. Here, amidst the fu-

ry of the elements, and while singing a tender song, in which her mind alternates from grief to joy, on a sudden bounds a horseman across the heath, guided by the lightning and the gleamings from the cottage—he springs from his steed, and, as rushing to the door for shelter, her eye catches his figure and countenance, and is electrified. She has a momentary consciousness—It is Kandorf. It appears that he had received intimation of the treachery practised towards him, and, having quelled the invaders, was on the alert homeward to challenge Osroch, and to wed Rosabelle, but when within a few miles was bewildered by the night and by the tempest, and there met her. The shock was too great. After an agony of perturbation and suspense, he led her in, and begging for her a kind protection, remounts, and rushing toward Death-Peak Crags, which are within hearing, calls on Heaven, imprecates a curse on Osroch, and plunges headlong on horseback into the flood. We after learn that Rosabelle was borne home, where she soon died; and that the “dying ban” fell on Osroch.

The story possesses interest, being forcibly conceived and not badly told: but, like most others of the kind, we think it extravagant, and therefore somewhat inclining to the unnatural: it is at least in the highest style of romance. Why Kandorf should leave his Rosabelle without a protector, in the deplorable situation in which she is represented, and precipitately rush to his end, we cannot tell. The act appears to us neither knightly nor rational. Had he compelled himself to live, even in despite of his feelings of desperation, to reconduct Rosabelle to her paternal mansion, and to take vengeance on Osroch, he would then have *seemed* at least better authorized to consult his inclination as to living or-dying.

We shall give a few extracts of such parts of the poem as may be best detached. After Kandorf was called to the border war are the following lines:

And red levin scorch that wretch's sight,
Who's blind to scan his country's right:
And aliens bear his hurried bier,
Who's deaf his country's call to hear;
And blasted be his recreant name,
Who glories in his country's shame!

O sweet to die in tented field,
When fighting for our fathers,
Each arm a blade, each breast a shield,
When stormy battle gathers;

When roaring lightning fires the plain,
And hurtling spears and arrows rain!

O sweet for native land to die,
For those we hold most dear;
Our dirge shall be a soldier's sigh,
Our meed a maiden's tear;
Our name embalm'd in memory,
Be grateful theme for minstrelsy!

The next extract is the description of Rosabelle's bower.

Lo, the bower, with deep alcove,
Fit recess for the queen of love.
The entrance is arched with the clust'ring vine,
With broad leaves combining,
Curl'd tendrils entwining,
Wicker'd and checker'd with sweet woodbine.
Festoon'd aloof,
The sides and roof,
And here and there inwoven fair,
Fringing and flouncing, every climbing flower,
That grows in Flora's land,
Display'd as if by elfin hand,
Like hanging rainbows bending,
Their hues and incense blending,
To grace the lady of the bower.
And, round the skirts, there scatter'd blow,
As genial months successive glow,
Snow-drops white, blue wood-hare-bells,
Cowslips pale, gold asphodels,
Green amaranth, and jessamine,
Dark hyacinths, and eglantine,
And, like coquets, of charms profuse,
The holly, and the fleur-de-luce.
Roses with tinge like maiden's cheek,
When parents on love's wooings break;
And lilies, as a maiden pale,
When lovers' assignations fail;
And hiding daisies, violets seen,
Like bashful virgins in their teen.
Here, down the vale, at early day,
Each hawthorn bough and little spray,
Troll'd with an unseen roundelay.

This was the bower of Rosabelle,
Where Kandorf bade his last farewell.

And where, when gone, she went to hie,
And smile, and watch the glance of love,
And let her whole soul, reflected, fly
From the blue heaven of her eye,
When Fancy plac'd her lover by,
And then, awaking, she would sigh,
To find her bliss ideal prove.

Hush! I hear her ardent song,
As impatient borne along:"——

"Perchance is now stiffen'd that hand,
"That mine could so tenderly press;
"And hush'd are the breathings so bland,
"That did vows and devotion confess.

"And quench'd is the beam in that eye,
"That wak'd in my bosom such flame;
"And throbless the heart to reply,
"At the mention of Rosabelle's name.

"'Tis strange to a feminine mind,
"That man against man can be foe;
"Wild beasts of the wood to their kind,
"More reason and lenity show.

"Come Kandorf, come Kandorf, I pray,
"My sad apprehensions to quell;
"If wounded, I by thee will stay,
"And thy nurse be thy own Rosabelle."

The following is Rosabelle's crazy song, when dishevelled in
the storm on the moor:

"Oh! who will find his grave for me?
"I'll plant a little cypress tree!
"My bosom, restless as the billow,
"Shall find his grave a soothing pillow.
"My kindred shall not bind me;
"My parents shall not find me;
"Yet ever I'll be there,
"Though lightnings crimson glare,
"Though thunders rend the air,
"To chant my requiem prayer,

" And to guard the cypress tree.
 " O! were he false or true,
 " My love is ever new,
 " And his cold sod for my couch shall be!
 " Come, come to my wedding,
 " Oh make no delaying,
 " The minstrels are playing,
 " The guests they are staying,
 " Oh! come to my wedding!
 " Chill, chill, blow the winds, but my love keeps me warm,
 " His arms twine around me, and keep me from harm!
 " And did he bleed?
 " And did he die?
 " Oh! I pray you find his grave for me!
 " And I will speed,
 " And I will fly,
 " And his cold sod for my couch shall be!"

The last specimen from this piece is the death of Kandorf.

Now on the Crag's extremest verge,
 Resolved his headlong pass to urge,
 And steed and man in the flood immerge;

In the frenzy of despair he cries:—

" Just Heaven forgive,
 " For Rosabelle is dead, then wherefore should I live?
 " For where she trod—'twas Paradise about her!
 " And the whole world's a wilderness without her!
 " My father!—no more you Kandorf see!
 " My mother!—break not your heart for me!
 " A wo on the seer whose augury told
 " Your son in years should not grow old!
 " *My dying ban on Osroch!*—
 " Now Death for a bride shall Kandorf wed;
 " And my Hymen-torch be the lightnings red;
 " And my nuptial song be the winds o'er my head,
 " And the billows below be my bridal bed!
 " O Heaven!—take Rosabelle!"

His steed hath plung'd down the dizzy steep!
 Earl Kandorf sleeps—
 Brave Kandorf sleeps—where the dead all sleep!

The next piece is the Grave, written in the heroic metre, which, although in some parts crude and harsh, is in general vi-

gorous and well expressed. The following is descriptive of death in war:

Lo! myriads, vaulting in their crimson cars,
 Rush to promiscuous death in impious wars.
 Where sulphurous smoke o'erwhelms them like a flood,
 And leaves them weltering the red-sea of blood:
 Where rival arms the fate of nations urge,
 And battle's roar reverberates their dirge;
 Where writhing bodies strew the ensanguined ground,
 Their life escaping through the unsealed wound;
 To whom no aid medicinal is given,
 Nor parting prayer to point the soul to heaven.

The next, the death of Elmira.

Mark yonder couch—there lies a lovely maid;
 See on her cheek health's fair complexion fade.
 See the last farewells light her sunken eye,
 And hear, heart-rending sound, her anguished sigh.
 Now faint, more faint, her pulses loathly play,
 And sinking Nature, struggling yields her away.
 Lo, where she pined—rich tapestry o'erspread—
 A simple sod now makes Elmira's bed!
 Her part ethereal flitted through the air,
 But left no trace that we may argue where.
 Would some kind soul her travell'd space return,
 Then might we know what we should fear to learn.
 But so intense, acute, their joy or pain,
 Once gone, they fail to visit earth again.

The last we have room to extract is the Contrast between Heaven and Hell.

Death sinks the sinner down Despair's abyss,
 And wafts the saint to ever-during bliss.
Here Jealousy no bloody feuds incites,
 Nor Envy, with her writhen adders, bites.
Here heats and colds, intensive, never rage,
 Nor pains, nor fears, consummate joys assuage.
 But, free from hatred, want, remorse, alarms,
 Pervading love the absorbent spirit warms.
 And hence their bliss enhances, that they know,
 Joys more sublimed as they more perfect grow.

There frightened at themselves, they fain would flee,
 And die more powerful death—*no more to be.*
 But still their consciences, like spectres, haunt,
 And pride and lust, in scornful vengeance taunt.
 Poisons their viands, drop by drop, distil,
 Provocatives to death, which fail to kill.
 Remorse awakes, and darts her pungent stings,
 And Hope to grim Despair her visor flings.
 While imps now aid their vision through the gloom,
 To glimpse at glories which the saints illume.
 Keen torture this!—severest, last of woes,
 Which Heaven inflicts on unrelenting foes.

The only other poem of this measure of any length is called **Rowley Woods**. We can afford but a few lines, which we think have high merit. The following, addressed by the author to his brother, appeal for their truth to the heart of many a student.

Thou know'st the frenzies of the sons of song,
 Their pride of right, their jealousy of wrong;
 The throbbing temple, and the burning eye,
 The sinking of the heart, the wasting sigh,
 The starts in bed, the peaceful sleep denied,
 The nervous hand, and twinges in the side.
 Thou know'st I ne'er was burn to get or save—
 That this poor Broken Harp is all I have!

The following description of winter scenery—the ice on the trees, and the woodman—are, we think, very fine; the line in *Italics* an excellent example of representative harmony.

When Winter comes, with purpled nose and hands,
 And shakes his flaky locks, and snows the lands;
 How bright at morn, when nightly drizzlings freeze,
 The fairy paradise of glassy trees,
 Prismatic beam, and crackle in the breeze.

Hark! hallowing to his team, the woodman, slow,
 Jogs, till the axe redoubles, blow on blow;
 Stiff stands the trunk, 'till cleft at last in sunder,
Cracking, it crashes, with a shock like thunder.
 Echo, affrighted, bends her wondering ear,
 And groans responses from her grotto near.
 So stands the veteran, when his foes assail,
 Greatly he falls, and echoing moans bewail.

The volume contains a revised edition of "The Sciences in Masquerade," and the author's "National Ode," both of which have been heretofore favourably noticed in this journal. As the former, however, occupies about twenty pages, and is, in our opinion, one of the best poems in the book, we shall give a few further specimens, in preference to noticing others of inferiority.

Of HEBREW, talk'd by Adam and Eve,
 The importance who does not perceive?
 The tongue like quails and manna given,
 And spoke, as Hebraists say, in Heaven.
 Yet there are sceptics seem to think
 Some spiders dipp'd their toes in ink,
 And setting up their antic capers,
 Left Hebrew letters on some papers.
 This language at the end begins,
 So, losing ground, the learner wins.
 Thus boatmen, delving as they row,
 While backward bending, forward go.
 Thus, on the ram, d'd Jinny Shore
 Ride penance, with her back before.
 He, who would for soul-doctor fit,
 In Hebrew should con Holy-Writ.
 But lest it rive young throats asunder,
 First, daily gargle guttural thunder;
 Your pipes with treacle lubricate,
 Dry cherry-stones your larynx grate,
 Or often retch to eructate.
 A Lord High Bishop, I might cite,
 Who fil'd his teeth to brogue it right.
 Yet of the accent we're bereft,
 Since Adam no Chaldee grammar left.
 This language simple needs short time,
 When well digested a paradigm.
 Well plant the *roots*, I shrewdly guess,
 'Twill foliate, and effloresce.

Now from these defunct regions fly,
 To fertilized GEOGRAPHY.
 This dirty earth-ball, how it rolls
 Upon its axle-tree—the poles.
 Not by two devils, grim and lank,
 Turn'd, as some think, with iron crank.

How it, by counter-buffets driven,
Wheels through the great cart-road of heaven.
How, bowling in circumfluent void,
It seems a huge soap-bubble buoy'd.
How 'volving to the sun 'tis fitted,
As to the fire a porket spitted.
How shap'd like orange, not pancake,
The seas enwreath it like a snake.
With liquid lava central shut,
Like milk in shell of cocoa-nut.
Or monstrous magnet at its birth,
Was plac'd to draw men's legs to earth.
How sedentary man's a rover,
And once a day his heels head over.
And how our fathers never knew
The earth had any thing to do;
But thought 'twas indolent as they,
Standing stock still the live-long day.
What isle like tyrant's heart is rounded;
What clime like boot and spur is bounded;
How Wales was named from bleating goat;
And how some isles, like krakens, float.
And in what cringing, roasting spots,
Kamtschatkans doze, or Hottentots.
And how a land in Scythia shows
Natives with *heels* all *arm'd* with *toes*.
Why explorators lose their way so,
In Andes' night-cap—Chimborazo.
In Switzerland show cliffs outspread,
Rough as the rocks in Marblehead.
Where glaciers piled on glaciers gleam,
And cool the blood without ice-cream.
Circassian girls show half as fair,
As nymphs in Philadelphia are.
And in and south of our Virginia,
Exotics show from coast of Guinea.
And where are found the prairie dogs,
Mammoths, bone-licks, and horned frogs.
Now METAPHYSICS, if you please;
Of mind the thin hypotheses;
What ideal nations, rude, refin'd,
People the regions of the mind.
How, male or female, we conceive;
From consciousness how we believe.

And how association's hook
 Bobs ideas from oblivion's brook;
 How they in Indian file tag on,
 And in battalions form anon.
 Whether ideas have heads and tails,
 And whether females most, or males.
 And how, for truth, we never know
 If we're awake, or dream we're so;
 At least, my consciousness' so slight,
 I seem to sleep while now I write.
 How mind, though higher in life's station,
 Is humble matter's near relation.
 But idealists no *matter* find,
 Materialists say there's no *mind*;
 So while they mould and melt each other,
 I think there's neither one nor t'other.
 How effluvia sans *façon* fly,
 And daub a picture in your eye.
 How eternity's a circle wide;
 Time, line of points which coincide.
 Prove wit and judgment kindred are,
 Sterne-like by knobs upon a chair;
 Though Johnson judgment, Garrick wit,
 Would sometimes have a breaching fit.
 Wit is a firework scintillating;
 Genius a warm sun radiating.
 That nature is with plenum full,
 Disprove by many a vacant scull;
 Besides, our stomachs oft repeat
 A gaunt necessity to eat.
 Now raise your eyes and thoughts on high,
 While we treat OURANOGRAPHY.
 How mottled skies are overspread,
 Like patchwork curtains o'er a bed,
 Or huge umbrella over head.
 How like a pumpkin is the sun,
 Though somewhat bigger—ten to one.
 How peasants watch in fob despise
 Who have their sundial in the skies.
 And how the moon, in black adorning,
 Does for her sins oft go in mourning.
 How she tugs up the lazy tides;
 And over lunatics presides.

How on her face are countries many,
 Fertile as our Louisiana.
 How near Lake Niger, we can spy
 St. Katy's cliff-tops, one mile high.
 How they a fortnight wake and fight,
 And kick and snore a fortnight night.
 How Venus ogles for a buss;
 And Saturn wears a monstrous truss.
 Each planet round shows satellites,
 As round a Czar his parasites.
 And how the music of the spheres,
 Which captivates ærial ears,
 Is-but the wrench of planets bowling,
 As creaks a sugar-hogshead rolling.
 Show why the fixt-stars are so lazy;
 And why disbevelled comets crazy.
 How when we see a blazing star,
 The Moonites drop a lit cigar.
 How one-eyed day hath Cyclops' sight,
 And Argus blinking apes the night.
 How day a circle's segment curves;
 How noon for morn star-gazers serves.
 Disprove our note of time as vicious,
 By blunder of stupid Dionysius;
 Whose errors being so long repeated,
 Our Christian era's four years cheated.

There are sixteen pages of translations, which are in general done in a style creditable to the scholarship of the author. The following epigrams are all we have room to insert.

Incerti Auctoris:—IN PUERUM FORMOSUM.

Dum dubitat Natura marem, faceretne puellam,
 Factus es ô pulcher penè puella puer.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.—Unknown.

Whilst Nature doubted, lovely child,
 To make you boy or girl, so pretty;
 At length she form'd you both, and smil'd,
 A boy in sex, a girl in beauty.

BONIFONTI NASIUM 24.

Comparisonem facit inter semetipsum, et rosam rubentem et pallentem.

En flores tibi mitto discolores,
Pallentemque rosam et rosam rubentem.
Illam quum aspicias, miselli amantis,
Putas Pallidulos videre vultus:
Quum tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,
Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

TWENTY-FOURTH KISS OF BONIFONTI.

The Two Roses.—

Of different hues, two roses see,
My Pancharilla, pluck'd for thee.
That, as thy breathing bosom fair,
Shows me all pale with love and care;
This, as thy fragrant lips so bright,
Betrays me burning with thy slight.

As almost every poem in the volume is on a different subject, or of a different metre, it is impossible to give any idea of Mr. Knight's manner, without copious extracts. Indeed that is one great fault. If he had spent the same time and labour in forming his style, he would have written better. Of the numerous shorter pieces, those which have the most merit are, we think, the latter part of the Ode on Genius; second part of Margaret Dwy; Orland and Emma, a ballad; Old Aunt Gyse; the Country Oven; Creation; and the Curse on Cheese, although of very different qualities, pathetic, ludicrous, and satirical. Of the others, let them go for what they are worth. For a sample of pathetic simplicity we give the latter stanza of the ballad.

Next night, as in the George they sail'd,
Not many leagues from home;
While Orland in his hammock lay,
A maid to him did come.

Her face was pale, and eke her hands,
Her robe was lily white:—
Young Orland knew the stranger form,
Though more than mortal bright.

He swoon'd away, and lay awhile
A kindred to the dead;

But when awak'd his pulse again,
The spectre to him said:—

“Young man! I am your Emma, come
“From happier worlds to you;
“I’ve travers’d o’er the seas afar,
“To bid you one adieu.

“For more we never meet again,
“On earth no more abide;
“That hour I saw my Orland’s fate,
“I plung’d me in the tide.”

This said;—the form, it disappear’d,
As in a stream of light:—
His vein-blood slowly crept, and chill,
Until the morning bright.

Yet when the morrow to him came,
He strove to smile in vain;
Yet fain would think ’twere idle dream,
Hatch’d in a feverish brain.

For on the scroll in Emma’s hand,
He spelt in crimson hue;
“Orland”—writ on the roll of Fate,
And there saw—“Emma”—too.

Now near the strand the vessel moors—
“Heave ye a’!”—the shore-boat buoys;
The sight his boding fears o’ercomes,
And forlorn hope o’erjoys;

For mid the crowd, with outstretch’d arms,
He spies his Emma stand;
She pointed to the braided ring,
That deck’d her lily hand.

His heart the tarrying of the boat.
Impetuous rush’d before;
And, thoughtless, div’d he in the tide,
To sooner gain the shore.

He swam, I ween, two halsers length,
While Emma saw him come,
With joy and fear her bosom throb’d—
—She little thought her doom!

Now near he breasts the sturdy wave—
Wo! wo!—the spectre dream!

An alligator bit him twain—
Blood-monster of the stream!

His Emma saw the purple flood,
That gush'd from Orland's side;
She thought she heard him "Emma" shriek,
And lost him in the tide.

"O Orland! Orland!"—Emma cried,
"To be thy bride, I crave;
"O! take me, take me to thine arms,
"And wed me in the wave."

"For I will share my Orland's fate—
"His Emma lov'd him true!"
Then raised to Heaven her suppliant eyes,
And, frantic, plung'd adieu.

Ah! hapless maid!—a long adieu!
Farewell to Orland brave!
The tender heart shall drop the tear,
To swell your watery grave!

The Curse on Cheese has much originality and spirit, mingled with ludicrous satire. It is written in the favourite measure of Burns.

In summing up the merits and demerits of the present volume, our approbation is by no means unqualified. The subjects are too little suited to the public taste. The style is often condensed and vigorous; but sometimes harsh and abrupt. Frequently the author writes with great simplicity and tenderness; then again with a kind of strangeness and affectation. Sometimes he is very fanciful, as in these lines from one of his pastorals,

What pleasing gloom these twilight moonbeams make,
Listening, in this side hedge, to insects' hum,
Or glimmering to illumine their bowery dreams.

But what must we think of this extravagance on the demise of a young lady?

And when, uncag'd, her soul was flown away,
Still did she look like sleeping Innocence.
There might you see, on her cold lips, a smile,
Sit like two little infant cherubim,
Mocking our grief, as envious of her joys.

In his serious pieces, he is apt to throw in some sentiment or simile, which turns the passage to ridicule, as in the horror of dying he makes a lady say—

To die—my blood creeps cold—never come back!
O might I come, though thousand ages hence,
And find my friends, *or hear by te ter'd mail*;
But never more to see these pleasant scenes, &c.

So in Creation, he must needs deliberately destroy the sublimity of the whole by a trifling conceit.

And last, unmatched, without relation,
Rose Man, prime lord of this creation,
And Woman, lord of Man!
This was the world that sprang to light,
From matter, lost in thickest night,
Ere Death was born, or time his flight,
To count the years began.

So, in the Grave, he tells mothers to rejoice when they lose their infants.

Happy ye mothers, to whom babes are given,
Too ripe for earth, to be matur'd in heaven, &c.

And, to cap the whole, in Kandorf and Rosabelle, after a pathetic part, he thus calls on our sympathies for the return of Rosabelle's senses:—

O! I pray ye to pray in your prayers when ye pray, &c.

Now the author must himself have been sensible of these incongruities. They are rather the effect of a perverted taste or whim, than of a want of taste. We hope that time and reflection will cure him of his oddities and eccentricities, and make him, in his writings, call to his aid as much of correct taste and judgment as he possesses of genius. Should this be the case, and he continue perseveringly in his poetical career, it requires but a moderate share of discernment to perceive, that the period is not very distant when he will be distinguished in the list of American poets.

FLORÆ PHILADELPHICÆ.

Prodromus, Plantarum quæ hactenus exploratæ fuere, quæque in ipso opere ulterius describentur, exhibens enumerationem: or Prodromus of the Flora Philadelphica; exhibiting a list of all the plants to be described in that work, which have as yet been collected.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—*Horace.*

By William P. C. Barton, M. D. Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia; member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.

ALTHOUGH we do not profess ourselves sufficiently versed in the knowledge of botany to attempt a complete analysis of this work, we feel that it will be neither rash nor presuming in us, to express an opinion as to some of its qualities. Viewing it, as its title-page invites us to do, in the light of a mere Prodromus or precursor of a further treatise on the same subject, we think it a production of liberal promise. While the extent of its collection and the correctness of its arrangement bear honourable testimony to the industry and intelligence of its author, there is not wanting in it sundry evidences that testify in favour of his perseverance and zeal. On the whole, limited as it is, and somewhat hasty as appears to have been its preparation, we hope we do not deceive ourselves in believing, that we perceive in it the efforts of a mind determined and qualified to attain to distinction in botanical science.

Such is our opinion of the scientific merits of this production. Of its literary qualities we regret that we are unable to speak in such favourable terms.

In the very title of his work, Dr. Barton has fallen into an error, if not in relation to classical correctness, certainly on the score of elegant Latinity. To speak of it in the most moderate terms, "*Philadelphica*" is an uncommon word—not, we think, to be found in any certificate, diploma, or other Latin production we have ever seen, except the title-page of our author's Prodromus. On the ground of authority and euphony, at least, both of which ought to be consulted on such an occasion, "*Flora Philadelphiensis*" should have been the title of the work.

Cato Uticensis, Hannibal Carthageniensis, Washington Virginiensis, Franklin Pennsylvaniensis, Flora Londinensis, with a hundred other like forms of expression, known to be sanctioned as classically correct, are decisive on the subject.

The style of the preface, the only part in which a display of composition could be made, is neither elegant nor correct. We speak of this with the less reserve, as we think it not a little inferior to that of which the author has shown himself to be capable on former occasions. A part, at least, therefore, of its imperfections may well be considered the result of inattention—a literary fault which honest criticism can never pardon.

Although the diction is free from impurities of language, and is in every part sufficiently perspicuous, the structure of many of the sentences is extremely bad.

Of this description are the following:

“The zeal for the cultivation of botany, which is now so prevalent among the citizens of Philadelphia, as well as the medical class of the University, renders a *BOTANICAL VADE MECUM*, for those who attend to this pursuit, a *desideratum*.”

Although nothing short of an entire dissolution succeeded by a new and *different reorganization* could reduce this sentence to classical elegance, it would be somewhat amended, we think, by the following alteration:

“The zeal for the cultivation of botany which prevails, at present, among the citizens of Philadelphia, as well as among the medical students in the University of Pennsylvania, renders desirable a *VADE MECUM* in that branch of science for the use of those who are engaged in its pursuit.”

“They will, *of consequence*, be described among those which are strictly the spontaneous growth of the neighbouring country, in the *FLORA PHILADELPHICA*.”

This sentence contains two palpable violations of correct writing. “Of consequence,” as here used, is a form of expression inconsistent with the idiom of the English language; and the clause, “in the *FLORA PHILADELPHICA*” is too far, and quite unnecessarily, separated from the participle “described.” The sentence should stand thus: “They will, *consequently*,” or, which would, perhaps, be still better, “They will, *therefore*, be described, in the *FLORA PHILADELPHICA*, among those which are strictly the spontaneous growth of the neighbouring country.”

Again: “All these are continually presented to our observations, and would inevitably be sought for in a local *FLORA* by the

student of botany, the amateurs of that science, and others, whose residence in the neighbourhood of their growth, renders them the objects of curiosity, of pleasure, or of use *in any way*."

Without particularly analyzing this sentence, we shall simply remark, that the three last words, "*in any way*" are entirely redundant; and that the whole would be much amended by the following construction: "All these are continually presented to our observation, and will inevitably be sought for in a local FLORA by the student of botany, the amateur of that science, and such other persons as may, from residing in the neighbourhood of their growth, have learnt to consider them as objects of curiosity, pleasure, or use."

Did we regard Dr. Barton as a common scholar, we would have been less severe in our examination of his style. But knowing him to be versed in classical and belles lettres knowledge far beyond the generality of our writers, we perceive with the more regret and disappointment the errors in diction he has so carelessly committed.

If there be any authors on earth on whom it is more especially incumbent than it is on others to study well their style of writings, they are those of the United States. Wherefore is it that our literary characters are among the last to contribute *their* part to shed a lustre over our country? But lately, and we were without an honourable name in arms: and so should we have been at this moment, but for the pre-eminent assiduity of our naval and military characters, in acquiring a knowledge of the art of war.

We are yet without a name distinguished in letters. But this reproach must also pass away. In forming their style and manner, let our writers emulate the ambition, diligence and zeal that have so eminently characterized our gentlemen of the sword, and the object for which they contend must inevitably be attained. Many years cannot run their course, till our country shall have become as renowned in literature, as she is in arms. Nor can we relinquish the belief, that, with the requisite attention to the cultivation of his talents, and the improvement of his style, Dr. Barton is destined to rank with those to whose labours we are to be indebted for so desirable an issue.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PALESTINE—A POEM.

SYNOPSIS.

Lamentation over the miseries of Palestine—The guardian angels of the land invoked—Subject proposed—Present appearance of the country, with its present inhabitants, geographically described, beginning from the north—The Druses from their situation and importance first noticed—Contrast between the inhabitants of mountains and plains—Saracens and Bedouins (Nebaioth and Kedar)—Modern Jews—Their degraded state of banishment—Appeal to the Almighty in their behalf, founded upon his miraculous interposition of old—their former greatness—David—Solomon, his splendour—Popular superstition about him—Improved state of the arts among the Jews—Their temple—Firmness of the Jews under misfortunes, derived principally from their hopes of a Messiah—His advent, miracles, crucifixion—Consequent punishment of the Jews, in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and total desolation of the country—Scenes of Christ's sufferings, however, continue to be venerated—Pilgrimages—Holy Sepulchre—Empress Helena—Crusades—Nations which embarked in them described—English heroism—Edward the first—Richard Cœur de Lion—Palestine still the scene of English valour—Conclusion.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate,
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait,
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Might, and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;
While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O! wont of old, your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towering steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your songs on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well;
(For oft, 'tis said in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale.

And blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear,)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high,
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet might your aid this anxious breast inspire,
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-wing exulting in the light!

O! happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now, the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto the desolate;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop the mouldering wall,
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew;
And, as the seer, on Pisgah's topmost brow,
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle-eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almatana's* tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid breath of smooth Ardeni's† rill;
The grot,‡ where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays,
Or, where the tempest rives the heavy stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
These stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;§
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race:
They, only they, while all around them kneel,
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, warrior chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
O! ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birth-right of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the conscious gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;

* Dead Sea.

† Jordan.

‡ The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which, as we are informed by travellers of veracity, are generally occupied in one or the other of the methods here mentioned.

§ The untameable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the crusaders, are well described by several travellers through the country of Palestine.

Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Lydonian dyes, and Lusitanian gold;*

Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber's rage the ripening harvest knows,
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows;
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when deep-sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Lyrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head;
Yet shines your praise amid surrounding gloom,
As the pale lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of Freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent† clasp'd her fainting child;
And wander'd near the roof, no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam,
My sorrowing fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight:
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguished woes;
See War untir'd, his crimson pinions spread,
And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead.
Lo! where from far the guarded fountains shine,‡
Thy tents, Shebailoth rise, and Kedar, thine!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the cherub smile of infancy.

Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed,
Where waves on Kishor's bank the whispering reed;
And their's the toil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice:§
While Israel's sons, by scorpion-curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobates of Heaven,
Through the wide world in hopeless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
In dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And dead to glory, only burn for gold.

* The gold of the Tyrians came chiefly from Portugal, which was probably, then, Tartshah.

† Hagar.

‡ The watering places are generally beset by Arabs, who extort toll from all who come to refresh themselves.

§ A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on mount Gerizim.

O! thou their guide, their father, and their Lord,
 Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd!
 If at thy word the waves forgot their course,
 And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source,
 If, at thy name, like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sinon bow'd his marble head,
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth thy long neglected line;
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign,
 Even from Euphrates to the western main?
 For this o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
 For this proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

O feeble boast of transitory power!
 Vain, feeble trust of Judah's happier hour!
 Not such their hope, when through the parted main,
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train;
 Not such their hope when through the fields of night,
 The torch of Heaven diffused its friendly light;
 Not when fierce conquest led the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car;
 Not when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array the harassed Amorite.
 Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd,
 The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round.

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
 And God's own darkness veil'd her conscious height
 He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd—
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite,
 His praise, his power, eternal, infinite!
 Awe-struck, I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
 Or serve his altar with unhallowed fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
 And such the glories of their infant state:
 Triumphant race!—and did your power decay,
 Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
 No—by that sword, which red with heathen gore,
 A giant-spoil, the stripling champion bore;
 By him, the chief to farthest India known,
 The mighty monarch of the ivory throne:
 In Heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
 Victorious Selim's lion-banners rose:
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouched beneath her sway—

And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind
Through Nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd;
Who every bird, and every insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaff'd the dew;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell,
The powerful sigil, and the starry spell;
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legion's dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?
And Tadmore thus, and Syrian Balbec rose;^{*}
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
Here oft the houseless[†] Santon rests reclined;‡
Strange shapes he views; and drinks with wondering care,
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell,
How lovely were thy tents, O, Israel!
For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And far Sophala team'd with golden ore,
Thine all the arts that wait on Wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of Peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or e'er to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chissel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nurst her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist's aid of friendly Tyre,
Then ton'd the palace, then, in awful state,
The temple rear'd its everlasting gate:
No workman's steel, nor ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The symbol clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
Ey'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God:

Nor shrunk she then, when raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they, who dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Fill'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;
Yet oft their hearts with friendly hopes would burn,
For destin'd triumph, and their glad return;

^{*} Palmyra was really built by Solomon, and tradition points him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec—Estakher, an immense pile of ruinous buildings near the Euphrates, is also attributed to Solomon by the Arabs.

[†] Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country sleeping in caves and old ruins.

And their sad lyres, which, useless and unstrung,
 In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
 Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,
 And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
 His promis'd aid could every fear control;
 This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul.
 Nor vain their hope—bright beaming through the sky,
 Burst in full blaze the day-spring from on high;
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.

Lo! star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 And bending Magi seek their infant king!
 Mark ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head
 The dove's white wings celestial glory spread.
 Daughters of Sion! Virgin Queen, rejoice!
 Clap the glad hand, and lift the exulting voice!
 He comes—but not in regal splendours drest,
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
 Not arm'd in flame, all glorious from afar,
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the Lord of war.
 Messiah comes—let furious discord cease,
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
 Disease and anguish feel his blest control,
 And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul;
 The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
 And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
 Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red,
 Ye hovering ghosts that throng the midnight air,
 Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare—
 Are those his limbs with ruthless scourges torn?
 His brows all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
 His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye,
 Rais'd from the cross in patient agony?
 —Be dark thou sun—thou noonday night arise!
 And hide—Oh! hide the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
 Who round your Saviour's cross your sorrows shed;
 Not for his sake your fearful vigils keep—
 Weep for your country—for your children weep!
 Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued,
 Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
 Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
 The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
 Then Judah rag'd, belov'd of Heaven no more,
 With streamy carnage drunk, and social gore:
 He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
 And War without and Death within the wall.
 Wide wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
 And dire Debate and clamorous Strife were there.

Love, strong as Death, retained his might no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
 Yet they, who wont to roam th' ensanguined plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain—
 E'en they, when high above the dusky fight,
 Their burning temple rose in lucid light,
 To their lov'd altar paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As mid the cedar courts and gates of gold,
 The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
 To save their temple every hand essay'd,
 And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade;
 Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
 And Life's last anger warm'd the dying man.

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom,
 To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome;
 To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,
 The stoic tyrant's* philosophic pride,
 To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
 The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
 Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
 For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more—an empty coast,
 She mourn'd her sons enslav'd, her glory lost:
 In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
 There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.
 Yet midst her towery fanes in ruin laid,
 The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid:
 'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
 The checkered twilight of the olive grove;
 'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
 And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb;
 While forms celestial fill'd his visioned eye,
 The daylight dreams of pensive piety;
 O'er his still breast a fearful fervour stole,
 And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh! lives there one who mocks his artless zeal?
 Too proud to worship, and too proud to feel?
 Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
 The dull lethargic sovereign of the breast!
 Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
 No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they, who rear'd yon pompous shrine,†
 And bade the rock with Parian marble shine!
 Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
 Then altars smok'd and Sion smil'd again.

* Titus, who practised unheard-of cruelties on the Jews.

† The temple of the Sepulchre.

There sculptured gold, and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen;*
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.

There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,†
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow,
From the moist regions of the western star,
The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war;‡
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came;
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youth and tender age assume
The weighty morion and the dancing plume:
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield
The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam,
Dance with blue lustre in Taberia's stream.§
The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly brave the mingled myriads ran;
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Bren, or Seythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
Here link'd with Thrace, in close battalia stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late reviving Spain;
Here, in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow;

* St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester.

† The invasions of the civilized parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

‡ Peter the Hermit.—The world has been so long accustomed to hear the crusades represented as the height of phrenzy and injustice, that, to undertake their defence might be, perhaps, a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect, that had it not been for these exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe perhaps would have fallen, and Christianity been buried in ruins. The crusades were not, as Voltaire falsely or weakly asserts, a conspiracy of robbers. They were not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation. In them a blow was aimed at the heart of a powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain would again have fallen into their power, and France herself have required all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

§ A corruption of Tiberias, the name for the sea of Galilee, used in old romance.

Albion—still prompt the captive's wrongs to aid,
 And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's blade!
 Ye sainted spirits of the warrior-dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
 Lords of the biting axe, and beamy spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, Lion Richard, hear!
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
 Your sons behold in arms, in heart the same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When *he*—from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile—
 The apostate chief—from Misraim's subject shore,
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore,
 When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
 And Desolation hop'd an ampler way;
 What hero, then, triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
 What arm-repell'd the victor renegade?
 Britannia's champion—bath'd in hostile blood,
 High on the breach the dauntless seaman stood;
 Admiring Asia saw the unequal fight—
 E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might:
 Oh! day of death! Oh! thirst beyond control,
 Of crimson conquest in th' invader's soul!
 The slain, yet warm, by kindred footsteps trod,
 O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
 O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
 And loftier still the grisly rampart grew,
 While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower,
 The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still Destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
 And heroes lift the generous sword in vain:
 Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
 And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
 Yet shall she rise—but not by war restor'd,
 Not built in murder—planted by the sword—
 Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise; thy Father's aid
 Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made,
 Shall check the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
 And burst his brazen bands, and cast his cords away.
 Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
 Break forth ye mountains, and ye valleys sing!
 No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
 The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
 The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
 And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the laud,
 The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
 Courts the bright vision of descending power,
 Tells every gate, and measures every tower,
 And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
 Thy Sion, Jodah, from his destin'd reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
 Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
 A golden cloud around his limbs is spread,
 His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head:
 To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
 And treads at once the ocean and the land:
 And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
 His dreadful voice, that "time shall be no more!"

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
 Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there:
 Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
 The mountains worship and the isles obey;
 Nor sun nor moon they need—nor day nor night—
 God is their temple, and the Lamb their light!
 And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
 Hail the glad beam and claim their ancient home?
 On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
 And the dry bones be warm with life again.

Mark! white rob'd crowds the deep hosannas raise,
 And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
 Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong—
 "Worthy the Lamb omnipotent to save,
 "Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave."

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PORT FOLIO.

IN saluting the Patrons of the Port Folio, on the recurrence of the new year, and wishing them, in all the sincerity of our heart, many, very many happy returns of the same season, it becomes our duty to inform them, that, pursuant to a late arrangement, this journal is now to pass from ours into other, and, we hope we may add, more suitable hands.

The gentleman who is about to take charge of the editorial department, having been long enrolled in the number of those who, in the character of correspondents, have contributed to enrich and adorn our pages, is familiar with the nature, as well as with the

mode of conducting this work. He will not, therefore, enter on the duties of his place as a vocation entirely new to him, but will bring along with him, as an invaluable prerequisite, much of the knowledge which experience imparts. Add to this, that although educated for the bar, he is now, by profession, a man of letters, has leisure for his undertaking, and purposes to pursue it as a regular business. With such advantages, and the industry he will practise, his success, we flatter ourselves, may be regarded as certain. In anticipating, therefore, for *The Port Folio* a career of renovated lustre and augmented utility, the public, we think, can hardly be disappointed.

In relation to ourselves, justice requires us to state, that the case has been different, in a degree of which we are persuaded we would attempt in vain to render the public duly sensible. We entered on our editorial duties at a short notice, with no special preparatory discipline, fully occupied in the practice and study, and subject, of course, to the interruptions and toils of a profession beyond all others laborious and distracting, and whose field of inquiry is limited only by the works of nature—a profession, which is well known to indulge its votaries in but little relaxation, and no actual leisure.

In the midst of this pressure of conflicting engagements, we had but one alternative—either to decline the concern we were solicited to take in this journal, or to rob our pillow of the time requisite for the performance of the duties its acceptance would impose. We made choice of the latter; and have, accordingly, continued for nearly two years to devote unweariedly to the interests of *The Port Folio*, no inconsiderable portion of those hours which others appropriate to the enjoyment of repose.

This statement we make, not in the form or spirit of complaint—for we have been much more than rewarded for all our toils by the indulgence of the public, and the favourable opinion, unequivocally expressed, of many gentlemen whose approbation is applause—but that it may serve as some apology for the numerous faults we are sensible we have committed—an apology which we deemed it unmanly to offer, during the continuance of our editorial labours. If, while we were engaged in these labours, our real faults have, by any of the journalists or other writers of the day, been censured in terms of unbecoming harshness, or if we have

been charged with faults which had no existence, the injuries intended—for none, we believe, were done to us—are buried in oblivion, and we remember only the kindnesses we have experienced. We should feel degraded, could we harbour resentment, now, against the authors of efforts that were too feeble and harmless to discompose us at the time they were made.

Owing to some previous engagements of the new editor, with which he does not feel himself at liberty to dispense, we have ourselves, as heretofore, directed the whole of this number, and shall, perhaps, do the same in part, with regard to the next. With that our editorial labours will cease.

The present being, therefore, the last opportunity we expect to enjoy of addressing thus publicly the patrons of *The Port Folio*, we hope they will indulge us in a brief retrospect of the principles which have governed us in our conduct as an editor.

Our first wish, as we felt it to be our highest duty, was to render our labours instrumental in the promotion of science and literature, taste and refinement, morality and virtue. To this end we never failed to look with a steadfast eye; nor did we cease to regard it as our principal cynosure. If, at any time, we momentarily swerved from it in our course, the deviation was unintentional, and we hope, therefore, pardonable.

To encourage, in particular, the exertions of American genius, and thereby contribute our part towards creating for our country a name in letters, is an object which always lay near to our heart. To this source principally is to be attributed our error, if we, at any time, bestowed on the productions of our countrymen exaggerated praise. Admitting that we did, on this ground, occasionally sin against the canons of criticism, we fear that we are hopelessly hardened in transgression; for we feel, in relation to that point, but little disposition to repentance or amendment. Although to praise a fault, under the character of a reviewer, would be an act of dishonesty that could not well be forgiven, we do not think it ought to be imputed to us as a crime of high standing, if, under existing circumstances, we have endeavoured to incite American writers to further exertions, and, thereby to augmented attainments in literature, by making them occasionally the subject of an encomium not strictly deserved. Not

to speak of the gratification derived from giving pleasure to others—a source of delight, to which even a critic can scarcely be insensible—it is a well known truth, that the most skilful teachers deal much more in praises, than they do in rebukes. But a youthful writer should be allured to higher attainments in composition, somewhat as a high-minded pupil is in reading or arithmetic—by the incentive of applause rather than by the impoisoned sting of censure.

To repel, with becoming indignation and scorn, the impudent and unfounded assertions of foreigners, touching the supposed inferiority of Americans, to unfold to our countrymen their true character and standing, both individually and as a people, to foster in their bosoms just and ennobling sentiments of national spirit and national pride, and to render them sensible of the abundant resources of their native land, in every thing that relates to comfort and wealth, felicity and greatness—these are also among the objects, to the accomplishment of which we have endeavoured to render *The Port Folio* subsidiary.

Nor have we forgotten to do justice, as far as in our power, to those heroic Americans—genuine sons of sensibility and honour, many of whose fortunes consisted solely in their swords—who, in our late war, by sea and by land, with a zeal and prodigality that can never be surpassed, hazarded their lives and shed their blood, for the rights, the safety, and the glory of their country. This is a topic, which, since the commencement of our conflict, has never ceased to intertwine itself with the choicest fibres of our heart, and to excite in it its liveliest and most grateful pulsations: and if, untrue to our birthright, we should ever exchange these home-bred attachments for foreign predilections, or become cold and indifferent to the triumphs of our warriors, may our heart turn to marble and pulsate no longer!

If a sentiment of regret at surrendering to another the direction of this journal, has ever for a moment taken possession of our mind, it has arisen from the consideration that we surrender also the privilege of using it at pleasure, as a suitable medium, through which to express our admiration of those gallant Americans, who, by fighting so heroically, and with such consummate skill, the battles of their country, have rendered her name unrivalled in arms.

But we would do injustice to our successor, did we suffer ourselves to doubt the correctness of his sentiments, or the excellence of his dispositions, touching our naval and military worthies. In the just and liberal encomiums which this journal will continue to bestow on them, the brave and the patriotic will still receive their highest reward.

It cannot be long—we are confident it cannot, till the name of Decatur will again add lustre to the pages of the Port Folio. His late unrivalled cruise in the Mediterranean, which, in less than forty days from its commencement, humbled Africa and astonished Europe, will then appear in all the grandeur of the moral sublime. It will then be recorded that, to blast forever the hopes of the pirate, to paralyze the arm of the barbarian despot, and to restore to freedom the Christian captives—objects which the *old* world had long meditated, but attempted in vain—was reserved by Heaven to immortalize the *new*, through the glorious achievements of a favourite son.

Nor will that modest, scientific, and intrepid officer, captain Charles Stewart, be denied any longer the meed of applause which is so justly his due. His late action in the frigate Constitution, against two powerful sloops of war, in which he captured them both, is an achievement unprecedented in naval history. In many instances has one vessel beaten off two, making a prize of one of them; but it was reserved for captain Stewart to set the example of capturing both: nor could any thing but his consummate skill as a commander, have enabled him to surpass all former exploits under similar circumstances.

To our several correspondents, who, by their excellent communications, have so kindly assisted us in our editorial labours, we avail ourselves of this opportunity—the last that will present itself—to bid a long and an affectionate adieu. It is registered among the favourite wishes of our heart, that they may enjoy happiness, and never, in any of their undertakings, encounter, in the services of those whose aid they may require, less fidelity, or less efficiency, than they have manifested in their connexion with us. A worse wish towards them it is not in our nature, a better it is scarcely in our power to express—but if we could express a better, that wish should be theirs.

Before taking leave of our numerous and highly respectable readers, we beg permission to recommend The Port Folio to their continued patronage. It is a work of long and very reputable standing, and has done much for the interest of literature in our country—more by far than any other journal that has been established amongst us. Waving, therefore, every other consideration, it has, on the score of utility alone, a strong claim on public support. But this is not all. It has experienced many of the vicissitudes and shocks that are incidental to man. It has struggled through gloomy, and trying, and perilous times, and has not failed to contribute its part towards the melioration and beguiling of these times, as well as towards the sustaining of the public spirit during their pressure. It has, therefore, a claim on public patronage, from motives of gratitude. But more may still be said in its favour. So completely has it identified itself with every thing American, that its cause may be said, without extravagance, to be the cause of the nation. The sacred voice, therefore, of Patriotism herself, is heard in its behalf.

For these reasons, we have felt ourselves bound, during our short editorial administration, to struggle for its support, amidst a pressure of engagements and toils which our health has scarcely been able to sustain. Under our direction, we hope, it has not depreciated in character, but passes to our successor, as high in reputation, as it was when it descended from our predecessor to us. We take leave of it with emotions which we did not believe the occasion could have excited; and, in the form and spirit of a parting benediction, say of it most feelingly, as we would of our country in our dying moments, *esto preclarum, esto perpetuum!*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FRANCE.

J. C. Delamatherie, has published the 80th volume of his well known journal, of physic, chemistry, natural history, and the arts.

M. Roullier's Essay on Medical philosophy is also announced.

The 7th vol. (1814) is published of the *Archives of discoveries and inventions in the sciences, arts, and manufactures, as well in France as in foreign countries.*

D. B. Barrere has published a *Treatise on the origin, nature, progress and influence of consular establishments.* We have understood that our countryman *David B. Warden*, has been engaged in a similar undertaking.

M. Peuchet, a well known writer on statistics, has resumed his extensive plan of compiling a *Commercial library*, which has been suspended since the year 1807.

M. Marcel de Serres has completed his *Statistical and Topographical Essay on the empire of Austria.*

The baron de Beaujour has published a *View of the United States*, which comprehends much information that may be useful to foreigners, and many sensible remarks that might be read at home with advantage. He expresses his surprise that more has not been done in respect to internal navigation. Many of the evils of the late war might have been averted, if a few millions had been expended in canals. The baron, however, is not very much pleased with the country, which he pronounces sad and savage; our sun is hideous, the sky is sullen, and the face of nature gloomy and devoid of harmony—our rivers, he thinks, are most tediously long, and their uniformity is only interrupted by villages and cultivated fields.

We are indebted to *M. Raoul Rochette*, for an interesting *critical history of the establishment of the Greek colonies.*—In all these colonies which were founded by the ancient Greeks in Italy, Gaul, Iberia, Epirus, Illyria, the islands of the Mediterranean, the Asias, in Egypt and Lybia, they were careful to secure fidelity by the ties of gratitude, and

the habits of a common religion and an uniform law. This system is almost unknown to the moderns, who generally hold their colonies in a state of abject dependence upon the mother country.

M. le compte de Lally Tollendal, has stolen some moments from the busy scenes in which he has been occupied, to write an *Essay on the life of the earl of Strafford*. It is a matter of surprise that the life of one of the most eminent personages that ever appeared on the British stage—of a minister who displayed so much vigilance, activity, and prudence, in the most disastrous times, has never been described by any writer of abilities competent to the performance of such a task. Certainly, exclaims the chairman of the committee, which conducted the impeachment against this unfortunate statesman, never man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity.

—
GREAT BRITAIN.

JOHN ROCHE, Esq. has recently published *An Inquiry concerning the author of the letters of Junius, in which it is proved, by internal, as well as by direct and satisfactory evidence, that they were written by the late right hon. EDMUND BURKE*. The Gentleman's Magazine admits that Mr. Roche has made out a stronger case than any preceding writer on this subject: and the Anti-Jacobin Review declares that "it has fully convinced us of the truth, which it is intended to establish."—Mr. R. has, indeed, brought together such a body of evidence, internal, direct, and circumstantial, as must eventually settle this interesting and long disputed question. In another Journal, we are informed, that Mr. G. F. Busby delivered an able lecture of nearly five hours duration, to prove that these letters were written by *De Lolme*, the commentator on the constitution of England: and he is admitted to have made out a *very strong case*.

The prolific muse of Southey has produced another poem. It is entitled *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. In all the productions

of this writer, there is abundant evidence of a vigorous mind, and enough to teach us to lament the illusions of so powerful an intellect. His genius runs to waste in its luxuriance; it bursts forth with the impetuosity of a stream, and instead of rolling in one deep majestic channel, it is frittered into a thousand little rills, that are at length lost in the weeds and briars that surround it. The story of the present poem is interesting, and would probably have made an excellent romance. It has, however, several capital defects, that make it altogether unfit for an heroic poem; it has no principal character, no conspicuous personage on whom the attention may rest. In the catastrophe there is an imperfect hastiness that seems borrowed from the drama of the Germans: the intended hero of the tale vanishes, and the curtain drops, leaving all unfinished and in doubt.

Gold and silver coins. A writer in one of the English journals, proposes to remedy the evils which result from the scarcity of these coins by a new coinage, in which the value should be enhanced about fourteen per cent. A sixpence, under the talisman of this magical financier, should become nine-pence—and the old 1*l.* 1*s.* should be increased to 1*l.* 5*s.* The effect of this new coinage would be, he contends, to bring the hidden treasures from their dark retreats, to establish a general, useful, and extensive circulation of specie, to reduce the number of country bank notes, &c. &c.

M. de Guignes, late French resident, has published at Paris, a Chinese, French, and Latin dictionary. It was ordered by the late emperor at the end of 1809, and was terminated in 1813, under the auspices of the minister of the interior.

A new volume of the important, and, we may truly say, the unrivalled travels of Dr. Clark, will be ready in a few weeks. This volume will form the third and last section of part the second, of the travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; containing an account of the author's journey from Athens by land to Constantinople; with a description of the north of Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace. It will also be accompanied by a supplement, relating to his journey from Constantinople to Vienna; and to a visit to the gold and silver mines of Hungary.

Mr. Thomas Moore has, for some time past, been engaged on a new and extensive poem, which may be expected to make its appearance in the course of the winter.

General Alexander Beatson, late governor of St. Helena, has in the press, in a quarto volume, tracts on various subjects, relative to St. Helena, written during a residence of five years, illustrated by engravings.

Covent Garden theatre, during the past month, has exhibited **THE TRIUMPH OF THE GAS LIGHTS**. Never was illumination more brilliant, more precise, more innoxious, and, at the same time, more economical. There is a blaze of white light round the theatre, and in all its avenues, differing little from the light of day, at half the expense of oil lamps, which served only "*to render the darkness visible.*" There are altogether about sixty burners besides globes, from which issue streams of illumined gas, almost too intense for the eye to look at. The whole is transmitted above a mile and a half from the gas-light manufactory, in Peter-street, Westminster, which also lights most of the intermediate streets and houses; Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, and other adjacent scites are lighted from the manufactory in Water-lane, and exhibit a blaze of light which excites astonishment and pleasure, in all that behold it. The cost is three pounds per annum, or two-pence per night, for shop-window lights, and four pounds, or two-pence half-penny per night for indoor and street-lamps, which are supposed to burn longer than the former; and as one gas-burner is equal to twenty or thirty common street-lamps, and to two or three of the best Argand-lamps, the saving is, in all cases, very considerable, independently of the vast increase of the intensity of the illumination. We are anxious to learn the effect in some of the country towns, where it has been proposed to introduce this mode of lighting, and which a single station may render as light as day.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a second edition, in stereotype, of his valuable **Practical Treatise on Gas-light**; exhibiting a summary description of the apparatus and machinery best calculated for illuminating streets, houses, and manufactories, with coal gas; with remarks on the utility, safety, and general nature of this new branch of civil economy. This work is illustrated with seven

coloured plates, showing the construction of the large machinery, employed for illuminating the streets and houses of the metropolis, as well as the smaller apparatus employed by manufacturers and private individuals.

An 8vo edition is printing of *Travels to the source of the Missouri river, and across the American continent to the Pacific ocean*, by captains Lewis and Clark.

A translation of Bracton's treatise "*De legibus et consuetudinibus Anglica*," by a member of Lincoln's Inn, is in considerable forwardness. The legal profession may therefore expect speedily to be put in possession of the first English version of that inestimable work.

A new edition of the much-esteemed *Sermons of Martin Luther*, accompanied by a full-length portrait of that great man, from the large German print, is in forwardness, and may be expected in the course of the month.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Martha Laurens Ramsay, of Charleston, South Carolina, edited by David Ramsey, M. D. is reprinting from the third American edition, and will appear in a few days.

A valuable interchange has been made between the eastern and western extremities of the globe: the *Maranham cotton*, cultivated so abundantly in the Brazils, has been transplanted to the East Indies, and the experiment has been attended with success; and under the patronage of the prime minister *Aranjo*, a number of *tea plants*, with Chinese gardeners, have been imported into the Brazils, and the plantations formed under their management afford a prospect of a rich harvest of that important vegetable.

Mr. Chitty will soon publish, in three volumes, a comprehensive treatise on the practice of the criminal law.

THE FINE ARTS.

Portraits of Dr. B. S. Barton, the rev. bishop Carroll, and the hon. James A. Bayard, will be put in the hands of the most skilful artists, whose engravings will embellish the future numbers of *The Port Folio*.



J. Wood pinx.

Conradt sc.

MAJOR GENL: BROWN U.S. Army.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

In my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies or praises of himself; and they only were expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.
DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

NO. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

ATTACK ON FORT ERIE.

OF all the events that have been achieved under the flag of the United States, none is characterized by more fortitude, intrepidity and military skill, or will appear with higher lustre in the page of history, than the defence of fort Erie by the army of the Niagara. Of that memorable scene of suffering and exploit, no account, we think, has yet been communicated to the public so circumstantial and interesting as that which is contained in the following article. The writer, who held himself a conspicuous station, and performed a distinguished part on the occasion, relates, in a plain and unaffected style, what fell under his own notice. The paper, therefore, is not only an authentic, but an original document, and may be safely referred to by the future historian as correct authority. The only source of our regret in relation to it is, that it but simply mentions, and that incidentally, the name of general Ripley, whose conduct, as an officer, during the siege of fort Erie, we believe to have been signally merito-

VOL. I.

N

rious and efficient. The force of the evidence which impels us to this belief is to us irresistible.

As general Ripley received in the sortie a most dangerous wound, the effects of which he will cease to feel, only when he shall have ceased to live, we hold it but justice that he should also receive, in recompense of his valour, his services and his sufferings, at least as much of the "bubble reputation" as may be rightfully his due. Such a recompense we have no doubt he *will* receive from impartial history.

In what we have here said we are far from insinuating even a suspicion that our much-esteemed correspondent intended, by the silence to which we have alluded, to throw a shade over the services or fame of general Ripley. We are confident that he is incapable of disingenuous conduct. The utmost we would charge him with is a literary omission—not an offence against morality or honour. Indeed, although we will not say that his paper would have been rendered thereby more valuable as a military document, we would, notwithstanding, ourselves have derived a higher degree of gratification from it, had it dwelt somewhat more fully on the names and achievements of several individuals, particularly of the engineers and officers of artillery, and of those who unfortunately fell in the conflict. But as his object is history, not biography, we are compelled to acknowledge, even in despite of our feelings, that he has chosen the more proper and legitimate course.

C.

—
New York, November 15, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter of the 4th instant, requesting me "to furnish you with such particulars of the siege and defence of fort Erie as came under my observation," has been received. I assure you nothing could give me greater pleasure than to see that memorable scene of military achievement properly noticed; and as the peace now furnishes the historian an opportunity for that purpose, I shall most cheerfully communicate any information in my power that can facilitate his labours. I have thought this object the more desirable as no detailed account of the siege has as yet made its appearance; and the public, with nothing before them but the official accounts of a few leading circumstances, and perhaps some

shreds of miscellaneous information from other quarters, have been very unlikely to form correct ideas of it. An instance of this may be found in the prevailing impression as to the size and structure of the works besieged; of which—although circumstances of no small importance in estimating the defence—very little appears to be correctly known. With respect to the size, for example, it is generally supposed to have been quite small, as the original fort Erie was known to be so, and very few are aware that the name used in the reports of our generals was intended to apply to any other work. This circumstance, I am inclined to think, has had a very considerable negative influence on the public opinion of our siege, and I am more particular to notice it on that account, that I may have an opportunity of correcting the error. With this view therefore I observe, that the *fort Erie which was besieged and defended* was in reality not a fort, but a *camp*; unprotected by any peculiarity of situation, and at the time of its investment, equally so by any effective artificial means. The small unfinished fort Erie, it is true, gave it a shadow of defence on one side; but with only three guns mounted in any direction it was indeed only a shadow. In the course of the siege, however, other more efficient defences were added to it, breastworks and traverses were thrown up and batteries erected, and these works, instead of being beaten down or even retarded in their progress by the fire of the besiegers, grew into strength and importance in the very face of their cannon—a fact, I believe, unprecedented in the history of any war.

Not to trouble you however with any further explanations on this subject, I shall now revert to the condition of the work, as it fell into our hands, and point out in detail the improvements made by us, and the state of our defences at different periods of the siege.

Fort Erie, properly so called, was originally designed for a mere trading post: it was situated about a hundred yards from the lake shore, and laid out with the smallest dimensions that would admit of being regularly fortified. Its form was quadrangular, nearly square, with four bastions; only two of them, however, forming the southeast or water front, had been wrought upon to any extent, at the time the garrison capitulated to general Brown.

These were secured on the land side by a line of pickets extending from gorge to gorge, and to render them more defensible their contiguous faces were prolonged on the line of defence so as to leave a curtain of no more than forty feet, and these continuations raised and completed into two large block-houses. The gateway of the fort was in the intermediate curtain, covered by a sort of ravelin of earth.

After the capture of this work, while general Brown was operating down the streight, lieutenant M'Donough, who had been left in command, was zealously engaged in improving its means of defence: so that the army on its return to the place after the battle of the Falls, found the bastions above named considerably raised; their ditches deepened; the line of pickets by which their gorges had been secured partly removed; and a breast-work of earth commenced for the more effectual accomplishment of that object.

It was on the 27th of July that general Ripley, at that time the commanding general, took up this position; his right flank being supported by the fort, and his left resting on a hillock seven hundred yards distant, upon which a battery (Towson's) was immediately commenced for its protection. On the 31st, however, while this battery was yet unfinished, and the fort itself in a very inefficient state of defence, general Drummond appeared before us with an army of four thousand five hundred men, and, though we had not half that number to make resistance, he *cautiously* opened trenches opposite to our right flank, and commenced the formalities of a regular siege. Inspired by this compliment to their courage and discipline in the field, (for indeed we could construe it in no other light) and determined not to be outdone in any mode of warfare, our men seized their spades, instead of their muskets, and prepared with alacrity for the expected assault. Large working parties were accordingly distributed along our front and flanks to throw up the necessary breastworks and traverses; others were disposed on the two unwrought bastions of the fort; and Towson's battery, upon which two day's works had already been expended, was so far completed in three more, that three guns were placed upon it upwards of twenty feet above the

level of the circumjacent country: two more were added to these soon afterwards—other batteries were also commenced in the various exposed parts of our line, and completed by the exertions of particular corps. Such, for example, were Biddle's and Fountain's in front, between the fort and Towson's; the former of three guns and the latter of two; such also was the Douglass battery of two guns on our right flank, between the fort and the water. On the 2nd of August, while we were yet in the midst of these labours, the first gun of the siege was fired by us; and on the same day the cannonade was partially commenced on the part of the enemy. They did not open a regular battery upon us, however, till about the 7th, on which day all our colours being displayed, and "Yankee Doodle" struck up by the drums, their fire was promptly returned amidst the loud and animated cheers of our whole line. From this date till the 15th the firing was continued on both sides with very little intermission day or night. It was not attended, however, with any very serious loss on our part, and far from retarding the progress of our works seemed rather to accelerate it. On the 14th we stood as follows:—our line in front and on the left, including Towson's and the other batteries nearly completed, and secured by abbatis in the most exposed parts; on the right, however, we were less secure, the space between the Douglass battery and the fort being little more than half closed up, except by a slight abbatis; no abbatis in front, and the fort itself yet in a very feeble state of resistance; added to this, there was a wide opening between the Douglass battery and the water.

On the evening of the 14th, general Gaines (who had taken the command a few days before) having observed some signs of an approaching visit from the enemy, put his force in the best situation for giving them a proper reception. The particulars of this affair are pretty generally known, and have doubtless flowed to you through a great many channels already; it will be necessary, however, for me to notice it, in order to connect the parts of this detail; and as it was a most brilliant achievement, I shall endeavour to do so with some minuteness.

Agreeably to the order of the British general, a copy of which will be found accompanying general Gaines' official let-

ter,* the attack was organized into three columns. The first consisting of detachments to the amount of thirteen hundred men, was

* Lieutenant-general Drummond's arrangement and order for attack.

[Secret.]

*Head-Quarters, camp before fort Erie,
14th August, 1814.*

ARRANGEMENT.

Right column—lieutenant-colonel Fischer, king's regiment.

(Volunteers) De Watteville's.

Light companies, 89th and 100th regiments.

Detachments royal artillery—1 officer, 12 men, and a rocketeer, with a couple of 12-pound rockets.

Captain Eustace's picket of cavalry—captain Powell, deputy-assistant quarter-master-general, will conduct this column, which is to attack the left of the enemy's position. Major Court.

Centre column—lieutenant-colonel Drummond.

Flank companies, 41st regiment.

Do. do. 104th do.

Royal marines 50.

Seamen 90.

Detachments of royal artillery, 1 subaltern, and 12 men—captain Barney, 89th regiment, will guide this column, which is to attack the fort.

Left column—colonel Soott, 103d regiment.

Captain Elliott, deputy quarter-master-general, will conduct this column, which will attack the right of the enemy's position towards the lake, and endeavour to penetrate by the openings betwixt the forts and entrenchments, using the short ladders at the same time, to pass the entrenchment, which is reported to be defended only by the enemy's 9th regiment, 250 strong.

The infantry pickets on Buck's road will be pushed on with the Indians, and attack the enemy's picket on that road. Lieutenant-colonel Nicholl, quarter-master-general of militia, will conduct this column. The rest of the troops, viz.

1st battalion royals.

Remainder of De Watteville's regiment, Glengary light infantry and incorporated militia will remain in reserve, under lieutenant-colonel Tucker, are to be posted on the ground at present occupied by our pickets and covering parties.

Squadron of the 19th light dragoons, in the ravine, in the rear of the battery, nearest to the advance, ready to receive charge of prisoners and conduct them to the rear.

The lieutenant-general will station himself at or near the battery, where reports are to be made to him. Lieutenant-colonel Fischer, commanding the right column, will follow the instruction which he has received: copies

placed under the command of lieutenant-colonel Fischer, of the king's regiment. Seven hundred picked men under lieutenant-colonel Drummond, of the 104th, composed the second or centre column. And the 103d regiment, amounting to upwards of eight hundred, with its own colonel (Scott) at the head of it, constituted the third. The points against which these columns were to move were respectively the left flank; the fort; and the line between the fort and the lake; and the time fixed for the enterprise was an early hour of the following morning (the 15th.) Accordingly, about an hour and a half before day the approach of an enemy was discovered on the road west of Towson's battery, and immediately after the lines on that quarter were furiously assaulted by the enemy's first or right column. The infantry of our left consisted at the time, of the 21st regiment, under the command of major Wood, of the engineers; who instantly drew up his line in the space between the battery and the water, and received the charge in a style suited to its impetuosity. Checked by a seasonable volley from this corps and a shower of grape from Towson's artillery, the enemy sustained the conflict but a few minutes, and fell back to consolidate his ranks for a second attempt. This however proved equally unsuccessful; and though it was followed up by a succession of desperate charges, our column continued firm until the enemy was no longer in a condition to give battle.

By this time the columns of lieutenant-colonel Drummond and colonel Scott, which had been kept back till that of lieutenant-colonel Fischer should have commenced the action, were brought forward on our right flank, and the battle was beginning to grow

of which are communicated to colonel Scott and lieutenant-colonel Drummond, for their guidance.

The lieutenant-general most strongly recommends a free use of the bayonet.

The enemy's force does not exceed fifteen hundred fit for duty, and those are represented as much dispirited.

The ground on which the columns of attack are to be formed, will be pointed out; and orders for their advance will be given by the lieutenant-general commanding.

J. HARVEY, D. A. G.

Parole—"Steel." *Countersign*—"Twenty."

considerably warm in that quarter. The object of the British commander in reserving these columns, was undoubtedly to avail himself of the diversion which he *supposed* would be effected by the attack of lieutenant-colonel Fischer, and to render this manœuvre the more effectual, he caused a feint of militia and Indians to *debouche* from the wood upon our centre, at the same time that his centre and left columns advanced upon our right.

The firing had, in some measure, subsided on the left, when the approach of these columns was announced by the fire of our picket-guard in a ravine, at a small distance from our right—and in less than a minute afterwards the direction of the two was plainly distinguishable, by the voices of their officers—one of them appearing to move from the ravine towards the fort, and the other rapidly approaching its point of attack by the margin of the lake. It has already been observed, that this flank was in a very inefficient state of defence, and as this circumstance was doubtless known to the enemy, it became doubly necessary to make timely resistance. Accordingly, the first of the two was promptly met by the fire from the salient bastion of the fort, and the other by that of the Douglass battery, and the musketry on its right and left; that on its right consisting of Boughton's and Harding's volunteers, and that on its left of the 9th regiment—altogether making perhaps one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy men. The night was excessively dark; but as near as we could judge through the obscurity the last column did not continue long advancing—it seemed to hesitate at fifty or sixty yards distance—remained stationary for a minute and then began to recoil. At this critical moment loud and repeated calls from the salient bastion of the fort to “cease firing” caused a momentary suspension of operations along the line below—but the threats and confusion with which they were mingled immediately undeceived those to whom they were directed as to the party from which they came, and conveyed the unwelcome intelligence that the enemy had been successful at that point. The deception, though it lasted but for a moment, was sufficient to enable the column that had been repulsed, to recover itself—which it did, and returned a second time to the charge. The enemy's threats were now no longer heard—the action was renewed with more violence than ever, and

though the defenders were exposed to the fire of their own guns, which had been turned upon them along with the enemy's musketry from the captured bastion, the assailing column was again driven back. Its leader, colonel Scott, was killed, and nearly all his party cut to pieces before it had approached near enough to place its ladders, or avail itself of the open places in our line. Such was the result of the attack at this point. In the meantime day had broken, and the enemy, notwithstanding several attempts to dislodge him, was still in possession of the contested bastion. He had not been able, however, to derive any advantage from that circumstance, and still less was he in a condition to do so now, as Drummond himself had fallen and nearly all his party was killed or wounded. The passage from the bastion into the body of the fort was in a great measure closed by the position of one of the block-houses, mentioned in the former part of this letter; this, though in a ruinous condition at the time, had been occupied the evening before by lieutenant-colonel Trimble, with a detachment of the 19th infantry, whose well-directed fire, at the same time that it galled the enemy severely in the bastion, had completely defeated every attempt he made to penetrate farther. A destructive fire also had been maintained upon him by a detachment of riflemen under captain Birdsall, who had posted himself advantageously for that purpose in the ravelin without the fort.

The column of colonel Scott being now routed, the guns of the Douglass battery were so directed as to cut off all communication between the contested bastion and the enemy's reserve—and a party of desperate fellows were about to rush in and finish the work, when a spark being communicated by some means to an ammunition chest under the platform, the bastion, with those who occupied it, were blown into the air together.

This explosion has been assigned by the British general as the cause of the ill success of his enterprise; but, in my opinion, the result was rather favourable to him than otherwise. The force in the bastion was to all intents and purposes defeated before it took place; the explosion could, therefore, give us no advantage over that: while, on the other hand, it caused the precipitate retreat of his reserve, which we should have intercepted in a few minutes more, and in all probability made prisoners.

The losses of the respective armies* on this occasion, (of which you will find very accurate statements accompanying general Gaines' official letters) brought them on a footing, so nearly

* *Report of the killed, wounded and prisoners, taken at the Battle of Erie, U. C. August 15, 1814.*

Killed, left on the field, 222—wounded, left on the field, 174—prisoners, 186. Grand total, 582.

Two hundred supposed to be killed on the left flank, near Snake Hill, (in the water) and permitted to float down the Niagara. The number on the right flank, near the woods, could not be ascertained.

Given at the inspector-general's office, Fort Erie, U. C.

NATHL. N. HALL, *Assist. Ins. General.*

Brig. Gen. E. P. Gaines, &c.

Report of the killed, wounded, and missing of the left division of the United States' army, commanded by brigadier-general Gaines, in the action of the 15th August, 1814, at Fort Erie, U. C.

Adjutant-general's Office, Fort Erie, Aug. 17, 1814.

Corps of Bombardiers—Killed, 1 private.

Artillery—Killed, 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 2 privates—wounded severely, 1 lieutenant, 3 privates; slightly, 6 privates—missing, 1 lieutenant, 3 privates.

1st Brigade—9th Regt. slightly wounded, 1 private.

11th Regt. killed, 3 privates—wounded dangerously, 1 sergeant, 1 private: severely, 4 privates; slightly, 4 privates—missing, 1 private.

19th Regt. killed, 5 privates—wounded dangerously, 1 subaltern; severely, 1 sergeant, 4 privates; slightly, 1 corporal, 8 privates.*

22d Regt. killed, 2 privates—wounded severely, 5 privates.

2d Brigade—21st Regt. killed, 2 privates—wounded severely, 1 subaltern, 3 privates; slightly, 3 privates—missing, 3 privates.

23d Regt. wounded severely, 2 subalterns, 1 private; slightly, 3 privates—missing, 2 privates.

1st and 4th Rifle Corps—wounded severely, 1 captain, 1 private—missing, 1 private.

Grand Total—1 captain, 1 subaltern, 15 privates, killed.

1 subaltern, 1 sergeant, 1 private, dangerously wounded.

1 captain, 4 subalterns, 1 sergeant, 21 privates, severely wounded.

1 corporal, 25 privates, slightly wounded.

1 lieutenant, 10 privates, missing.

NAMES OF OFFICERS.

Artillery—Captain Williams and lieutenant M'Donough killed, defending the bastion.

* This regiment was stationed in the fort.

equal, that the enemy was obliged, for the present, to suspend his operations, and wait quietly the arrival of re-enforcements. This interval was diligently improved by us in restoring the ruined bas-

Lieutenant Watmough wounded severely, defending the bastion.

Lieutenant Fountaine missing, thrown from the bastion.

Infantry—19th Regt. ensign Cisna wounded dangerously, in defence of the fort.

19th Regt. lieutenant Bushnell, do. severely.

23d Regt. lieutenant Brown, do. do.

Do. lieutenant Belknap, do. in defending the picquet guard which he commanded.

4th Rifle regt. captain Birdsall, accidentally wounded, whilst defending the fort, by one of his own soldiers.

Report of the killed and wounded of the left division of the United States' army, commanded by brigadier-general Gaines, during the cannonade and bombardment, commencing at sun-rise on the morning of the 13th inst. and continuing without intermission till 8 o'clock, P. M. re-commenced on the 14th at day-light with increased warmth, and ending one hour before the commencement of the action at Erie on the morning of the 15th.

Adjutant-General's Office, Fort Erie, Aug. 15, 1814.

Corps of Artillery—Wounded severely, 2 privates; slightly, 1 captain, 2 subalterns, 1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 3 privates.

11th Regt. Wounded severely, 2 sergeants, 2 privates; slightly, 3 privates.

19th Regt. wounded severely, 1 subaltern.

21st Regt. killed, 4 privates—wounded severely, 3 privates; slightly, 2 privates.

22d Regt. killed, 1 sergeant—wounded severely, 2 corporals, 2 privates; slightly, 3 privates.

23d Regt. killed, 1 private; wounded severely, 1 private.

Rifle Regiments, 1st and 4th.—killed, 1 corporal, 2 privates; wounded severely, 3 privates; slightly, 1 private.

Grand Total—1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 7 privates, killed.

1 subaltern, 2 sergeants, 2 corporals, 14 privates, severely wounded.

1 captain, 2 subalterns, 1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 12 privates, slightly wounded.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Artillery—Captain Biddle, lieutenant Zantzinger, adjutant-lieu tenant Watmough.

Infantry—lieutenant Patterson, 19th regiment.

Killed, George Carryl, 25th infantry, orderly to general Gaines.

ROGER JONES, *Assistant Adj. Genera*

tion; which being soon done, we resumed the completion of our lines, and the unfinished bastions, as before. Four days after the action, the enemy, having had an accession of two full regiments, opened their second battery, and re-commenced the cannonade more vigorously than ever.

BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

Return of killed, wounded and missing of the right division, in the assault of Fort Erie, on the 15th August, 1814:

Killed—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 sergeant, 1 drummer, 51 rank and file.

Wounded—1 major, 9 captains, 11 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 1 master, 20 sergeants, 3 drummers, 262 rank and file.

Missing—2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 2 ensigns, 1 adjutant, 1 midshipman, 41 sergeants, 3 drummers, 486 rank and file.

Total—1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 12 captains, 15 lieutenants, 4 ensigns, 1 adjutant, 1 master, 1 midshipman, 62 sergeants, 7 drummers, 799 rank and file.

Officers killed—1st or royal Scotts, captain Torrena; 8th or King's regiment, lieutenant Noel; 103d regiment, colonel Scott; 104th regiment, lieutenant-colonel Drummond.

Officers wounded—royal navy, captain Dobbs and lieutenant Stevenson slightly; Mr. Harris, master, severely.

1st or royal Scots, captain Rowan, severely; lieutenant Vaughan slightly.

8th or king's, lieutenant Young, slightly.

41st regiment, flank companies, captains Glew and Bullock, severely; lieutenant Hailes, slightly; ensign Townsend, severely.

89th regiment, captain Barney, acting assistant engineer, severely.

100th regiment, lieutenant Murray, wounded and prisoner; volunteer Fraser, severely.

103d regiment, major Smelt and captain Gardner, severely; captain Colclough and lieutenant Charlton, severely and prisoner; lieutenant Fallon, severely; lieutenant Cabbage, jun. dangerously; lieutenant Meagher, slightly; lieutenant Burrows, Hazan, and ensign Nash, severely.

104th flank companies, captain Leonard and lieutenant M'Laughlan, severely.

Officers missing—general staff, captain Elliott, deputy assistant-quarter-master-general.

Royal navy, Mr. Hyde, midshipman.

41st flank company, lieutenant Gardner and ensign Hall.

103d regiment, captain Irwin; lieutenant Kaye; ensign Huoy; lieutenant and adjutant Pettet.

EDWARD BAYNES, *Adj. Gen. N. A.*

This I consider the commencement of a period by far the most trying of any during the siege. Our men, daily subjected to the most laborious fatigue-duties, were often called out during the night to perform those services which the fire of the enemy would not permit them to do during the course of the day; while, even with this precaution, we had the mortification to see them continually falling around us. I do not know what may have been the average of our daily losses about this time, but among the working parties, particularly those in the face of the enemy, I know it to have been very severe.* But this was not all—The frequent alarms, and constant expectation of another attack, rendered it necessary to put at least one third of our men under arms every night, while the remaining two-thirds lay down with their accoutrements on, their boxes stored with ammunition, their muskets in their hands, and their bayonets fixed.

The effect of these precautions was often witnessed in cases of alarm, and I venture to say, from my own experience on such occasions, that at no time during the continuance of this state, could an enemy have approached within three hundred and fifty yards, before the parapet would have been completely lined, and the men ready to fire.

I think it proper here to mention an additional precaution, designed to be used in case of a charge. At twilight, every evening, a great number of pikes, constructed of the British bayonets which were taken on the 15th, were laid at two feet distance from each other, along the whole extent of our line. These being of a length equal to the thickness of the parapet, would have been used with great effect in the event of an escalade.

This mode of life continued for about thirty days, with very little variation, except what was sometimes occasioned by the skirmishes of our picquets and corps of observation. In the course of this time the army had the misfortune to lose the services of its amiable commander, general Gaines, who was wounded by a shell in the early part of September, in consequence of which ge-

* I have before me a letter, on this subject, from the engineer who had the superintendence of the new bastions, (captain Douglass) in which he states his loss at that point to have been from 1 in 16 to 1 in 10 for several days.

neral Brown, though still labouring under the wounds he had received at the Falls, hastened to the spot, and resumed the command of his division.

At length, about the middle of September, our lines were entirely completed, the new bastions nearly so, and four guns actually placed in the one nearest the enemy. The brigade of general Porter, having been strengthened about the same time by a considerable re-enforcement of New York volunteers, we began to entertain some hopes of relieving ourselves from the confinement to which we had been so long subjected; and some measure appeared to be in agitation at head-quarters for the accomplishment of that object. Accordingly, on the 17th, orders were distributed to the different corps to supply themselves with ammunition, and be in readiness to march.

The order was eagerly obeyed, and at two o'clock P. M. of the same day, the army being formed into two columns, under generals Porter and Miller, filed out of camp by the left, and advanced upon the enemy. The column of general Porter made a considerable *detour* through the woods, in order to gain the enemy's extreme right; while that of general Miller passed along the skirts of the wood, and concealed itself in the ravine mentioned above. While this was taking place, a heavy fall of rain came on, which continued the remainder of the day; it had no effect however upon our operations; the column of general Porter approached its destination with such secrecy and address that he was not discovered by the enemy till he rose upon them within pistol-shot of their lines. As soon as the firing announced this event to general Miller, he left the ravine in which he lay concealed, and charged upon the enemy's third battery, which being carried, their whole line, as far as their second battery inclusive, was in a few minutes completely in our possession.

The object of the enterprise being thus accomplished, the army retreated again within its lines. I have touched very lightly on the particulars of this achievement, as every circumstance relating to it has been happily described in the official letters of generals Brown and Porter; and I should not be able to add a single item to your stock of facts by so doing. Referring you to them,

therefore,* I shall barely observe, that within half an hour after the commencement of the action, the enemy had lost more than a thousand of his number, and nearly all his artillery and military

* *Copy of a letter from major-general Brown to the secretary of war, dated Head-quarters, Camp, Fort Erie, September 29th, 1814.*

SIR—In my letter of the 18th inst. I briefly informed you of the fortunate issue of the sortie which took place the day preceding. But it is due to the gallant officers and men, to whose bravery we are indebted for our success on this occasion, that I should give you a more circumstantial and detailed account of this affair.

The enemy's camp I had ascertained to be situated in a field surrounded by woods, nearly two miles distant from their batteries and intrenchments, the object of which was to keep the parts of the force which was not upon duty, out of the range of our fire from Fort Erie and Black Rock. Their infantry was formed into three brigades, estimated at twelve or fifteen hundred men each. One of these brigades, with a detail from their artillery, was stationed at their works, (these being about five hundred yards distant from old Fort Erie and the right of our line.) We had already suffered much from the fire of two of their batteries, and were aware that a third was about to open upon us. Under these circumstances I resolved to storm the batteries, destroy the cannon, and roughly handle the brigade upon duty before those in reserve could be brought into action.

On the morning of the 17th the infantry and riflemen, regulars and militia, were ordered to be paraded, and put in readiness to march precisely at twelve o'clock. General Porter with the volunteers, colonel Gibson with the riflemen, and major Brooks with the 23d and 1st infantry, and a few dragoons acting as infantry, were ordered to move from the extreme left of our position upon the enemy's right, by a passage opened through the woods for the occasion. General Miller was directed to station his command in the ravine which lies between Fort Erie and the enemy's batteries, by passing them by detachments through the skirts of the wood—and the 21st infantry, under general Ripley, was posted as a corps of reserve between the new bastions of fort Erie; all under cover, and out of the view of the enemy.

About twenty minutes before two, P. M. I found the left columns, under the command of general Porter, which were destined to turn the enemy's right, within a few rods of the British intrenchments. They were ordered to advance and commence the action. Passing down the ravine, I judged, from the report of musketry, that the action had commenced on our left. I now hastened to general Miller, and directed him to seize the moment, and pierce the enemy's intrenchment between batteries No. 2 and 3. My orders were promptly and ably executed. Within thirty minutes after the first gun was fired, batteries No. 3 and 2, the enemy's line of intrenchments, and his

stores. Many of the British officers, who were present at this affair, pronounced it to have been at least equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind in military history. The best comment

two block-houses, were in our possession. Soon after battery No. 1 was abandoned by the British. The guns in each were spiked by us, or otherwise destroyed, and the magazine of No. 3 was blown up.

A few minutes before the explosion, I had ordered up the reserve under general Ripley. As he passed me at the head of his column, I desired him, as he would be the senior in advance, to ascertain as near as possible, the situation of the troops in general, and to have a care that not more was hazarded than the occasion required: that the object of the sortie effected, the troops would retire in good order, &c. General Ripley passed rapidly on—soon after, I became alarmed for general Miller, and sent an order for the 21st to hasten to his support towards battery No. 1. Colonel Upham received the order, and advanced to the aid of general Miller. General Ripley had inclined to the left, where major Brooks' command was engaged, with a view of making some necessary inquiries of that officer, and in the act of doing so was unfortunately wounded. By this time the object of the sortie was accomplished beyond my most sanguine expectations. General Miller had consequently ordered the troops on the right to fall back—observing this movement, I sent my staff along the line to call in the other corps. Within a few minutes they retired from the ravine, and from thence to camp.

Thus one thousand regulars, and an equal portion of militia, in one hour of close action, blasted the hopes of the enemy, destroyed the fruits of fifty days' labour, and diminished his effective force one thousand men at least. I am at a loss to express my satisfaction at the gallant conduct of the officers and men of this division, whose valour has shone superior to every trial. General Porter, in his official report herein enclosed, has very properly noticed those patriotic citizens, who have done so much honour to themselves, by freely and voluntarily tendering their services at a dangerous and critical period.

As the scene of action was in the wood, in advance of the position I had chosen for directing the movements of the whole, the several reports of the commandants of corps must guide me in noticing individuals.

General Miller mentions lieutenant-colonel Aspinwall, lieutenant-colonel Beedle, major Trimble, captain Hull, captain Ingersoll, lieutenant Crawford, lieutenant Lee, and particularly ensign O'Fling as entitled to distinction.

Lieutenant-colonel M'Donald, upon whom the command of the rifle corps devolved, upon the fall of the brave and generous Gibson, names adjutants Shortridge of the 1st, and Ballard of the 4th regiment, as deserving the highest applause for their promptness and gallantry in communicating orders. Of the other officers of the corps, he reports generally, that the

upon it, however, in my view, is the practical one of general Drummond—who broke up his camp three days afterwards, and retired rapidly down the river. Thus ended a siege of fifty-one

bravery and good conduct of all was so conspicuous, as to render it impossible to discriminate.

Major Brooks, to whom much credit is due for the distinguished manner in which he executed the orders he received, speaks in high terms of lieutenants Goodell, Ingersol, Livingston, and ensigns Brant and O'Fling of the 23d—particularly of the latter. Also of captain Simms, lieutenants Bissel, Shore and Brinot of the 1st infantry, and lieutenant Watts of the dragoons.

Lieutenant-colonel Upham, who took command of the reserve after general Ripley was disabled, bestows great praise upon major Chambers, of the 4th regiment of riflemen, attached to the 21st infantry, as also upon captain Bradford and lieutenant Holding of that regiment.

My staff, colonel Snelling, colonel Gardner, major Jones, and my aid-de-camp, major Austin and lieutenant Armstrong were, as usual, zealous, intelligent and active—they performed every duty required of them to my entire satisfaction.

Major Hall, assistant inspector-general, led a battalion of militia, and conducted with skill and gallantry. Lieutenant Kirby, aid-de-camp to general Ripley, was extremely active and useful during the time he was in the action.

Lieutenants Frazer and Riddle were in general Porter's staff; their bravery was conspicuous, and no officers of their grade were more useful.

The corps of artillery commanded by major Hindman, which has been so eminently distinguished throughout this campaign, had no opportunity of taking a part in the sortie. The 25th infantry under colonel Jessup, was stationed in fort Erie to hold the key of our position.

Colonel Brady, on whose firmness and good conduct every reliance could be placed, was on command at Buffalo with the remains of the 22d infantry. Lieutenant-colonel M'Ree and lieutenant-colonel Wood of the corps of engineers, having rendered to this army services the most important, I must seize the opportunity of again mentioning them particularly. On every trying occasion I have reaped much benefit from their sound and excellent advice. No two officers of their grade could have contributed more to the safety and honour of this army. Wood, brave, generous and enterprising, died as he had lived without a feeling but for the honour of his country and the glory of her arms. His name and example will live to guide the soldier in the path of duty so long as true heroism is held in estimation. M'Ree lives to enjoy the approbation of every virtuous and generous mind, and to receive the reward due to his services and high military talents.

days, undertaken with the most sanguine hopes, not to say entire confidence, of immediate success. On visiting their works, after they raised the siege, it was astonishing to see the obstruc-

It is proper here to notice that although but one third of the enemy's force was on duty when his works were carried, the whole were brought into action while we were employed in destroying his cannon. We secured prisoners from seven of his regiments, and know that the 6th and 82d suffered severely in killed and wounded, yet these regiments were not upon duty.

Lieutenant-general Drummond broke up his camp during the night of the 21st and retired to his intrenchments behind the Chippewa. A party of our men came up with the rear of his army at Frenchman's creek; the enemy destroyed part of their stores, by setting fire to the buildings from which they were employed in conveying them. We found in and about their camp a considerable quantity of cannon ball, and upwards of one hundred stand of arms.

I send you enclosed herein a return of our loss. The return of prisoners inclosed does not include the stragglers that came in after the action.

I have the honour to be, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient humble servant,

JACOB BROWN.

Honourable secretary of war.

Copy of a letter from brigadier-general Porter to major-general Brown.

Fort Erie, September 22, 1814.

SIR,

In executing the duty you have imposed upon me, of reporting the conduct of the officers and men composing the left column, which you was pleased to place under my command, in the sortie of the 17th instant, the pleasure I derive in representing to you the admirable conduct of the whole, is deeply chastened by sorrow for the loss of many brave and distinguished men.

Being obliged, from the nature of the ground, to act on foot, it was impossible that my personal observation should reach to every officer. Some part of this report must therefore rest upon the information of others.

It is the business of this communication to speak of the conduct of individuals; yet you will permit me to premise, although well known to yourself already, that the object of the left column was to penetrate, by a circuitous route, between the enemy's batteries, where one third of his force was always kept on duty, and his main camp, and that it was subdivided into three divisions—the advance of two hundred riflemen, and a few Indians, commanded by colonel Gibson, and two columns moving parallel to, and thirty yards distant from each other. The right column was commanded by lieutenant-colonel Wood, headed by four hundred infantry, under major Brogk of the 23d, and followed by five hundred volunteers and militia, being

tions through which our men had been obliged to penetrate to get at the enemy. All their works were faced with one or more lines of abatis, or felled timber, and you could not move a dozen yards, in any direction, without encountering the same kind of impediment.

I am, &c.

parts of lieutenant-colonel Dobbin's, M'Barney's, and Fleming's regiments, and was intended to attack the batteries. The left column of five hundred militia was commanded by brigadier-general Davis, and comprised the commands of lieutenant-colonel Hopkins, Churchill and Crosby; and was intended to hold in check any re-enforcements from the enemy's camp; or both columns (circumstances requiring it, which frequently happened) to co-operate in the same object.

After carrying by storm in the handsomest style, a strong block-house in rear of the third battery, making its garrison prisoners, destroying the three 24-pounders and their carriages in the third battery, and blowing up the enemy's magazine, and after co-operating with general Miller in taking the second battery, the gallant leaders of the three divisions all fell nearly at the same time; colonel Gibson at the second battery, and general Davis and lieutenant colonel Wood, in an assault upon the first.

Brigadier-general Davis, although a militia officer of little experience, conducted on this occasion with all the coolness and bravery of a veteran, and fell while advancing upon the enemy's intrenchments. His loss as a citizen, as well as a soldier, will be severely felt in the patriotic county of Genesee. Colonel Gibson fully sustained the high military reputation, which he had before so justly acquired. You know how exalted an opinion I have always entertained of lieutenant-colonel Wood of the engineers. His conduct, on this day, was, what it uniformly has been, on every similar occasion, an exhibition of military skill, acute judgment, and heroic valour. Of the other regular officers, lieutenant-colonel Macdonald, and major Brook, senior in command, will report to you in relation to their respective divisions. Permit me, however, to say of these two officers, that much as was left to them by the fall of their distinguished leaders, they were able to sustain their parts in the most admirable manner, and they richly deserve the notice of the government.

Of the militia, I regret that the limits of a report will not permit me even to name all those, who on this occasion established claims to the gratitude of their fellow citizens; much less to particularize individual merit. Lieutenant-colonels Hopkins, M'Burney, Churchill, and Crosby, and majors Lee, Marcle, Wilson, Lawrence, Burr, Dunham, Kellogg, and Ganson, are entitled to the highest praise for their gallant conduct, their steady and persevering exertions. Lieutenant-colonel Dobbin being prevented by se-

In justice to the high style of defence of the Douglass battery, on the 15th of August, and to the general merits of its youthful commander, who it at present, we believe, a professor of military science at West Point, we think it right to publish the following

vere indisposition from taking the field, major Hall, assistant-inspector-general, volunteered his services to join major Lee in the command of the volunteer regiment; and major Lee and every other officer speaks in the highest terms of the gallant and good conduct of this young officer.

Captain Fleming, who commanded the Indians, was, as he always is, in the front of the battle. There is not a more intrepid soldier in the army. I should be ungrateful, were I to omit the names of captains Knapp and Hull of the volunteers, and captain Parker and lieutenant Chatfield of the militia, by whose intrepidity I was, during the action, extricated from the most unpleasant situation. Captains Richardson, Buel, and Kennedy, lieutenants Parkhurst and Brown, and adjutants Dobbin, Bates, and Robinson, particularly distinguished themselves. The patriotic conduct of captain Elliott with twenty young gentlemen, who volunteered from Batavia, and of major Hubbard with fourteen men exempted by age from military duty, should not be omitted. They were conspicuous during the action.

You will excuse me, if I shall seem partial, in speaking of my own family, consisting of my brigade-major Frazer, my volunteer aid-de-camp Riddle, (both 1st lieutenants in the 15th infantry,) captain Bigger of the Canadian volunteers, Messrs. Williams and Delapierre, volunteer aids for the day, all of whom except Mr. Williams were wounded.

Lieutenants Frazer and Riddle were engaged for most of the preceding day with fatigue parties, cutting roads for the advance of the column through the swamp, and falling timber to the rear, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's right: which service they executed with so much address as to avoid discovery; and on the succeeding day they conducted the two columns to the attack. Frazer was severely wounded by a musket ball whilst spiking a gun on the second battery. Riddle, after the first battery was carried, descended into the enemy's magazine, and after securing (with the assistance of quarter-master Greene of the volunteers, whose good conduct deserves much praise) a quantity of fixed ammunition, blew up the magazine, and suffered severely by the explosion. I must solicit, through you sir, the attention of the general government to these meritorious young men. Captain Bigger is an excellent officer, and rendered me much assistance, but was dangerously wounded. The other young gentlemen are citizens, and deserve much credit for their activity, and for having voluntarily encountered danger. My aid-de-camp, major Dox, was confined at Buffalo by sickness.

Extract of a Letter from Maj. Gen. Gaines, dated Head-Quarters, Augusta, Georgia, October 31, 1815.

"The Douglass battery, and the manner in which it was defended in the battle of Fort Erie, on the morning of the 15th of August, are bright within my recollection. Among the many bril-

On the whole, sir, I can say of the regular troops attached to the left column, and of the veteran volunteers of lieutenant-colonel Dobbin's regiment, that every man did his duty, and their conduct on this occasion reflects a new lustre on their former brilliant achievements. To the militia the compliment is justly due, and I could pay them no greater one than to say, that they were not surpassed by the heroes of Chippewa and Niagara in steadiness and bravery.

The studied intricacy of the enemy's defences, consisting not only of the breast-works connecting their batteries, but of successive lines of intrenchments for a hundred yards in the rear, covering the batteries, and enfilading each other, and the whole obstructed by abbatis, brush, and felled timber, was calculated to produce confusion among the assailants, and led to several contests at the point of the bayonet. But by our double columns, any temporary irregularity in the one was always corrected by the other. Our success would probably have been more complete, but for the rain which unfortunately set in soon after we commenced our march, which rendered the fire of many of our muskets useless, and, by obscuring the sun, led to several unlucky mistakes. As an instance of this, a body of fifty prisoners, who had surrendered, were ordered to the fort, in charge of a subaltern and fourteen volunteers; the officer, mistaking the direction, conducted them towards the British camp, in the route by which we had advanced, and they were retaken with the whole of the guard, excepting the officer and one man, who fought their way back. Several of our stragglers were made prisoners by the same mistake. But, sir, notwithstanding these accidents, we have reason to rejoice at our signal success in inflicting a vastly disproportionate injury on the enemy, and in wholly defeating all his plans of operation against this army.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect, your obedient servant,

P. B. PORTER, *Brigadier-general,*

Commanding Volunteers and Militia.

Major-general Brown, *Com'g &c.*

Report of the killed, wounded, and missing of the left division of the army at Fort Erie, commanded by major-general Brown, in the sortie against the enemy's batteries, on the 17th September, 1814.

TOTAL OF REGULARS.

Killed—1 lieutenant-colonel, 3 captains, 5 sergeants, 7 corporals, 44 privates.

liant scenes which combined to disperse the clouds and darkness, and light up the dawn of that memorable morning, the defence of the Douglass battery stands rivalled by few, and, according to the

Wounded—1 brigadier-general, 1 brigade-major, 1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 2 captains, 11 subalterns, 1 principal musician, 12 sergeants, 11 corporals, 94 privates.

Missing—1 adjutant, 1 sergeant, 4 corporals, 1 musician, 36 privates.

TOTAL OF MILITIA, &c.

Killed—1 brigadier-general, 1 captain, 3 subalterns, 1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 12 privates.

Wounded—1 major-general, 2 aids-de-camp, 1 brigade-major, 2 captains, 2 subalterns, 4 sergeants, 3 corporals, 65 privates.

Missing—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 1 quarter-master, 2 captains, 4 subalterns, 9 sergeants, 13 corporals, 6 musicians, 136 privates.

GRAND TOTAL.

Killed—1 brigadier-general, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 4 captains, 3 subalterns, 6 sergeants, 8 corporals, 56 privates.

Wounded—1 major-general, 1 brigadier-general, 2 aids-de-camp, 2 brigade-majors, 1 colonel, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 4 captains, 13 subalterns, 1 principal musician, 16 sergeants, 14 corporals, 159 privates.

Missing—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 major, 1 adjutant, 1 quarter-master, 2 captains, 4 subalterns, 10 sergeants, 17 corporals, 7 musicians, 172 privates.

Aggregate—officers, 45; non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, 466. Total, 511.

NAMES AND RANK OF OFFICERS.

Killed—lieutenant-colonel E. D. Wood, captain and brevet lieutenant-colonel of engineers.

Captain L. Bradford, 21st infantry.

Captain H. Hale, 11th infantry.

Captain L. G. A. Armistead, 1st riflemen.

Wounded—Staff, brigadier-general Ripley, 2d brigade, dangerously; shot through the neck.

1st Lieutenant Crawford, 11th infantry, brigade-major, 1st brigade, slightly; shot in the arm.

9th Infantry, lieutenant-colonel Aspinwall, severely, left arm amputated.

Captain Ingersoll, slightly, in the head.

1st Lieutenant E. Childs, severely, bayonet wound through the thigh.

11th Infantry, 1st lieutenant W. F. Hale, dangerously, shot in the body.

2d Lieutenant J. Clark, severely, in the body.

3d Lieutenant Stevenson, severely, through the thigh.

3d Lieutenant Davis, dangerously, through the body.

19th Infantry—major Trimble, dangerously, shot through the body:

relative number of guns, surpassed by none. The youthful commander of that battery excited my admiration. His constancy and courage, during a brisk cannonade and bombardment for several

Ensign Neely, slightly, shot in the thigh.

21st Infantry—Ensign Cummings, severely, in the arm.

23d Infantry—1st lieutenant Brown, slightly, in the arm.

Ensign O'Fling, mortally, since dead.

1st Riflemen—captain Ramsay, severely, in the groin.

3d Lieutenant Cobb, severely, in the body.

4th Riflemen—colonel James Gibson, mortally, died the 16th instant.

1st Lieutenant Gantt, severe wounds in the arm and side.

Missing—1st lieutenant Ballard, adjutant 4th riflemen, prisoner.

OF THE MILITIA.

Killed—brigadier-general Davis, of volunteer brigade.

Captain Buel, of lieutenant-colonel Crosby's regiment.

Lieutenant Brown, of lieutenant-colonel M'Burney's regiment.

Lieutenant W. Belknap, of lieutenant-colonel Fleining's regiment.

Ensign Blakesley, of lieutenant-colonel M'Burney's regiment.

Wounded—Staff, major-general P. B. Porter, sword wound in the hand.

1st Lieutenant Frazer, 13th infantry, brigade-major, severely, in the leg.

1st Lieutenant Riddle, 15th infantry, acting aid-de-camp, slight contusion.

Captain Bigger, N. Y. volunteers, acting aid, severely, through the breast and shoulder.

Lieutenant-colonel Dobbin's regiment—captain Knap, in the hip.

Lieutenant Bailly, in the side.

Lieutenant-colonel M'Burney's regt. capt. Haie, wounded and prisoner.

Lieutenant-colonel Hopkin's regiment—lieut. Gillet, through the thigh.

Missing—Lieutenant-colonel W. L. Churchill, major E. Wilson, quartermaster, O. Willcox, captain Crouch, captain Case, lieutenant Case, ensigns Chambers, Clark, Church, prisoners.

C. K. GARDNER, A. G.

*Return of prisoners taken in the sortie from fort Erie, on the 17th of
September, 1814.*

Regiment of Watteville—2 majors, 3 captains, 3 lieutenants, 1 assistant surgeon, 4 staff sergeants, 7 sergeants, 7 corporals, 1 drummer, and 204 privates. Total, 232.

Royal artillery—9 privates.

1st Regiment royal Scots—2 sergeants, 16 privates.

6th Regiment—1 sergeant, 9 privates.

8th or King's Regiment—1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 ensign, 8 sergeants, 9 corporals, 66 privates.

82d Regiment—9 privates.

weeks, often in the night as well as the day—his gallantry and good conduct in the defence, against a vigorous assault, by a vast superiority of numbers, are incidents which can never cease to be cherished in my memory, as among the most heroic and most pleasing I have ever witnessed."

*References to the Drawing of the Siege, and Defence of
Fort Erie.*

A Fort Erie properly so called.

a a Bastions built by the British before the work was taken by general Brown.

b A Ravelin, and *c c* Block-houses built also by the British.

d d Bastions built by us during the siege.

c c A Redoubt built also by us, for the security of the Bastions, *a a*.—Note. The British had a line of picquets for this purpose.

B Our Camp, in its most perfect state of defence, secured as follows:—On the right, by the line *g*, the Douglass battery *i*, and Fort Erie—on the left, and in front by the lines

89th Regiment—1 sergeant, 1 corporal, 19 privates. Total, 21.

Grand Total—2 majors, 4 captains, 4 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 assistant surgeon, 4 staff sergeants, 19 sergeants, 17 corporals, 1 drummer, 33 privates.

Aggregate—385.

J. SNELLING, *Inspector General.*

*Copy of a letter from Major-general Brown to the Secretary of war, dated
Head-quarters, Camp Fort Erie, October 1st, 1814.*

SIR—Looking over my official account of the battle of the 17th ult. I find that the names of the regiments which composed general Miller's command, have not been given. As I believe it even more important to distinguish corps than individuals, I am anxious to correct the mistake. General Miller on that day commanded the remains of the 9th and 11th infantry, and a detachment of the 19th. Of three field officers who were attached to them, two were severely wounded, lieutenant-colonel Aspinwall, of the 9th, gallantly leading his men to the attack upon the enemy's intrenchments, and major Trimble, of the 19th, who was shot within their works, conducting with great skill and bravery. A detachment of the 17th regiment was attached to the 21st.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

JACOB BROWN.

Honourable Secretary of War.



Engraved by H. H. H.

-
- fff*, and the batteries *k*, (Fontaine's, afterwards Fanning's)
l (Biddle's) and *m* (Towson's.)
h h Camp traverses.
n Main traverse.
o Magazine traverse, covering also the head-quarters of general Gaines.
p Hospital traverse.
q Grand parade and provost guard traverse.
r General Brown's head-quarters.
s Drain.
t Road from Chippewa up the Lake.
u Buck's road.
C The ground on which the volunteers encamped, who joined us in September, a few days previous to the sortie.
D D The enemy's works.
1 2 3 His first, second, and third battery.
y y His block-houses.
z z The roads to his camp.
v The route of our left column in the sortie, September 17th.
w That of our right on the same occasion.
x The ravine, in which the latter waited the signal to charge on the enemy's lines.
-

The following note has just been received from the author of the preceding article.

SIR,

IF it be not too late I would correct an error which I believe has gained admission into the references to my drawing and certainly into my late letter.

The column of colonel Miller did not enter the enemy's lines at the third battery on the 17th September, but between it and the second—That of general Ripley, being the reserve of the army, did enter at the third battery at the instant an explosion of its magazine took place.

VOL. I.

q

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, No. 500.

-BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

"I should not be surprised to read, ten years hence, *The American Lounger*, No. 500."

DENNIE.

"WHAT is this," says one of Mr. Oldschool's fair readers whose dislike of odious gun-powder has induced her to regard the preceding article with slight attention. "Bless me, *Samuel Saunter* again! Well, I am delighted to see you. You were always entertaining, though sometimes a little saucy. Come, sit down, and tell us where you have been *all this time*. Let us know all about you."

To talk of self to a fair auditor, who betrays such tender solicitude, such anxious curiosity! What a temptation! But I have little to say that will amuse the idle or detain the curious; I cannot gratify the sympathy of friendship, or warn the steps of inexperience. I feel a sort of gloomy unwillingness to enter upon a subject, that tends only to recall the memory of time misspent, and good counsels unheeded.

I resume my pen, after a Pythagorean silence, to inform the readers of *The Port Folio*, that during the late wars I felt it my duty to *endeavour to do the state some service*. Although no *Tacitus* has ever taken my services into consideration, nor any limner has honoured my phiz by perusing its lineaments, I can assure all my *impartial readers*, that since my absence I have seen some "moving accidents." If my head were not bald, I would swear that I had had some "hair breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"—and that I was more than once taken by "the *insolent foe*." Without entering, at present, into any of these details, I shall simply inform the reader, that as soon as I was rescued from the gripe of the grim buccaneer, by the intrepid Decatur, I hastened home.

Instead of waiting upon my old friend Oliver, I sent him a pocket Shakspeare, which he had presented to me many years since. It was folded down at that part of *Hamlet*, where the prince informs the king of his return to Denmark, in a letter which is couched in these terms:

"High and mighty! you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow I shall beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first begging pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and most strange return."

The book, and the recollection of my habit of making our immortal bard speak for me, whenever I could use his language, prepared the old gentleman for my visit. He appeared to be much struck with my appearance. Formerly I had been as gaunt as a greyhound, but now my person would not stand a bad poll at the hustings of an alderman: "the paleness of the midnight lamp" has been exchanged for healthful hues, and my forehead is so perfectly denuded of its curling honours, that my friend, who knew I had followed a *warlike general to the field*, supposed I had been deserted by my comrades, and left a prey to one of our border warriors: to some rude Choctaw or wandering Mohawk, a ferocious Split-Log, a grim-visaged Prophet, or blood-thirsty Big-Turtle. The old gentleman, in his good-natured way, passed some jokes upon the growing infirmities of age; but I told him that though I was "not so young as to love a woman for her singing," I was "not so old as to doat upon her for any thing."

What with the allurements of trade, the unpleasant intrusions of death, that bane of all good fellowship—matrimony—and divers other ills that *flesh is heir to*, the situation of my friend Old-school and myself, bears no remote resemblance to the deserted state of the aged monarch and the honest Kent.

He comprehended my wishes immediately. A tear stood in his eye, but he brushed it away, and invited me to go to his lodgings; saying, from the play which I had just quoted, "follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse *after supper*, I will not part from thee yet."

What passed at our symposium would scarcely bear a repetition. It consisted chiefly of inquiries about old friends, which were so often answered in the mournful monosyllables of dead—married, or—gone, that we soon ceased to open our mouths, except at the invitation of a replenished glass or "another cigar."

It was however agreed that we should resume the series of speculations which formerly contributed, so much to the morning's chat of a milliner's compter; and in the evening, assisted the curling tongs in preparing our belles for new conquests.

I never aspired to the dignity of enlarging the bounds of knowledge, though the praise of having added something to the stock of innocent gayety has been bestowed upon these humble labours. In the first paper in which I solicited the attention of the town, the ladies were assured that I was a most acceptable visitant at tea-parties, for I had something to say to each of the fair assembly, and could talk sentiment with an interesting simper. I professed to be able to hand a young lady to the piano forte with an easy air; and would applaud her execution, though I could hardly distinguish between the much admired air of "The Cottager's Daughter" and "Go to the Devil and shake yourself."

I think I may venture to assure my fair readers, that in these qualifications a few years have made no material change. The ladies of the present day shall find me as useful an appendage to the tea-table as I was in former times, when their mothers presided at this temple of sociability. I can still coquette with the coy, talk sentiment with the serious, and am too well versed in the arts of gallantry not to entertain a lady with a pun, who can display a good set of teeth: I can create an opportunity for a dimple to spread its lure by some lines from the latest poem of Walter Scott, and mitigate the severity of a frown by an elegant compliment.

I can assure my fair readers with the utmost sincerity, that the dignified simplicity of a modest woman, which springs from the heart and indicates exalted merit, has more charms in my eyes, than the finest delineations of the poet or the painter. In the harmless pleasures of an evening party, I have listened to the dictates of good sense, delivered in language which the poet would not disdain. In my various pilgrimages, I have tarried in "knightly castles" and "loitered in ladies' bowers," and I am ready to declare that the latter are better furnished with the festoons of cheerfulness and the garlands of prudence. To them therefore I dedicate my labours: let me but have *the merciful construction of good women,*

"if they smile,

And say, 'twill do, I know within a while

All the best men are ours."—*Epilogue to King Henry VIII.*



AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

———"For you

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,

And grow still paler by the midnight lamp. *Armstrong.*

It is well known that in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, Milton was extremely beautiful. Wandering, one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the university, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that he fell asleep at the foot of a tree, where he had reclined to rest himself. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him, as they thought—unperceived—for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with a trembling hand into his own. Immediately afterwards they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintance, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover who was the person so highly favoured. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened.

Milton opened the paper, and, with surprise, read these verses from Guarini: (*Madrigal. xii. ed. 1598.*)

Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministre de miei mali,—
Le chiusi ni accidete,
Aperta che farete?

"Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have been the consequence if ye had been open?"

Eager, from this moment, to discover the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to *her*, that his own time, the present time, and the latest posterity, must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of *Paradise Lost*.

This anecdote has so often been related that it has almost assumed the dignity of historical fact: but, that it is entirely the

fiction of fancy is evident from the preface to the *Poesies* de Mad. de Surville, where similar circumstances, even to *quatre vers Italiens*, are related of *Luis de Puytendre*.

His "poetical fervour" is better accounted for by miss Seward, who closes her relation of the anecdote, with the following beautiful thought:

Thrice happy wound,
Given by his sleeping graces, as the fair
Hung over them enamoured, the desire
Thy fond result inspir'd, that wing'd them there,
Where breath'd each Roman and each Tuscan lyre,
Might haply fan the emulative flame,
That rose o'er Dante's song, and rivall'd Maro's fame.

In the *HORÆ IONICÆ*, a poem descriptive of the Ionian islands, and part of the adjacent coast of Greece, Mr. Wright has selected a spot for his muse, which will naturally awake in minds at all imbued with classic lore, a fond interest and an earnest curiosity. The poet, who has undertaken this delightful task, presents us with very fair credentials in his learning, and shows us that he has *full powers to treat* of these matters, by having been for some time his Britannic majesty's consul-general to the republic of the Seven Islands. Many of the verses that compose this poem, were written "amidst the scenes which they profess to describe;" and we are ready to subscribe to any of them rather than the following:

My simple Muse in Fancy's gilded ray
May sport, the insect of a summer's day;
May sparkle like the dew-drop on the flow'r;
But never please beyond the transient hour.

In this prediction we do not see "the poet's eye in fine phrenzy rolling," nor do we discern that conviction of inward strength which Milton felt when he promised immortality to the soldier as the reward of his forbearance "when the city was about to be stormed." But modesty is so commendable a quality among the ladies, whether ethereal or earthly, that we shall not condemn the Muse of the Ionian isles. Another extract will prove that she does not soar on Icarian wings.

Hence to the left extends a spacious plain,
Nor rich with pastur'd herds, nor waving grain:

There bending vines their purple pride display,
And peaches ripen in the summer ray;
There swells the fig to more than common size,
And various fruits in rich succession rise:
No chilly blasts the tender germ assail,
By mountains sheltered from each ruder gale;
The rip'ning fruits no blasting mildews fear,
Nor fails the vernal promise of the year.
Oft for these shades, where Nature reigns alone,
Would great Alcinous quit his regal throne;
And these the scenes whose beauties could inspire
The mighty father of the Grecian lyre:
Nor still the monarch nor the muse they wrong,
But smile in nature as they bloom in song.

It is impossible, says the poet, for any one, who traverses the shores of the old harbour, with the *Odyssey* in his recollection, to doubt the personal acquaintance of Homer with the scenery of Corfu, or to hesitate in assigning the garden of Alcinous to the spot here described, which lies at the western extremity of the harbour, and is still exclusively devoted to the same sort of culture.

Our squadrons have lately unfurled the TRIUMPHANT STARS on the very waves that once were vexed by the contentions of the Greeks: and we feel a melancholy pleasure in reflecting on the mingled emotions which the gallant supporters of our flag must have felt in the contrast of national honour with the present degradation of the classical soil. The ferocious corsair now seeks shelter in the very harbours that once welcomed the defenders of liberty; and the Piræus, that formerly re-echoed the strains of the muse or the exhortations of the orator, is now mouldering in a sullen silence, that is interrupted only by the groans of the captive and the sighs of wretchedness.

That all, however, is not changed—that the memory of former times is not entirely lost—we have some proofs in this delightful poem. We shall make another extract, because it is accompanied by an anecdote which is illustrative of the state of manners in a soil, of which every inch is endeared to the scholar, by the fondness of early studies and the reflections of mature judgment.

In mingled notes the herdsman's strain I hear,
List'ning his carol as in uncouth rhymes

He sings* the warlike deeds of other times;
 Or wildly modulates to simple lays
 His reed—the Doric reed of ancient days.

From the learned studies, refined taste and rich poetical powers of *Mr. White*, much augmentation may be expected to the public stock of instruction and amusement.—*Macte nova virtute.*

The MODERN DUNCIAD is a free paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. It unites the strength of Pope and the severity of Gifford. It abounds with good sense and, what is better—good principles. Passing over the wholesome castigation which he administers upon a tribe of poetasters, whose names have scarcely reached this country, our attention was arrested by the strains of animated praise in which he hails the names of bards whose thoughts are the conceptions of genius and whose diction is the language of taste.

No less, for sterling genius, I admire
 Rogers' pure style, and Campbell's noble fire;
 Montgomery's strains to taste and feeling true,
 That speak the poet and the christian too.
 Blest be the man with all that fame can give,
 Who burst the negro's chain, and bade him live;
 Blest be the bard with glory's brightest meed
 Whose glowing verse immortalized the deed.
 Far as th' Atlantic rolls his rapid stream
 A race shall hail the poet and his theme,
 And waft the sound to Guinea's distant shore,
 That tells her children they are slaves no more.

* The modern Greeks still retain a variety of traditional stories which they derive from classical antiquity; their national dance they pretend had its origin in the days of Theseus and consider it as emblematical of that hero's adventures in the labyrinth; and the strain which accompanies it, is said to be the lamentation of Ariadne, when deserted by him at Naxos. See the interesting work of Mr. Guys. I once observed a circle of Albanian soldiers listening with great attention to a story, recited to them by a boy in the most animated manner. They seemed equally interested and delighted in the narrative, which excited loud and repeated bursts of laughter. I heartily regretted that my ignorance of the modern Greek prevented me from participating in their enjoyment; especially as I could distinguish that the hero of the tale was Achilles, or, as the moderns pronounce his name, *Achillevs*.

The praise we justly give to truth divine
 Who can withhold from CRABBE's unerring line!
 A bard by no pedantic rules confin'd,
 A rigid painter of the human mind.
 And long as Nature in her simplest guise,
 Or virtuous Sensibility we prize,
 Of well-earned fame no poet shall enjoy
 A juster tribute than the FARMER's Boy?
 Hail to departed worth! o'er COWPER's bier
 Let Genius pause,—and drop her holiest tear:
 To WHITE's cold turf a weeping pilgrim turn,
 And crown with bays her GRAHAM's hallowed urn.
 'Twas their's to shun the poet's flowery way,
 Of them Religion ask'd a nobler lay;
 And well their lives its sacred influence caught,
 And justified the precepts which they taught.
 Religion, meek, benevolent, refin'd,
 Breathes universal love to all mankind;
 And acting on this principle alone,
 Weeps for another's sorrows as her own.
 Soft is her voice, and humble are her ways;
 Warm is her heart, and fervent is her praise;
 Fair deeds of virtue all her hours employ,
 She chides with meekness, and forgives with joy.

Montgomery's poems are distinguished for piety, tenderness, and high poetical painting; his "World before the Flood," making allowance for some few inequalities, is a noble production; the death of Adam and Eve, in the fourth canto, is above all praise. The tribute which the bard, whom we have so liberally quoted, pays to him is strictly just and richly deserved. Where genius and piety unite, where superior talents are applied to the promotion of religion and virtue, they are entitled to the praise of every good man, and to the gratitude of the country. Notwithstanding the Edinburg Reviewers, this poet is still read and admired, and they have been no more successful in this instance, than they were in their predictions respecting their friend Bonaparte, who may now be said to be "down among the dead men." Disappointed in their hopes, and laughed at for their predictions, on this momentous subject, they are now willing to recant. In the instance of lord Byron, these gentlemen were brought to their senses by the wholesome chastisement of a nervous pen: if that of Montgomery were to quit "the even tenor of

its ways" and rise to the indignant strain of the satirist, he, too, might be lauded by these dogmatic doctors of the Scottish school.

In the *Practical Sermons, for the use of families*, the reverend Theophilus St. John has chosen some subjects which are seldom introduced into the pulpit. His discourses on recovery from sickness, the new birth in baptism, on kneeling in public worship, &c. &c. &c. attract attention by their novelty, and extort approbation by the singular felicity with which he has treated them. They are not decked with meretricious ornaments; although there are many expressions highly figurative, their merit is of an higher order: they are insinuating, persuasive, and awful.

The following extract is from the sermon on kneeling in public worship, and is a specimen of the peculiar mode of arresting the affections, which the pious author possesses:

I am ashamed to speak of decorum, when I am considering myself in the more immediate presence of HIM to whom "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess" to be the king of all the earth: but probably the illustration I am about to produce, may not, in some minds, be without its weight.

Transport yourselves in imagination into a *theatre*—suppose one of those dramas to be represented, which amuse the fancy, interest the affections, and overpower the heart. See one of the principal characters urgent to avert some impending evil—hear him with the most impassioned supplications deprecating its effect—behold him preparing to fall prostrate on his knees, declaring that, until his petition be granted, his knees shall be fixed to the earth; during which he has sat, carelessly and indolently, down upon a seat.* Would you endure such a violation of decorum?

* In *Hamlet* we read

Help, angels, make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

[*Enter Hamlet.*]

Now might I do it, *pat*, now *he is praying*.

It is evident that when *Hamlet* enters, he perceives the king *upon his knees*: but had he prayed, as is the custom of the generality of the members of the Church of England, it would not have been easy to have discovered, that he was in the act of supplication.

In the *Gamester*, *Mrs. Beverly*, kneeling, anxious for her husband, supplicating, "then hear me, heaven, look down with mercy on his sorrows!"

Would you not, on the contrary, interrupt the representation with loud and vehement expressions of displeasure? Christians, consider what it is you supplicate of God—to be delivered from the guilt of sin, and the punishment of hell; and consider to whom you make your supplications; to Him, “who ruleth all, blessed forever.” Our church calls upon us, individually, to “kneel before the Lord our Maker.” Now, how can we repeat the expression, without applying to it ourselves, to our own behaviour, and our own devotion? Can any thing be more ridiculous in appearance, more offensive in reality, than uttering with our lips, “O come, let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker;” and then, instead of worshipping Him on our knees, sitting down on our seats? I am solicitous to rescue the Church of England from the imputation of this egregious inconsistency: I am inexpressibly anxious to reclaim many of you, my brethren, from a custom which outrages decency, and insults devotion. Our addresses to heaven are not to be made with the fear of slaves, or the suspicion of strangers, but with reverent love, and humble obedience, and cheerful hope. We are, in every act of public devotion, to excite reverence, and confirm piety; we are to appear to men as acknowledging the power, and imploring the protection of the Almighty.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REMARKS ON GHOSTS.

A GHOST is supposed to be the spirit of some person deceased, who is either commissioned to return for some especial errand, such as the discovery of a murder, the restitution of money unjustly withheld from an orphan or widow—or, in consequence of having committed some injustice while living, which act deprives it of rest until justice has been done. Sometimes the occasion of spirits revisiting this world, is to inform an heir of some secret place, in an old trunk for instance, or in a field corner, as was once known to have actually happened on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in which case the title-deeds of an estate, or a will

Beverly rejoins, “I would *kneel* too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers into curses.” Would Mrs. Siddons have received her accustomed and merited acclamations, had she sat upon a seat, instead of kneeling?

had been hidden: or where, in troublesome times, the valuable metals of the family had been concealed. Some very conscientious ghosts, like the mistress of "the captain bold of Halifax," cannot be at ease under the impression of having defrauded the sexton of his dues, and they insist upon their uncanonized bones being taken up, and deposited in consecrated ground, with all the rites of Christian burial. This idea is the remains of a very old piece of Heathen superstition: the ancients believed that Charon was not permitted to ferry over the ghosts of unburied persons, but that they wandered up and down the river Styx for an hundred years, until they were admitted to a passage. This is mentioned by Virgil:

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est:
Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti:
Nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum:
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.*

The reader will recollect, that in the instance cited from Halifax, that the deceived damsel withdrew in the most polite manner, as soon as the captain had presented her with half a crown from his "regimental small clothes."

Sometimes ghosts appear in consequence of an agreement made, whilst living, with some particular friend, that he who first died, should appear to the survivor.

Glanvil tells us of the ghost of a person who had lived but a disorderly kind of life, for which it was condemned to wander up and down the earth, in the company of evil spirits, till the day of judgment.

In most of the relations of ghosts, they are supposed to be mere aerial beings, without substance, and that they can pass through walls and other solid bodies at pleasure. A particular instance of this is given in Relation the 27th, in Glanvil's Collection, where one David Hunter, a sad dog, no doubt, in those days, was, for a long time, haunted by the apparition of an old woman, whom he was, by a secret impulse, obliged to follow whenever she appeared. This, he affirmed, he did for a considerable time, even if he was in bed with his wife; and because his wife could not hold him in bed, she would go too, and walk after him till day, though, he continues, she saw nothing. This latter part of the story is a little incredible, because, I suspect the sight of the

woman, though she might assume the appearance of age, for reasons best known to herself, was the very circumstance which induced the rib to follow her husband. David positively declares that if a tree stood in her way, he observed her always go through it. This I do not doubt: because women will go through any thing, even if it be fire and water, much less a sturdy oak, to compass their end. Neither do male ghosts stick at trifles; as we find the king of Denmark shifting his place, *hic et ubique*, though under ground, whenever Hamlet changed the spot upon which he stood; following him as the shadow pursues the substance. We sometimes read of ghosts striking violent blows, and that if they have not "ample room and verge enough," they overturn all impediments, like a furious whirlwind. Glanvil mentions an instance of this, in Relation 17th, of a Dutch lieutenant who had the faculty of seeing ghosts; and who, being prevented from making way for one which he mentioned to some friends as approaching them, was, together with his friends, violently thrown down and sorely bruised. We further learn by Relation 16th, that the hand of a ghost is "as cold as iron." As ghosts are invulnerable, we have the authority of Shakspeare for advising all persons against any thing like bodily "oppugnation;" blows aimed at them being but "malicious mockery."

According to the best received accounts, the usual time at which ghosts make their appearance, is midnight; though some audacious spirits have been said to appear even by daylight; but of this there are few instances, and they are mostly ghosts who have been laid in the Red sea, or elsewhere, and whose times of confinement have expired: these are said to return more troublesome and daring than ever. It is an established law, however, that none can appear on Christmas eve. This we learn from Shakspeare:

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
 The nights ate wholesome, then no planets strike,
 No faery takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time.—*Hamlet*.

Ghosts appear in the same dress which they usually wore whilst living, though they are sometimes clothed all in white; but these are chiefly the church-yard ghosts who have no particular business, but seem to appear, *pro bono publico*, or to scare idle apprentices from playing pranks over their tombs.

I cannot learn that ghosts carry tapers in their hands, as they are sometimes depicted, though the room in which they appear, if without fire or candle, is sometimes said to be as light as day. Dragging chains, is not the fashion of English ghosts; chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres, seen in arbitrary governments. One instance, however, of an English ghost, dressed in black, is found in the celebrated ballad of William and Margaret:

And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her *sable* shroud.

This, however, may be considered as a poetical license, used in all likelihood for the sake of the opposition of *lily* to *sable*: or perhaps because black was thought to become the complexion of the lady; and every one will admit that ghosts should be dressed to the best advantage to make them look even decent.

If, during the time of the apparition, there is a lighted candle in the room, it will burn extremely blue: this is so universally acknowledged that many ancient philosophers have busied themselves in accounting for it, without once doubting the truth of the fact. Dogs too, have the faculty of seeing spirits, as we find in Hunter's case, before quoted; but they show signs of terror, by whining and creeping to their master, for protection. It is generally supposed that they see things when their owner cannot: there being some persons, particularly those born on Christmas eve, who cannot see spirits.

The coming of a spirit is announced some time before its appearance, by a variety of loud and dreadful noises; sometimes rattling in an old hall, like a coach and six, and rumbling up and down the stair-case like the trundling of bowls or cannon balls. The majesty of Denmark is made to "jump" at the dead hour of midnight: no doubt because he was hopping mad at the little stir which his tame animal of a son, made about his suspicious death, and the sudden nuptials of his mother. I understand the passage in this sense, because immediately after, when Marcellus endea-

vours to strike at the ghost with his partisan, we find the old gentleman skipping about with the nimbleness of a mountebank:

Ber. Tis here!

Hor. Tis here!!

Mar. Tis here!!!

But in general the door flies open, and the ghost stalks slowly up to the foot of the bed, and, opening the curtains, looks steadfastly at the person by whom it is seen; a ghost being very rarely visible to more than one person, although there are several in company. It is here necessary to observe, that it has been found universally by experience, as well as affirmed by divers apparitions themselves, that a ghost has not the power of speaking until it has been addressed. Thus Bernardo tells his friend Hamlet,

“ It would be spoke to.”

Thus, notwithstanding the urgency of the business on which it may come, every thing must stand still, until the person can find courage to speak to it: an event that sometimes does not take place for many years. It has not been found that female ghosts are more loquacious than those of the male sex, both being equally restrained by their law.

The most approved mode of addressing a ghost is by commanding it in the name of the three Persons of the Trinity, to tell you who it is, and what is its business. This it may be necessary to repeat three times; after which it will, in a low and hollow voice, declare its satisfaction at being spoken to, and desire the party addressing it, not to be afraid, for it will do him no harm. This being premised, it commonly enters into the narrative, which being completed, and its requests or commands given, with injunctions that they be immediately executed, it vanishes away, frequently in a flash of light. In this case some ghosts have been so considerate as to desire the party to whom they appeared to shut their eyes: sometimes the departure is attended with delightful music. During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind. Such incivility is attended with danger: if any doubts arise, they must be stated after the spirit has ended its tale. Questions respecting its state, or the state of any of their former acquaintance, are offensive and not often answered; spirits, perhaps, being restrained

from divulging the secrets of the prison-house. Shakspeare says expressly that they are forbidden. Occasionally spirits will even condescend to talk of common occurrences, as is instanced by Glanvil, in the apparition of major Sydenham to captain Dyke, Relation 10th, wherein the major reproved his friend for suffering a sword which he had given him, to grow rusty; saying, "captain, captain, this sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine." This attention to the state of arms was a remnant of the major's professional duty when living.

It is somewhat remarkable that ghosts do not go about their business like persons of this world. In cases of murder, a ghost, instead of going to the next justice of the peace, or to the nearest relation of the deceased, appears to some poor labourer who knows none of the parties, draws the curtains of some decrepid nurse or alms-woman, or hovers about the place where the body is deposited. The same circuitous mode is pursued with regard to the redressing of widows and orphans; in which cases it seems that the shortest and most certain way would be, to go to the person guilty of the injustice, and haunt him continually until he be terrified into restitution. Or they might communicate with one of the worshipful judges of the orphan's court. Nor is the indication of lost writings managed in a more summary way; the ghost commonly applying to a third person, ignorant of the whole affair, and a stranger to all concerned.* But it is presumptuous to scrutinize too far into these matters: ghosts have, undoubtedly, forms and customs peculiar to themselves.

If, after the first appearance, the persons employed, neglect or are prevented from performing the message or business committed to their management, the ghost appears continually to them at first; at first with a discontented, next an angry, and at length with a furious countenance, threatening to tear them to pieces, if the matter is not forthwith executed; sometimes terrifying them, as in Glanvil's Relation 26th, by appearing in many formidable shapes, and sometimes even striking them violent blows. Of blows

* The editor will thank some one of his friends, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, for an account of a ghost, whose testimony was produced in one of the county courts, some years ago. Very little is known about American ghosts, and it is desirable to ascertain whether the forms of government make any change in their habits: in other words, what is the difference between a royal and republican ghost.

given by ghosts there are many instances, and some which have been followed by incurable lameness.

It should have been observed, that ghosts, in delivering their commissions, in order to ensure belief, communicate to the persons employed, some secret, known only to the parties concerned and themselves, the relation of which always produces the intended effect. The business being completed, ghosts appear with a cheerful countenance, saying they shall now be at rest, and will never more disturb any one. They return their thanks to the agent, and sometimes reward him by communicating some secret relative to himself, which nothing will ever induce him to reveal.

When any eminent person is about to enter their regions they make a great noise, like women in Philadelphia, at a fire in the night-time.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and *jabber* in the Roman streets.

Sometimes ghosts appear, and disturb a house, without deigning to give any reason for their trespass. It is never known that an action of ejectment has been sustained, though the main points, the entry and ouster are matters of notoriety to the whole neighbourhood: nor can an ordinary sheriff's jury take cognizance, because the entry itself being unlawful and against the consent of the affrighted owner, there is no *holding over* to complain of. The shortest and the only way is to exorcise or lay them. Whether this sort of action has ever been tried in America I know not; but in England, it has been used *time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary*. The process is to issue a summons to his worship, the parson of the parish, and another to the butler of the castle, who is required (by *duces tecum*) to bring him some of the best ale and provisions which he can find in his master's larder. The jury is composed of all whom curiosity or the love of good cheer can collect. After having sufficiently fortified themselves against the approach of the spirit, he is met and discomfited with ease by the parson in a Latin formulary:—a language that strikes the most audacious ghost with terror. What would be the effect of Greek, or wild Irish, or the American Choctaw, is not yet known. A ghost cannot be laid “for ninety-nine years,

renewable forever," but he may be for any term less than a century, and in any place or body, full or empty; as a solid oak—the pommel of a sword, a but of beer, if an alderman—a pipe of Madeira, if a gentleman—he may be rolled up in parchment, if a lawyer, or confined to the garret, if an author. But of all places the most common, and what a ghost least likes, is the Red sea; it being related, in many instances, that ghosts have most earnestly besought the exorcists not to confine them in that place. It is nevertheless considered as an indisputable fact, that there is an infinite number laid, perhaps from its being a safer prison than any other, nearer at hand, though neither history nor tradition gives us any instance of ghosts escaping or returning from this kind of transportation before their time. Shakspeare had this sea in his mind's eye, when he made Prospero talk about calling "spirits from the *vasty deep*," i. e. the Red sea. I have not leisure to inquire whether this repugnance, arises from any old grudge between the Egyptians and the ghosts. The former may, perhaps, claim the privileges of pre-occupancy, and not be very civil to the new comers. This circumstance, and the length to which these researches have been extended, induce me to conclude, in the words of the learned masters of the law, *quære de hoc*.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE TRAGEDY OF TAMERLANE.

TAMERLANE was unquestionably a mighty conqueror; twenty-seven crowns were the splendid rewards of thirty-five victorious campaigns; Bajazet and the Ottoman empire sunk beneath his arms. From the Volga to the Persian gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus, the nations owned his sway. In the plenitude of his power and pride, he is said to have entertained the stupendous or ridiculous project of subduing Africa, entering Europe by the Straits of Gibraltar, vanquishing the powers of Christendom, and returning home by the deserts of Russia and Tartary. This fanciful campaign may excite a smile; but the evidence of history will justify our admiration of the power, which, while it was displaying itself upon the borders of Europe, could plan and nearly accomplish the overthrow of the Chinese empire. Imagination

is startled at this almost boundless range of conquest, and by some inexplicable perversion of the human mind, it delights in magnifying the exploits and celebrating the praises of a conqueror. But the voice of philosophy will stigmatize Tamerlane as the scourge and the destroyer of mankind. History, in presenting to us the sword of Alexander, has enwreathed it with flowers; innumerable lives were sacrificed to his ambition; but his soul was magnanimous, his victories ennobled by humanity, and the character of the conqueror was exalted and adorned by the graces and accomplishments of the hero.

From this model Rowe seems to have delineated his Tamerlane, excluding, however, all that could debase, and adding all that could exalt his nature. History is outraged by his fanciful misrepresentations, and few would imagine that this Phenix of human virtue, was, in sober truth, a peasant and a rebel, rude in mind, and deformed in body, a fierce barbarian, resembling Alexander in nothing but the scene and destructiveness of his victories. By the slaughter of myriads of human beings, this very amiable monarch succeeded in extirpating the flourishing cities of Astrachan, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Smyrna, and innumerable others, and the ground which they had occupied was often marked by pyramids of human heads, a mode of architecture to which he was invariably partial. A certain number of these trophies was enforced by peremptory command, and on the ruins of Bagdad alone he erected ninety thousand, in one column. Smyrna was bravely defended against his assaults by the zealous courage of the Rhodian knights; it was taken by storm; all that breathed were put to the sword, and the heads of the Christian heroes were lanced from the engines, on board of two European ships that were at anchor in the harbour:—but it is unnecessary to accumulate instances of his inhuman cruelty; I shall only add that his perfidy and treachery were no less conspicuous, and then leave the reader to compare the original with the copy.

The author of this tragedy seems to have considered Tamerlane and Bajazet as the opposite extremes of his dramatic balance, and that as the one was elevated the other must necessarily be depressed. Both were conquerors; the palm of slaughter and injustice was equally divided, till, by extending their dominions, they encountered each other, and the genius of the Ottoman sunk

beneath that of the Mogul. The Sultan, from the rapidity of his marches, and the fiery energy of his character, was called "the Lightning;" but Rowe has exhibited these qualities only in his impotent and frantic ravings. He has depicted him in colours of unnatural, or at least unnecessary, savageness. His ferocity is not human, for it is causeless and unappeasable. There are characters which should never be drawn:—features distorted by deformity, or disfigured by disease, cannot form a pleasing object of contemplation; the fidelity of the draught will only render it more disgusting, and no partial aberration can be set up in opposition to the general tendency of nature. Hence, it is an insufficient plea that the inextinguishable rancour and inhuman ingratitude of Bajazet are consistent with his character; for if that character can claim no alliance with general humanity, its actions must be necessarily unnatural. It is mere fallacy to raise absurdities upon some fancied peculiarity, and then talk of consistency. Upon this principle, an author might inform us that his hero has an unaccountable partiality for bodily pain, and, on the strength of this penchant, introduce him binding himself, with a smile, to the rack, and gaily requesting his friend to break his shins in as many places as possible. Tamerlane and Bajazet are both, perhaps, out of nature, and certainly irreconcilable with history. A poet need not servilely copy the records whence he extracts his fable; but if he retain the names, he should not discard the qualities of the originals. The two monarchs of Rowe's drama might as well have been called Alexander and Darius.

He has, evidently, pushed his leading characters into opposite extremes, in order to produce effect by contrast. The effect is produced; but it may be doubted whether it is judicious or pleasing. The opposition is too glaring, too stubborn to harmonize in one piece. So painfully predominant is the stronger colour, that it subdues all the chaste and delicate tints, which should have given dignity and character to the canvass. It reminds us of some sign-painting of the Serpent and Eve, in which the former is so elaborately and gaudily arrayed, his scales so resplendent with gold, and his body sprawling in such sparkling involutions, that having bestowed a careless glance upon the woman, our eyes are involuntarily attracted by the reptile. Compared with the impetuous ferocity of the Ottoman, the *Ætolic* virtues

of Tamerlane appeared cold and insipid. This is both a moral and technical fault; the interests of virtue, as well as the drama, would have been promoted by giving a greater preponderance to the amiable Mogul. As it is, he bestows little upon the play except his name.

Other motives, however, may have influenced Rowe in delineating these characters, which, it is said, were intended as portraits of the two then reigning monarchs of France and England. If any resemblance can be traced, it would, perhaps, be difficult to decide which caricature is the most monstrous. No allusion was, possibly, intended by the author; but national vanity or prejudice would cherish the supposition, and while it conferred a popularity, however temporary, the poet was, doubtless, little solicitous to condemn his work to comparative obscurity, by explaining that it was misapplied. All bigotted feeling and local allusion, as far as these personages are concerned, having been, long since, obliterated, we can now contemplate this production in its real features, and in this view it may be still temperately admired. We can now praise with moderation and condemn with candour; such at least shall be my study in proceeding to notice the subordinate personages and general merits of this tragedy. This survey cannot be brought within the compass of a single communication, and I shall therefore endeavour to accomplish it in a second essay.

TASSO AND ARIOSTO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE STORIA DELLA POESIA ITALIANA,

BY TIRABOSCHI.

It appears to me that between these two poets, no just and adequate comparison can be made, and that to put the *Jerusalem* of Tasso in comparison with the *Orlando* of Ariosto, is the same as to compare the *Æneid* of Virgil, with the *metamorphoses* of Ovid. For the *Jerusalem* is an epic poem, and the *Orlando* is a romantic poem,* or a romance in verse, things too different in their nature to be compared. Ridiculous, therefore, is the blame attached by some to Ariosto, because he has not preserved the unity of action; because he has not interwoven his episode with the main action; because he has narrated things wholly impossible;

* *Peema Romanzesco.* Tirab.

because he has mingled the grave with the burlesque, and other similar defects, against which they say that Tasso has wisely guarded. If Ariosto had wished to present us with an epic poem, he would, with reason, be condemned. But what reason have we to condemn him for preferring a romantic to an epic poem? Is it not the same, for example, as to censure Livy for writing a history and not a poem? Nor do I hold their judgment perfectly correct, who affirm that Tasso's is the better poem, but that Ariosto is the greatest poet: for, it cannot be strictly said that one poem is better than the other, when they are of such different kinds. Since, then, the two poems, collectively, cannot be compared, all that remains to be done is to examine the two poets, one with the other, in those qualities which are common to both.

Three things, in my opinion, may be separately reviewed—fecundity of imagination, vivacity in narration, and elegance of style. With respect to the first, I flatter myself, that the greatest idolizers of Tasso do not deny, that it is more abundant in Ariosto, who has introduced into the Orlando so many and such delightful inventions, that it was not without reason that cardinal Ippolito d'Este asked him, as it is reported, where he had found so many whimsical fancies.* There is scarcely a canto in which some new and unexpected adventure does not present itself, which wonderfully delights the reader and enchains his attention. Tasso, although he too knows how to change the scene and vary the objects, yet these are not in common such as are the offspring of a fervid imagination, but are, for the most part, drawn from other poets, or conceived according to their ideas. It is true, that as Ariosto wrote a romance in verse, he might indulge his fancy more easily, and many things were lawful to him, which were not so to Tasso; for to the former it was permitted to recount things very unlikely, and even really impossible, according to the privilege of a writer of romances, which was, by no means, allowed to the latter. The Hippogrif of Ruggieri, the ascension of Astolfo to the moon, the folly of Orlando, and other similar inventions of that extravagant brain, were exceedingly fit in a poem of the nature, which Ariosto undertook to compose; but in a serious heroic poem, such as that of Tasso, they would have merited the severest censure. It is evident to me, however, that the author of

* "*Corbellerie*"—Bagatelles.

the Orlando had a more lively and fruitful imagination than the author of the Jerusalem.

With regard to that which appertains to the force of narrative and the vivacity of description, I know not what effect is produced on others by a perusal of these two poems. As to myself, I confess that the narrations of Tasso please, fascinate, and if I may speak so, seduce me; so full of grace are they, and in every part so polished and perfect; whilst those of Ariosto snatch me from myself and light up in my bosom all that enthusiastic fire with which they are themselves replete; so that it does not appear to me that I read, but that I see things described. Tasso seems to me to be a beautifully delicate miniature painter, in whom we behold a colouring and a design, which possess all the perfection that can be desired. Ariosto, on the contrary, seems to me to be a Giulio Romano, a Buonarruotti, a Rubens, whose bold and ardent pencil places before my eyes, and makes me, as it were, touch with my hand, the grandest, the most impassioned, and the most terrible objects. Yet the same Ariosto, when he pleases to use a more delicate pencil, can command it, in such a manner as not to yield to any one. Angelica, the fugitive, Olympia abandoned, and a hundred other parts of a similar description, which we find in the Orlando, may challenge a comparison with the most delightful productions exhibited by the muses of Greece and Rome. It must be owned, however, that the incidents of Ariosto are not always equally pleasing; that they sometimes languish, and appear, as it were, to crawl along the ground, whilst those of Tasso are better sustained and more equal. This was, perhaps, the art of Ariosto, to give a greater effect, by the force of contrast, to those narrations, in which he was anxious to shine, and it will only prove that Ariosto is not always equal to himself; but it will by no means prove, that he was not, when he pleased, superior to all others.

We now come to speak of the elegance of style; and here I cannot deny that Tasso is superior to Ariosto, since every word, and every expression is studiously selected, and every thing said by him is said in the noblest manner possible. Ariosto, more intent on things than words, is not over diligent in the choice of his expressions, and he sometimes even uses low and vulgar phrases. He knows, however, how to elevate his tone, to

use, at times, the most expressive terms, and, when it is agreeable to him, to introduce into his verses flowers and delights; and he shows us by it, that if he had chosen to use the file more assiduously on the Orlando, it would not, even in elegance, have fallen short of any other poem. But it seems to be the fate of the rarest and most fervid minds, not to be able to bring themselves to undertake the toil of polishing their works. In this defect, itself, perhaps, we may discover their genius; for if they had laboured more in art, they would in a less degree have pursued nature, which is, at last, the fairest of all the wreathes that adorn a poet's brow.

This is my opinion concerning Tasso and Ariosto, and, from what has been said, every one may perceive that, were it possible to make a comparison between these two poets, I should lean in favour of Ariosto. I know that, in support of this sentiment, I have to contend with some illustrious and powerful adversaries, and among these the immortal Metastasio, who, in one of his letters, which is printed and addressed to Ch. Sig. Don. Domenico Diodati, a Neapolitan counsellor, after having said that, in the early part of his life, he had been a passionate admirer of Ariosto, adds, that having at a more mature period of his days, and with a sounder judgment, read the Jerusalem, of whose merits he gives a lively description, he felt himself filled with admiration of Tasso, and with an ineffable contempt for those who believed the outrageous Ariosto his only rival. The judgment of such a man is so much to be revered, that if he treated of any theory, I would willingly yield, and confess my conviction. But here we treat of that feeling, which every one proves in himself, and which neither reasoning nor authority is sufficient to alter. It may be, indeed, that this is the effect of taste, in me by nature, less pure; but, such as it is, it is mine, and I have not the ability to change it. Metastasio, however, does not give the preference to Tasso without reserve; for after having said that the investigation is loaded with difficulty, he thus concludes: "If, to manifest his power, it should please the fancy of our good father Apollo to make me a great poet, and to that end he were to order me to open myself freely to him, and that he would inspire me with the genius to compose which of these two celebrated poems I liked best, I should, certainly, hesitate very much in the choice; but through my excessive propensity to order, exactness, and system, I feel

that, in the end, I should incline to the Jerusalem." To Metastasio, with that modesty which is proper to great minds, I now, who am so much his inferior, should answer Apollo with less hesitation, and my reply would be something different. If he were to require me to write an epic poem, I should beseech him to let me write such as that of Tasso: if he should persuade me to undertake a romance in verse, I should entreat him to make me another Ariosto. Should he ask me generally which of the two poets I could wish to equal in natural talent for poetry, I should, first begging pardon of Tasso, pray him to be bountiful to me in that which was possessed by Ariosto. * *

OF STEAM AND STEAM-ENGINES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE application of steam to the warming of apartments, is well treated in Buchanan's book on that subject. The palace of Diocletian was heated by flues passing along the sides of all the rooms, but I cannot at present find my authority for suspecting that it was heated by steam. I find no authority either, as to the heat of the hot-houses of the ancients. The application of steam and spirit of wine-vapour, which is also steam, to the purposes of general and local baths and sudorifics, was first introduced into England by Dr. Dominiceti, who had an establishment for the purpose in Panton square in the parish of St. James, some time about the year 1772: he used medicated steam-baths for disorders both general and local. A Dr. Henry who, about the year 1800, lodged in this city in Spruce-street, between Second and Third, had also a patent for the topical application of the vapour of spirit of wine (that is steam, for water is formed during the combustion) to gouty swellings; and it was certainly of use. But he was forestalled by Dominiceti, and all of them by a German author, whose method of applying it was published lately with a plate in the *Aurora*, and is the same with the subject matter of a patent discovery by a Dr. Jennings, if I mistake not. Congress ought to purchase for Dr. Thornton, the Repertory of Arts, and the collection of Brevets d'Invention, where he would find the origin of many discoveries that adorn his records.

The subject of steam-engines, belongs to chemical and mechanical science, but there are so many of your readers concerned,

VOL. I:

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or likely to be concerned in the building or purchasing of steam-engines, that I think the following information on the subject, furnishing them with matter to compare the prices asked, and the powers offered, with what the same power can be afforded for in Dublin, will prove an acceptable article for your miscellany.

Horse power.	Price in Irish currency £.	Diameter of the cylinder inches.	Height in feet and inches.	Stroke in feet and inches.	Diameter of the fly wheel feet and inches.	Length of the boiler feet and inches.	Weight of the boiler of 112ff.	Water consumed per hour—ale gallons.	ff of coals consumed per hour.
1	120	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	1.6		6.	4.	8	360	18
2	145	7 $\frac{1}{8}$			8.	5.	12	720	36
3	298	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	2.6		8.6	6.	15	1080	54
4	370	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	3.6		9.	6.6	18	1440	72
5	430	12	3.10	3.6	9.6	7.	20	1800	90
6	490	13			10.	7.6	24	2160	108
7	544	14			10.6	8.	28	2520	126
8	603	15			11.	8.6	32	2880	144
9	650	16			11.6	9.	36	3240	162
10	700	17 $\frac{3}{4}$	4.5	4.	12.	10.	40	3600	180
11	742	18 $\frac{1}{8}$				11.	44	3960	198
12	781	19 $\frac{1}{8}$			12.6	12.	48	4320	216
13	815	20				13.	50	4780	234
14	852	20 $\frac{3}{4}$			13.	14.	56	5040	252
15	878	21 $\frac{1}{8}$	5.	4.6			60	5400	270
16	923	22			13.6	15.	66	5760	288
17	958	22 $\frac{1}{4}$				16.	72	6120	302
18	994	23 $\frac{1}{4}$			14.	17.	76	6840	316
20	1065	24	5.7	5.	14.6	18.	80	7200	320
22	1136	24 $\frac{3}{4}$			15.	19.6	86	7920	344
24	1205	26 $\frac{1}{8}$				22.	92	8640	358
26	1270	27				24.	98	9360	372
30	1390	30		5.6	16.	26.	104	10800	400
35	1540	33	6.8		16.6	2Boil.	110	12600	414
40	1690	36	7.	6.	17.	17.		14400	428
45	1840	40	7.6		18.	18.		16200	442

REMARKS.

Irish currency is about eight per cent less than English sterling money.

The prices here given are about twenty per cent less than those of Boulton and Watt, which however may not be dearer in fact, owing to the excellence of the workmanship of Boulton and Watt's engines.

A bushel struck, of bituminous coal will weigh about seventy pounds: a bushel of the flameless smoakless coal of Wiikesbarre and Lehigh, is sold for eighty pounds even with the rim not upheaped as in England: if upheaped, a bushel of bituminous coal will weigh seventy-eight or eighty pounds.

A horse power is equivalent to the continued force of sixteen men, in common steam-engine calculation.

The above engine seems to be on Boulton and Watt's construction, where the injection water is used to condense the steam: but of late, Watt's original idea of letting the steam escape, adopted in Trevethick's pressure-engine, is employed in Ireland; with this difference, that the cylinder and piston are inclosed in the boiler, and the piston worked horizontally. In the pressure-engine, long known and used in England, they work occasionally with steam that supports eighty pounds on the square inch; but this is I think too high, for many reasons.

The above table was published in the North American Journal, and I have added to it some remarks of my own.

The following account is from the Philosophical Magazine, for October, 1815, and will probably be new to your readers:

From Messrs. Leans' printed report of steam-engines in Cornwall, it appears, that in the month of August 1815, thirty-three engines consumed seventy-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-one bushels of coal—(N.B. In England coals are sold by the bushel, upheaped, not struck: that is, the coals are piled so that the apex of the cone in the middle of the bushel, shall be eight inches above the level of the edge of the bushel:—and lifted six hundred fifty-nine million one hundred and seventy-one thousand pounds of water, one foot high, being an average of nineteen million nine hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds for each engine.

Woolf's engine at Wheal-Var during the same month consumed eight hundred and thirty bushels of coal, and lifted with each bushel forty-eight millions one hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds one foot high: his engine at Wheal Abraham, during the

same period, consumed one thousand three hundred and fourteen bushels of coal, and by each bushel lifted forty-two million four hundred and eighty-two thousand pounds one foot high. (A horse power in Boulton and Watt's engine is considered, I believe as equal to thirty-three thousand pounds one foot high per minute.)

During the month of September, thirty-two engines consumed eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-two bushels of coals, and lifted five hundred eighty-nine million nine hundred and twelve pounds one foot high; equal to eighteen million three hundred and seventy-two thousand for each engine with one bushel of coals.

At Wheal-Var in September, Woolf's engine with each of one hundred and eighty bushels of coal, raised forty-seven million six hundred and ninety thousand pounds, and for part of the month with each of five hundred and ninety-four bushels consumed, lifted forty-four million three hundred and seventy-seven thousand pounds one foot high.

Woolf's engine at Wheal Abraham, consumed in September one thousand two hundred and seventy-eight bushels, and each bushel lifted forty-nine million two hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds one foot high.

By a letter from Cornwall of the 8th October, we are informed that up to that date, Woolf's engine had been performing from the 1st of last month so high as fifty-six million, with each bushel of coals. Thus it appears that Woolf's engine performs work with the same weight of coals, in comparison to the other Cornwall engines, in the proportion of five to two. One mine in Cornwall, will often require in coals for one year, twenty-five thousand pound sterling.

N. B. A chaldron of coal of thirty-six bushels weighs from twenty-five to twenty-eight hundred of one hundred and twelve pounds to the hundred weight. A bushel upheaped weighs from seventy-six to eighty pounds.

The principles of Woolf's first patent may be found in Judge Cooper's Emporium; the late improvements in the Philosophical Magazine, for October 1815; and the Monthly Magazine for November, 1815. As the Emporium is no longer continued, the above articles of scientific information may probably be acceptable to many of your readers.

X.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DR. RUSH'S METHOD OF TREATING THE HYDROPHOBIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

"PROFESSOR HUFFLAND of Berlin, has announced in his Journal, that bleeding in cases of hydrophobia (first brought before the European practitioners, by an article from the East Indies, published in the Philosophical Magazine) has met with equal success in Germany as India. He intends to publish some of the cases forthwith." Philo. Mag. for Oct. 1815, p. 316.

Some person very properly proposed to alter the old adage *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, to *de mortuis nil nisi verum*, and I think he was right. In imitation of him, I also beg permission to propose an alteration. Who was it who exclaimed, on finding all his supposed original ideas, forestalled by an ancient author, *Pereant qui ante nos, nostra dixerunt*. "The deuce take the rascals who have pillaged all our good thoughts before we were born!" I would exclaim *pereant qui pro suis nostra dixerunt*. To filch the discoveries of others, is a practice that ought to be confined to patent-mongers.

Many years ago, the writer of this article in conversation with Dr. Rush, was describing the erysipelatous appearances in the œsophagus of a man, and also of a dog who had died mad; when Dr. Rush distinctly stated his opinion, that as cathartics, sudorifics, sea bathing, warm bathing, antispasmodics, opiates, and mercury; and even excision and ablution had been tried in vain; his opinion was, that *profuse bleeding* would be the only method of cure on which any reliance could be placed.

If some of Dr. Rush's pupils or friends would clear up this matter, so as to preserve to the late Dr. Rush the merit of a suggestion which I really believe was first made by him, it would be no more than common justice to the memory of a man who was an ornament to his country.

X.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ON PHOSPHORUS AS A MEDICINE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I AM aware that your work ought not to be considered or used as a medical repository: that miscellaneous literature is its

character, and that your readers do not and ought not to expect its pages should be occupied either with law, physic, or divinity. But now and then, novelties arise, which, from the mere circumstance of novelty, may be appropriately noticed in any periodical publication, as a portion of the literary news of the day. In this light I view the application of Phosphorus to the cure of diseases, inasmuch as its use is unknown as yet, either in England or in this country; at least so far as we may collect from the silence of publications on the subject.

The singular combustibility of this substance, and the many burnt fingers it has occasioned among the chemists, seem to have produced a dread of using it internally; and though it be in all probability a product of animal organization, absolutely necessary to the skeleton that supports the animal frame when alive, it is but lately that its employment as a remedy has been suggested.

I am aware that the phosphoric acid is frequently found combined with lime dispersed through blocks of granite, as at Germantown and elsewhere in our country, but this does not militate strongly against the animal origin of the substance; because the granitic range was manifestly formed out of pre-existent materials in watery solution or diffusion; and among these pre-existent materials were, of course, the debris of fishes which furnish the acid and the lime in question.

Many of your readers recollect the well known song of "Dear Tom this brown jug that now foams with mild ale," &c. I have sometimes thought that the phosphoric acid in the bones of a departed friend, might be employed with a few other materials in forming a drinking glass to be dedicated to his memory. Nor do I know that it is more shocking for a dead body to be incinerated and decomposed by a chemist, than to be incarcerated, inhumed, and eaten up by worms, as the fashion now is.

The first person who exhibited the phosphorus internally was *M. Alphonse Leroi*, who gave it at Paris (I believe) in substance, accurately ground up with honey in the large dose of a grain. This produced violent sensation of burning in the stomach, great thirst, unusual inclination for muscular exertion, and great temporary increase of muscular strength, with other remarkable symptoms of strong excitement. He appears to have lessened

his dose, and to have exhibited this very stimulating substance with success in typhus and typhoid fever, in great muscular weakness, in tabes dorsalis, and in rheumatic affections combined with gout.

M. Weickard, has given it in megrims attended with supervenient apoplexy.

M. Conradi. In the general weakness produced by bilious rheumatism—in the debility consequent upon a pleurisy of which the patient had been cured—and in the total prostration of strength that followed a bilious-nervous fever.

M. Huffland. In obstinate gout—in a case of poison by the aqua tofana—in palsy—in intermittent fever.

M. Gualtier Claubry. In palsy and fibrous atony, in a man, a woman, and a child.

M. Lentin. In caries of the bones; in phthisis with purulent expectoration.

M. Lutzelberger. In hemorrhage, with prostration of strength.

M. Handel. In epileptic convulsions.

M. Remer. In malignant typhus, strongly characterized.

M. Loebenstein Lobel. In gutta serena, mania, obstinate cephalalgia.

The above authorities for the use of this substance, are cited from *Recherches et Observations sur le Phosphore: ouvrage dans lequel on fait connaitre les effets extraordinaires de ce remede, dans le traitemens de differentes maladies internes*, par J. F. D. Lobstein. Paris, 8vo.

M. Lobstein himself appears to have exhibited it in nervous fever; in malignant typhus; in obstinate tertians; in periodical cephalalgia in a nervous female; in obstinate cardialgia; in gouty pains; in suppression of the menses; in chlorosis.

From the preceding account of cases, the author of the book above mentioned draws three conclusions:

1st. That this medicine, properly administered, does in fact produce very strange effects in many diseases,

2dly. That it is too dangerous to be administered in substance; for when so given, it may occasion inflammation, gangrene, and death.

3dly. That the preparations in which the phosphorus is not dissolved, but mechanically divided only, and diffused or suspended, as in pills, tinctures, electuaries, emulsions, conserves, &c. are to be avoided; since it is easily disengaged from these envelops, when it has been for some time in the stomach.

4thly. That the surest and most convenient method of exhibiting this substance is by a solution of it in ether, with the addition of some aromatic essential oil. (Would not common olive oil answer as well, if not better?)

5thly. That phosphorus thus administered, loses its caustic quality, becomes a powerful stimulant, analeptic, and reviving to the system.

6thly. That it is necessary to begin with a small dose, and increase it gradually.

7thly. That this remedy must not be considered as a panacea; nor,

8thly. Ought it to be employed, till the usual remedies have failed.

9thly. That it is likely to be useful only in asthenic and chronic cases, where a strong momentary excitement is required.

10thly. That it is calculated to do good, in all disorders of great debility, prostrations of vital power, obstinate intermittents, rheumatism, gout, suppression of the menses, and chlorosis: in all nervous disorders, as apoplexy, fainting, palsy, epilepsy, mania, cephalalgia, cardialgia: also in prostration of strength from great loss of blood, in marasmus, pthisis, and caries of the bones.

I know not any case of its exhibition in England.

In this country I have heard of it given in uterine hemorrhage. It is apt to produce the hemorrhoids, a very common, a very painful, and a very troublesome complaint.

I have taken half a grain rubbed up accurately with a table spoonful of honey, but without any very obvious effect, except an unusual glow in the stomach and intestines. The phosphorus was old, and the external oxyded crust, thick.

The exhibition of phosphorus however, is almost unknown: and as it appears to be a medicine of great power, it is like all other medicines taken from the class of poisons, well worth attending to. Indeed they are the most valuable class of medicines; the

shops in Europe, and the German shops of this country are crouded with remedies of no further efficacy than to waste the valuable time of a patient in a dangerous disorder. The more medical science improves, the more nearly shall we approach in our prescriptions to one drug for one indication; and that drug a powerful one. It frequently happens that when two medicines are given at once, each equally proper for the purpose, they spoil each other. Probably the phosphoric acid, formerly recommended in cases of rickets may be deemed worth an experiment. At any rate, the above cases deserve to be generally known. Believing they are not yet known so well as they ought to be, I send them to you.

MEDICUS.

TRICKS OF SCHOLARS.

AMONG those who are acquainted with the classical literature of the present day, it is well known that the learned professor Porson occasionally disported in the daily journals under the assumed name of *S. England*. These communications he answered on a succeeding day, under some other signature. The following is a very happy hit at the wits of that time, who were in the habit of manufacturing short compositions in Greek iambics and ushering them to the world as *Fragmenta Euripidea*. This admirable production, deceived many by the purity of its language and metre, and singular tact of its style, and delighted all the genuine Hellenists of the day.

To the editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

As a learned friend of mine was rummaging an old trunk, the other day, he discovered a false bottom, which, on examination, proved to be full of old parchments. But, what was his joy and surprise, when he discovered that the contents were neither more nor less than some of the lost tragedies of Sophocles. As the writing is difficult, and the traces of the letters somewhat faded, he proceeds slowly in the task of decyphering. When he has finished, the entire tragedies will be given to the public. In the meantime, I send you the following fragment, which my friend communicated to me, and which all real critics will concur with me, I doubt not, in determining to be the genuine production of that ancient dramatist. His characteristics are simplicity and

sententiousness. For instance, what can be more simple and sententious than the opening of the *Trachiniae*?—"It is an old saying that has appeared among mankind, that you cannot be certain of the life of mortals, before one dies, whether it be good or evil." These qualities, too, are conspicuous in the following iambics, which contain a seasonable caution to parents against rashly trusting children out of their sight.—Though your paper is chiefly occupied in plain English, you sometimes gratify your learned readers with a little Greek: you may, therefore, give them this, if you think that it will gratify them. For the benefit of those whose Greek is rather rusty with disuse, I have added a Latin version, which, I hope, is as pure and perspicuous as Latin versions of Greek tragedies commonly are.

I am, sir, &c.

S. ENGLAND.

Κρυσταλλοπηκτους τριπτυχοι κοροι βοας
 Ωραι θιγους ψαιροντες ευταρσοις ποσι,
 Διναις σπιπτον οια δε πιπτειν φιλοι,
 'Απαντες· ειτ' εφευγοι οι λειμμενοι.
 'Αλλ' επεγε ησαν εγχειλισμενοι μοχλοις,
 'Η ποσιν ολισθανοντες εν ξηρω πιδω,
 Χρυσων αν ηβλησα περιδισθαι σταθμων,
 Ει μη μερος τι των νων εσφιζιτο.
 'Αλλ', α τοκως, οσοις μει οντα τυγχανει,
 Οσοις δε μη, βλαστηματ' ευτικνου σπορας
 'Ην ευτυχως ευχνοθι' τας θυραζ' οδους
 Τοις παισιν, ω σφας εν δομοις φυλασσειτι.

Glacie-durata triplices pueri fluentia
 Tempestate æstatis radentes pulchras-plantas habentibus pedibus,
 In vortices ceciderunt, ut sane accidere solet,
 Omnes: deinde effugerunt reliqui.

Sin autem inclusi essent vectibus,
 Aut pedibus labantes in arido campo,
 Auri ponderis sponsione libenter contenderem
 Partem aliquam juvenum servari potuisse.

At, O parentes, tum vos, quibus esse contigit,
 Tum vos, quibus non contigit, germina pulchros-filios-procrean-
 tis segetis,
 Si felices optatis extra-domos itiones
 Pueris vestris, bene eos intra domos servate.

As Mr. Samuel England's Greek and Latin verses in your yesterday's paper have puzzled some of your fair readers, I intended to have asked the favour of some of your learned correspondents to give a translation; but observing in a print, entitled *The Gold Mines of Ireland*, a reference to that admirable work, *The Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread*, I opened the book, and found in it the following beautiful lines, ready cut and dry to my hands. If it is not contrary to the rules of your paper to publish them, for the benefit of the *unlearned* reader, here they are:—

Three childrenne slydinge onne the ice,
 Uponne a summere's daye,
 As it felle out, they alle felle inne;
 The reste they ranne awaye.

Now, hadde these childrenne been at home,
 Or slydinge on dry grounde,
 Ten thousande pounds to one pennie
 They had not alle been drownde.

You parents that have childrenne deare,
 And eke you that have none,
 Iffe you would have them safe abroad, e,
 Pray keepe them alle at home.

The old saying of three blue beans in one blue bladder was concealed by Joshua Barnes, the learned editor of Euripides, under the following happy translation.

Τρεῖς κυανμοὶ κυαντοὶ ἐνὶ κυστιδί κυανηοί.

BRITISH LITERATURE DURING THE REIGN OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT has for many years been the fashion to date the highest state of British literature at the reign of queen Ann. That the English style was then at its highest state of *refinement* I am not prepared to dispute: but that it was then at the best I more than doubt. The Edinburgh reviewers deny the reign of Ann to be the Augustan age of British literature, and fix it in the reign of Elizabeth. Though, in many points, I think the editors of that

work very far from orthodox—I perfectly agree with them in that opinion, being persuaded that he who wishes to cultivate a style purely English, endued with what those reviewers happily denominate the original raciness of the language, will studiously peruse the great authors of that reign, and of the reign which succeeded it. The reason why the style of that epoch is not sufficiently admired, is that the authors have all, with the exception of Shakespeare, who flourished in it, written upon subjects not so popular or attractive as those which occupied the attention and labours of the writers of queen Ann's reign. Hooker, the most wise, perhaps, profound and brilliant of any writer on the same subject in any language, has no charms but for the lawyer or the deep moral philosopher.—Religion has been so much out of vogue with modern readers that the inimitable works of Jeremy Taylor stand no chance of perusal but by a better gifted few.—The *Arcadia* of Sidney has given way to the myriads of the novel-shop. And the exquisite poetry of Spenser is too old fashioned. In a word, the literature of that day or even a smattering of its character and history is little known, but to the learned. Elizabeth was a munificent and discerning encourager of genius and erudition—and her successor James the first, not only encouraged literature but was himself a man of considerable genius and erudition.

In truth, there is no prince whose character in this respect has been more unjustly treated than James. It is allowed on all hands that he was a man of learning, but nine out of ten of those who make the acknowledgment, seem as if they did so only for the purpose of only gratifying their malevolence, by calling him a pedant. They allow that he could write; but to counterbalance the concession they follow it up by presenting us with his celebrated volume on *Demonology*—a work which he wrote to prove the existence of witches. With a disingenuity that merits severe reprehension they make no allowance for his Scottish education, or for the general prejudices of the age in which he lived: and pedant and bigot are the only epithets we find applied to a man, one of the most learned in himself and the most liberal in the encouragement of learning in others, that the catalogue of English monarchs can exhibit. That he greatly favoured the cause of literature, may be demonstrated in a variety of ways: but were there no other proof, an

argument sufficiently conclusive might be deduced from his studious cultivation of letters in himself. The monarch was a man of learning himself, and himself an author, must, as a matter of course, be a zealous patron of literature. The bare circumstance that a king takes the pains to compose and to publish his compositions is, *ipso facto*, a proof that he loves literature, and feels its enthusiasm: and it is absurd to imagine a powerful monarch loving what he did not encourage. Besides, with kings, example is almost every thing; and as we find that, in the reign of queen Elizabeth women began to learn Latin, and that the court of king Charles was the wittiest in British history, so we are informed that the age of king James was the most learned of any on record, and consequently the most favourable to literature. The falling off which took place in his reign from the splendid age of Elizabeth, is no argument against a truth which can be proved by the testimony of history.

In *genius*, the reign of Elizabeth was such as none in British history had ever before equalled, and such as in all probability it never will again be able to parallel. But this was the work of Heaven, not of Elizabeth—being from its very nature out of human competence. Elizabeth could and did munificently patronize literature: the King of Heaven alone could make a Spenser and a Shakspeare—though their radiance was enlivened by her encouragement. James patronized literature as much as Elizabeth: a second Spenser and Shakspeare were not to be expected, though the first Shakspeare continued to shine. But if new genius did not break forth in splendid works, their place was supplied by things no less valuable; for learning and philosophy every day advanced, and if Heaven lent the well-disposed monarch no Spenser to give lustre to his reign, he kindled up a Bacon for himself. As it has been (but wherefore I know not) the fashion to throw this circumstance into the back ground in the history of letters, I will enlarge in proof, and bring forth in their order incontrovertible testimonies of what I have advanced, viz. that James did much to encourage learning, philosophy, poetry, and the drama.

Mr. Ellis, in his specimens of the early English poets, says that genius was extinguished in the reign of king James; and what may seem rather extraordinary, he attributes that circum-

stance principally to "the weight of learning which overlayed it"—It is not to be denied that the writings of that time were unnecessarily stuffed with Latin sentences and quotations: but it is absurd to conclude that the encouragement of learning would be unfavourable to the operations of genius. Let real genius arise and it will supersede every affected peculiarity of language introduced by mere learning. Bacon wrote chiefly in Latin, it is true; and the king's encouragement of him is a sufficient proof of his encouragement of learning: but looking at his essays, we find perhaps the most pure as well as nervous style in the whole circle of language—a style that will last forever, and of which the only imperfection is a certain quaintness that now from its antiquity rather increases than diminishes its beauty, and constitutes the only difference between his writings, and those of the very best English writers. Hume takes this exception to the style of James's reign, but characterizes the productions of the king himself as the works of no mean genius. "The speaker of the house of commons (says Hume) is usually an eminent lawyer; yet the harangue of his majesty will always be found much superior to that of the speaker in every parliament during this reign." And as to his encouragement of literature Hume is positive. "The best learning of that age," says he, "was the study of the ancients. Causauban, eminent for this species of knowledge, was invited over from France by James, and encouraged by a pension of three hundred pounds a year,* as well as by church preferments."

That, notwithstanding his belief in that superstition of the times, witchcraft, James actually encouraged the progress of philosophy, appears from his patronage of that great and comprehensive philosopher, Bacon. From Elizabeth, Bacon obtained little advancement but the title of *young lord-keeper*, when a child: but from James's patronage he derived the station of actual lord-keeper, which the queen had only predestined him to be. Truth

* The extent of James's munificence in this instance cannot be sufficiently appreciated without a due consideration of the high value of money at that time. Elizabeth, but a few years before, considered an estate of one hundred and twenty pounds a year a princely reward for the services of *her own* sir Philip Sidney—"the plume of war"—the glory of her country and of her reign. See *Zouch's Memoirs of sir Philip Sidney*.

must forever record that it was in the reign of James the first, true philosophy first dawned upon England. And so warmly was it, through the influence of the king, welcomed by the English nation, that the celebrated philosopher Antonio di Dominis, archbishop of Spaletro, was actually induced to quit his native country for England, where he was immediately preferred in the church. Besides all which it was in this reign that salaries were annexed to the mathematical and astronomical professorships in Oxford.

Poetry alone fell off in this reign of James: but it was a falling off from the most brilliant poetic age of which the British nation has to boast; and was evidently not to be ascribed to any deficiency in the king. He was himself a poet, and, though not an excellent one, was an ardent lover of poetry, in the knowledge of which, as an art, he was so well versed that he wrote some very good rules for the professors of it.

I think it a dangerous doctrine to broach, as Mr. Ellis has done, that learning injures the fancy. All our best poets, *perhaps*, with the exception of the greatest poet of all, Shakspeare, have been men eminent for learning;—and surely it is not desirable to increase the catalogue of those rhymers and sonnetteers who are poets, if want of learning will make them so. The learning of Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. &c. did not injure their poetry. Even Ben Jonson, whose muse was, if any ever was, encumbered with learning and pedantry, has given us no reason to suppose that his erudition obstructed his genius; on the contrary, the probability is that he would never have written plays at all, if it had not been to imitate the Roman models. And yet what can be more simply beautiful than his love songs, particularly that which begins “Drink to me only with thine eyes;” or who discovers more of the soul of poetry than Beaumont, Fletcher, Dr. Donne, Drummond of Hawthornden, and George Wilber. Mr. Ellis himself allows the eminence of this reign in *dramatic* poetry. “Indeed (says he) no period of our history has produced so many models of dramatic excellence.” And this is true, for in addition to the great dramatic names I have mentioned, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher and Jonson, the literary annals of this reign are ornamented with the names of Shirley, Heywood and Ford.

But James patronized poetry in another way—he patronized it in his encouragement of the drama. During his reign, the history of the stage is a history of court favours bestowed upon the theatres and actors. He first arrived in London on the 7th of May, and as early as the 19th he granted the players their license, by the style of his majesty's servants. They were received upon his establishment: and so great was his delight in the drama, that even before he came to England, a company of comedians was sent him to Edinburgh by queen Elizabeth. There is extant a Latin play which was performed before him at Cambridge, and at the university of Oxford he was welcomed with the performance of no less than three plays in the hall of Christ-Church college.

But James not only delighted in literature, but rewarded literary men. The honours which Bacon received are well known; and it should be known too, that he allowed Ben Jonson a pension of a hundred marks. These acts of munificence to men of learning and genius ought to be regarded with gratitude, the endless gratitude of the British people, to the literary benefactor of their country.

I will conclude these observations with a passage from the history of Hume, whose opinion of James I consider as much below that which the patron of Bacon and Jonson merits from every man who has at heart the interests of literature.—“It may safely be affirmed (says that great historian and philosopher) that the mediocrity of James's talents in literature, joined to the great change in national taste, is one cause of that contempt under which his memory labours, and which is often carried by party writers to a great extreme. It is remarkable how different from our's were the sentiments of the ancients with regard to learning. Of the first twenty Roman emperors, counting from Cæsar to Severus, above the half were authors; and though few of them seem to have been eminent in their profession, it is always remarked to their praise, that, by their example, they encouraged literature,”—which was eminently the case with James.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

IN Germany, Mr. Gehlen, a conductor of an excellent chemical journal, and himself a profound chemist, fell a victim lately to his ardent pursuit of chemical knowledge. In company with his colleague, M. Rehland, he was preparing some arseniated hydrogen gas: and while watching for the full development of this air from its acid solution, trying at every moment to judge from its peculiar smell when the operation would be completed, he inhaled the fatal poison which has deprived chemical science of his valuable discoveries.

It is said, that a solution of prussic acid and ammonia in alcohol, applied externally to the skin, is capable of producing the most dangerous symptoms. We know not the details.

At fort Ellis, in Nova Scotia, as appears by a letter of 22d August, 1815, a successful attempt was made to procure the carburetted hydrogen for gas-lights, from birch bark mixed with pitch-pine knots. Six ounces of the former, and two of pine knot were put in a metal tea-kettle; the cover was closely luted with clay, and the kettle placed on the fire; in from five to seven minutes the gas escaped out of the nozzle of the kettle, and being set fire to, gave a clear light equal to three candles, for one hour and thirty minutes. Ten ounces of birch-bark alone, issuing through a reed, produced a flame for three hours without burning the reed. This experiment was made by Messrs. Harris and Harper. The carburetted hydrogen from pine saw-dust as well as from coal, has been exhibited every year for these four years in a course of lectures in this country. Liverpool coal yields about twenty-five gallons of gas to the pound of coal, and pine saw-dust about eighteen, in a small experiment: in a large way, it would probably yield more.

Messrs. Salisbury & Co. of the old Buffery's iron works near Dudley, have discovered a mode of preparing cast iron, which gives it toughness, flexibility, and elasticity, promising most valuable results to the arts, and to architecture, both civil and naval,

particularly in the construction of bridges. Mr. Brande, of the royal institution, is engaged in a series of experiments to ascertain the comparative strength of common cast iron, wrought iron, and the prepared cast iron of Messrs. Salisbury & Co. The trials made of this preparation by others, answer every expectation that could be raised.

Mr. Konig, on the authority of a letter from baron Moll, of Munich, has announced, that in October, 1814, a mass of native iron, weighing about two hundred pounds, was discovered by a shepherd at Lenarto, in the comitate of Jarosh, on the declivity of a small range subordinate to the Carpathian mountains. Its colour is internally of a light steel gray approaching to silver. It is covered by a thin coat of rust: its surface is uneven, rough, and marked by impressions: it presents three cellular cavities, but they are without the olivine substance found in the Siberian native iron. The mass is irregular and flat, as if compressed: its fracture is hackly, it takes a high polish, is perfectly malleable cold, and its solution in nitric acid, is of a light emerald green colour. Our readers will, no doubt, recollect colonel Gibbs's account of the mass of native iron now at New York, weighing three thousand pounds, in the mineralogical magazine of Dr. Bruce.

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE: HYDROPHOBIA.

The algalia first discovered in Guatimala and brought into notice by the bishop of Chiapa, Dr. Fernien Jose Fuero, in 1801 or 1802, is nearly allied to the cotton plant and the ochra of South Carolina. It is an annual plant, growing five or six feet high, flowering in September, and the seeds ripening in November. It has a musky smell, something like that emitted by snakes, which it is said are never found in its vicinity.

The Indians having observed a toad bit by a rattlesnake, run to this plant, made the circumstance known at Guatimala, Tabasco, Mexico, and Yucatan. The papers of Guatimala say, that a man bitten twenty-five times by a rattlesnake and carried home speechless, was recovered next day. Horses and dogs are also cured by it.

For hydrophobia the *yerba del safo* is given in South America. Half an ounce of the seeds are infused in wine, which the patient drinks: the dose requires to be renewed. When the seeds cannot be procured, the leaves are used.

The above remedies are published by Mr. Booth, surgeon at Yucatan, in South America.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TOAST.

WHEN lifting high the rosy glass,
Each comrade toasts the fav'rite lass,
To his fond bosom near;
Ah! how can I the nectar sip,
Or Anna's name escape my lip,
When Mary is my dear.

Around it flies, dare I profane
My love? Ah! no, they ask in vain
My charmer's name to hear:
Or, to content the thoughtless crew,
I sigh, and give the name of Sue,
But Mary is my dear.

The plenteous bowl will vanquish care,
And sooth the anguish of despair;

Ah! remedy severe!
Delusive poison! from me fly,
Nor thou, sweet Mem'ry, ever die
While Mary is my dear.

S.

ANACREONTIC.—TO FANNY.

LET me love and live to day,
And kiss the fleeting hours away.
My dearest Fanny's letter brought
Her purest wish—her faithful thought—
In every line I seemed to trace
That unadorned and simple grace

Which Nature seldom gives to many,
 But lavished on the face of Fanny!
 Why did I venture then to gaze
 Upon her beauty's noontide blaze?
 Why with more rashness fondly sip
 The honied dew which wets her lip?
 The more I gazed, at every view,
 My fluttering heart impassioned grew.
 When pensive Memory wakes my soul,
 I press the vineyard's juicy bowl—
 And strive in the oblivious wave
 From love—my yielding heart to save—
 I swear aloud—*I'll not be thine*—
 Again I drain whole draughts of wine.
 Vain wish—for as my glass I drink,
 My spirits mount, they make me think.
 In that unguarded, maddened hour,
 Fancy returns with tenfold power,
 I sink beneath her magic charms,
 And clasp my Fanny to my arms.

LE TEMPS FAIT PASSER L'AMOUR.

THE following is an imitation of a copy of verses which was presented to madame Bonaparte when she was madame Beauharnois. The imagery is beautiful and the allegory well sustained. We have indulged in many a pleasant reverie in the contemplation of this ingenious play upon words, as it is represented to the eye, in the office of one of our former friends. Whether it be love or time that he consults, we hope it will be long before either shall have power to detain the cheerful current of his thoughts or congeal that stream of benevolence which animates his actions.

DESTIN'D with restless foot to roam,
 Old Time, a venerable sage,
 Reaches a river's brink, and—"come,"
 He cries—"have pity on my age.
 What! on these banks forgotten I,
 Who mark each moment with my glass!
 Hear, damsels, hear my suppliant cry,
 And courteously help TIME to pass."

Disporting on the farther shore,
 Full many a gentle nymph look'd on;
 And fain to speed his passage o'er,
 Bade LOVE, their boatman, fetch the crone:
 But one, of all the group most staid,
 Still warn'd her vent'rous mates—"Alas,
 How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid,
 Whose pity would help TIME to pass!"

Lightly his boat across the stream
 Love guides, his hoary freight receives,
 And fluttering mid the sunny gleam,
 His canvass to the breezes gives:
 And plying light his little oars—
 In treble now and now in bass,
 "See, girls," th' enrapur'd urchin roars,
 "How gaily LOVE makes TIME to pass!"

But soon—'tis LOVE's proverbial crime—
 Exhausted, he his oars let fall;
 And quick those oars are snatch'd by TIME,
 And—heard ye not the rallier's call?—
 "What, tired so soon of thy sweet toil,
 Poor child thou sleepest!—I, alas!
 In graver strain repeat the while
 My song—'tis TIME makes LOVE to pass!"

—
 A CLASSICAL FUN.

A SCHOLAR in a Margate hoy
 Set sail: the sea was calmish;
 But from rough waves the vessel buoy,
 Which made the ladies qualmish.

The student, starting from his sleep,
 Cry'd, with an oath, confound me!
 I'm driven to the Ægean deep,
 The *Cyclades* surround me.

J.

THE FLATTING MILL.—BY COWPER.

The following lines will be perused with interest, because they are Cowper's, and because they are elegant, forcible and just. They are given in a recent Religious Tract, as an *original* which had been discovered among the unpublished MSS. of the melancholy bard. The illustration which they contain of the life of an author, is singularly felicitous, and many an editor will contemplate the picture with painful assent.

WHEN a bar of pure silver, or ingot of gold,
Is sent to be flatted, or wrought into length,
It is passed into cylinders often, and rolled
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.
Thus tortur'd and squeez'd, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show,
Like music it tinkles, and rings in your ears
And, warm'd by the pressure, is all in a glow.
This process achieved, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of a gold-beater's mallet,
And at last is of service, in sickness or pain,
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.
Alas! for the poet who dares undertake,
To urge reformation of national ill!
His head and his heart are both like to ache,
With the double employment of mallet and mill!
If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile, and even his fancy must flow,
Must tinker and glitter, like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.
After all he must beat it as thin, and as fine,
As the leaf that enfolds what an invalid swallows;
For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless he adorn it, a nausea follows.

PARODY.—THE TAYLOR'S LAMENTATION.

Air—*When Time who steals our years away.*—Moore.

SOME rogue has stole my shears away,
And stole my thimble too;
My scissors they are gone astray,
Ah me! what shall I do?

My needles rusted are; alas!
My yard of little use;
And all my hopes now, by the mass,
Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink 'til we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread,
I'll work with Pat and thee;
And when we've earned our daily bread,
Thou shalt get drunk with me.


And as I trim this coat with lace,
This thought shall clear my mind,
That future profit I can trace
From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
We'll drink 'till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.

But, mark! at thoughts of silver lace,
Which makes this coat so gay,
A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,
And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,
Unless you dry your pipes,
Your shoulders quickly shall appear
Right well belac'd with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom.
We'll drink 'till we are blind,
For every day new cloth shall come,
And cabbage leave behind.



EPITAPHS—ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

HERE lies a man than whom no better's walking,
 Who was when sleeping even, always *tall-king*;
 A *king* by birth was he, and yet was no king,
 In life was *thin-king*, and in death was JO-KING.

ON MR. CUMMING.

"GIVE me the best of men," said Death
 To Nature—"quick, no humming!"

She sought the man who's underneath,
 And answered—"Death! he's CUMMING."

EPIGRAMS—AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

"VILE critic," exclaimed a poor author, in pique,
 "In reviewing my work why abuse it?
 You've injured my fame by your cursed critique,
 For nobody now will peruse it."

Quoth the critic, "I'm glad to hear that, for my aim
 Was to save not destroy reputation;
 And I could not more certainly ruin your fame,
 Than by giving your work circulation."

H.

THE UGLY WIFE.

TOM weds a rich hag that would frighten a horse,
 Repentance soon tortures his mind;—
 But vain are the tears that express his remorse,
 Unless he can cry himself blind.

H.

ON VOLTAIRE.

"I candidly confess I am a worthless fellow."

See his own life.

THAT first of knowledge "know thyself,"
 'Tis plain Voltaire possess,
 Who thus describes within himself
 All that the good detest.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PORT FOLIO AND THE FRIENDS OF
LITERATURE.

THE new proprietors of THE PORT FOLIO are sorry to interrupt the festivities of the season, by the melancholy intelligence of the demise of Oliver Oldschool, the third protector of that name, over that section of the American republic of letters, which has so long been known under the denomination of THE PORT FOLIO. But the dismay which this lamentable event must spread throughout the community, and particularly among those who were the immediate objects of his regard, may be mitigated, perhaps, by the information that he has been succeeded by a lineal descendant from the *first* of that illustrious name:—an Oliver the fourth.

In these portentous times, when—to borrow the language of Smectymnus, in his famous reply to Milton,—when king's heads are tossed about like tennis balls, it is not necessary to expatiate on *this* revolution. The declaration in his favour, from a gallant regiment of four hundred strong, in a northern state, which saluted the ears of *Oliver the fourth*, as soon as his intentions were known in that section of the country, affords a flattering prospect of the popularity of his administration; and his friends indulge an expectation that the forces of the south will declare for him. In one state, particularly, the most sanguine calculations are made, that the doctrine of perpetual allegiance is not so rigidly enforced, but that many of its citizens will espouse the cause of literature and science. The new ruler over these fields, assumes his station without fraud or violence, and is wholly free from any foreign influence. Under his auspices every exertion may be expected that shall have a tendency to increase the opulence and confirm the strength of the republic, or, as the lamented Dennie *would have it*, the MONARCHY OF LETTERS. The gentleman who will soon be called upon to continue the labours of this accomplished scholar, will have before him the example of an instructor and a friend, to whom the literature of the American empire is largely indebted. He it was, who erected the first temple to the Muses on his natal soil, and devoted the days and nights of an active, but, alas! too brief a life, to the cultivation of our *wood-notes wild*. The Dean of St. Patrick has claimed the first place among the

benefactors of the human family, for the man who produces a blade of grass on the spot where none grew before. When the Muse of History shall hereafter narrate the story of our rapid progress from ignorance, poverty and feebleness, to knowledge, splendour and strength, the name of DENNIE will be inscribed among the most worthy of those who laboured to procure these invaluable blessings.

The proprietors regret to find, upon a comparison of the census of 1815, with that of an earlier date, that many emigrations and desertions have taken place. At the latter period, the present Oliver Oldschool, was a mere tyro under the direction of his illustrious ancestor. He sat at his feet and imbibed those lessons, by which, it is his intention, to conduct his administration. It is therefore hoped that all the friends to the old *regime* will transmit their *adhesions* without delay. As heavy contributions have been imposed upon the new government;—for the closet of the student has some similarity to the cabinet of the politician,—it is respectfully suggested that the *taxes for the present year be paid in advance*. The sinew of war is likewise the life-blood of literature. If the civil list be well supported, Courtesy will gladden the public walks, Cheerfulness preside at every table, and Importunity hide her brazen front. Authors must be fed and clothed, or the pursuits of literature will languish, and the artillery of wit be exchanged for the languor of despondency and the cry of the creditor. Mr. Oldschool will bring into the field a gallant and well appointed corps, but it is absolutely essential that the *commissariat* be well provided.

This conspiracy of men of letters has for its *single object* the restoration of Wisdom, to her legitimate rights. To accomplish this important purpose, the allied powers have pledged themselves to bring all their resources into operation and devote them exclusively to this object. They have declared themselves opposed to the reign of ignorance and folly, pomposity and bad taste. In the language of the son of Sirach, *Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets*. Her ministers are Study and Learning, and her handmaids are Genius and Virtue. The Muses adorn her courts, and the Graces preside in her councils. Her halls are filled with sages of every period, who tell us of the days that are gone, and instruct us how to prepare for those that are to

come. Truly are *her ways the ways of pleasantness, and her paths peace! length of days is in her right hand and in her left hand, riches and honour!*



TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present editor commences his labours at a period, which is so favourable to the successful performance of his duties, that he shrinks from the comparison of what may be expected from him, with the accomplishment of what his highest hopes anticipate. The sunshine of peace now gilds the political horizon with the richest hues: oppression and tyranny have been driven from the "high places," and the man whose extensive conquests entitle him to a conspicuous rank in the history of military renown, has ceased to disturb the repose of the human race. Well may we exclaim with one of the most eloquent writers of antiquity, "*the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet,*" and all the people "*break forth into singing.*"

The Port Folio has been so proverbial for its promises and its apologies, that we shall avoid the former in order that we may spare the mortification of framing the latter. To excite a zeal for the cultivation of letters, to refine the public taste and invigorate the principles of morality, have been the prominent objects of the editor's exertions from his earliest years. In this service he has long toiled, with no other reward than that which arises from the consciousness of the performance of his part, in the great drama of social life. Speaking individually, his past sufferings and his present situation, entitle him to say that he has hazarded much, has lost much, but has gained nothing. Having become one of the proprietors of this journal, he has acquired a new and a powerful incentive to the most active perseverance in the path which he has selected. He would be insensible to the best feelings of the heart, if he were not to acknowledge his gratitude to his predecessor, and to several of the conductors of the daily journals, for the very flattering manner in which they have introduced his humble labours to the public notice. Their kindness and their courtesy have created a pledge, to redeem which he will try all arts and sustain every toil. To borrow the figure of a splendid ora-

tor, whose mind was occupied by more momentous considerations, they have placed him on horseback. In speaking so "goldenly" in his favour, they have done all that vanity could hope and more than merit has won. To his long-trying and faithful friend, THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, his thanks are emphatically due; and to several friends at THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, who have not forgotten the interests of literature in the cares of the commonwealth, he can only promise that he will endeavour to deserve the zeal with which they have promoted his views.

The friends of *Samuel Saunter* will perceive, with pleasure, that he promises to resume his correspondence: he will again ramble among the beaux or loiter with the fair.

The rural reed will soon be tuned by many who have
 ————— Skill to charm the lonely hour
 With no inglorious song.

An *Author* will once more devote his *evenings* to the plunder of the "hoarded sweets" with which the stores of literature abound.

Whether the old firm of *Colon & Spodee* carry on business yet, is not known: but if they be in existence, we can assure them that their notes will be current, without discount, wherever Taste is at par and Genius is in demand.

The *Rural Rambler* has not, we hope,
 The world forsaken with a calm disdain.

We trust that the zeal which once animated his pen in the infancy of this journal, will resume its activity and display its wonted elegance.

Since we've tarried all day to drink down the sun,
 Let's tarry all night to drink down the stars.

A *Lay Preacher* may perhaps be prevailed upon to instruct the town by combining the designs of Addison with the playfulness of Goldsmith, and the good nature of sir Richard Steele.

If no melancholy *Jaques* should instruct us by his musings, we may find a portal inscribed with the name of *Benedict*. If we are successful in our search, we shall employ all the arts of persuasion to induce him to

Turn aside,
Where Fancy lures him, with her magic wand,
and once more delight his friends.

P. D. an old and a favourite correspondent, we hope is not
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity,
but that
At ease reclined in rustic state,
he will find leisure to indite a sonnet.

But of all the friends of the first Mr. Oldschool, we have the
most urgent reasons for remembering with affection and respect,
some of his female correspondents, particularly M, Beatrice and
Constantia. We hope they will enable us shortly to call the at-
tention of our readers to their renewed correspondence, by com-
manding them to

Behold and listen, while THE FAIR
Break in sweet sounds the willing air.

The letter-box proves that there are as many troublesome
writers now as there were in former times. Among the *miseries*
of an editor may be reckoned the task of reading a mass of "ef-
fusions" from

Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
Who buz in rhyme; and like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes.

We calculate with confidence on the muse of Quevedo.
From hill to hill, from stream to stream she flies,
and is ever new and always captivating.

The most liberal and extensive arrangement has been made
in the editorial department. The present editor having long en-
joyed the friendship and correspondence of the lamented founder
of this establishment, he deems it proper to say, that the plan of
that accomplished scholar will be the model, which he shall en-
deavour to imitate in his career—this is to be understood, with an
exception of the topics of religion and politics. We should not
presume to touch the Holy Ark with our unworthy hands: and we
are heartily sick of the cabals of faction. It is particularly neces-
sary that this should be understood, because several gentlemen,
who entertain different sentiments on the latter subject, from those
which we have supported, pugnus et calcibus, for many years in a

neighbouring city, have already withdrawn their names from the subscription list of this journal. In a contest of ten years duration, conducted with more than usual violence, the editor has learned the important truth that party is the madness of many for the good of a few. This lesson, *has been inscribed upon his front* IN LETTERS OF BLOOD: and whatever part he may take, if another conjuncture should put at hazard the lives and fortunes of the friends of the liberty of the press, the patrons of this journal are assured that it shall be devoted exclusively to the purposes of literature and science.

The editors of federal papers through the United States, are requested to notice this address. The editor of *The Port Folio* has not the same RIGHT to ask this favour of *the gentlemen on the other side of the house*; but as he has laid down his arms, *pro hac vice*, it is neither just nor generous to consider him in the character of a belligerent, and they may therefore be inclined to aid him in vindicating and supporting the literary reputation of the American empire.

This resolution is not adopted at the suggestions of the lukewarm or the timid: nor has it been inculcated by "bold bad men" at the point of the bayonet. We despise the former as cordially as we defy the latter. We do not "quit the camp," because our juniors have been promoted over our heads. We are neither disgusted by selfishness nor chilled by neglect: we are not appalled by threats nor overcome by violence. The supineness of Laodicea shall never be charged upon us. Our neutrality arises from a firm persuasion that the admission of Politics, with her gorgon head, into the union of literature, science and morals, would destroy its harmony and blast its felicity. There ought to be some spot where the scholars and the gentlemen of every party, may enjoy the immunities of a flag of truce; where contention should cease, and calumny be silent: where the highest places should be occupied by the greatest merit, and where emulation should strive, not to excel a competitor, but to serve the country. Let the soldier sack towns and stain fields with gore; let the statesman exhaust all the resources of ingenuity in devising new schemes of polity or finance; let brooding Suspicion and gaping Credulity stalk among the people and beat the troubled air with empty

sounds:—but the sons of Literature should hie to the bowers of the Muses. Freedom smiles at the entrance, and Peace presides within. “The cherub Contemplation” sojourns there, and Content and Cheerfulness are her companions.

We regret that we have not been able to set out “the Hermit’s” table, during the present month. His dishes are filled with solid food and garnished with

flowers

Of sober tint, and herbs of med’cinable powers.

The lines of “S.” may be very creditable to a farmer’s boy, but we fear they would not be acceptable to our readers. Let him polish his rhymes and reduce his tropes to the harmony of nature.

One of the most prominent features in the character of our lamented predecessor, was the facility with which he approved and admitted into this journal, the careless effusions of indolence, and the crudities of premature genius. The infant state of American letters required something of this fostering spirit, and the benevolence of his heart or his zeal to promote the cause which he had espoused, was often indulged at the expense of his taste. But, however painful it may be to us, to disappoint the hopes of a juvenile author, the public judgment would not be satisfied if we were to imitate this example. We must do justice before we show kindness. Indeed, justice, in many instances, is the greatest kindness, for many a good shoemaker, as we have seen it somewhere remarked, has been spoiled in making but an indifferent poet. Our farmer’s boy may be only following the field: we assure him it is not yet fit for sowing. He must *tarry yet another season*.

It would be uncourteous if we were not to return our thanks to one of the friends of this journal, for the trouble which he has taken in his translations from Rousseau and Condoreet. We take up a volume of Rousseau with indifference, because we expect little more than cob-web speculations and love-sick tales from the fervid pen of this dangerous enthusiast. In the “Letter from Julia,” which he has translated from this writer, he has said nothing that is new or striking; and unless a speculation possess these qualities, the subject of duelling is too trite to

attract the attention of the literary loungers who survey our labours.

If it be true, that we are invested, as our correspondent expresses it, "with consular dignity—to take care that the republic of letters receive no detriment," we deem it a duty to reject Condorcet's account of Voltaire's last visit to Paris.

We do not wish to exhibit to our readers, the amusing representation of "Solon in the arms of Sophocles," as M. Condorcet has described Dr. Franklin and the "apostle of philosophy," when in the act of embracing in the academy of Sciences; nor shall we call upon them to join the Parisians in the cry of *Vive la Pucelle*, to one of the most infamous productions that ever fell from the pen of genius. As to the benediction which is here described, we know not which is predominant, its ridiculous absurdity or its shameless blasphemy.

That the former of these mischievous men succeeded in "shaking the fabric of *Superstition*"—by which is meant religion; and that "he burst asunder the chains of Reason," by which the writer alludes to the wholesome restraints of the law, we are very ready to admit: but we shall never pollute our pages with the eulogy of talents so fatally directed.

France, bleeding at every pore, and degraded from her rank among the nations of the earth, sunk even below the dignity of a provincial government—is a living monument from which the politician may learn experience, and the pious acquire new reasons for adhering to *the faith that is in them*.

Our translator seems to be gifted with the qualities of industry and ambition. To young writers we know of no better exercise than that of transplanting the flowers of foreign regions to the gardens of their native soil. But we exhort our friend to lay aside books in which his taste may be perverted by meretricious ornaments and his judgment bewildered by doctrines, which are radically vicious and unstable.

"A student just leaving college," who "is halting between law and divinity," and who, in an allusion not remarkable for its felicity, compares himself to the *ass* between two stacks of hay, is reminded of one of the epigrams of Martial, the sense of which he may collect from the following imitation:

Between the pulpit and the bar,
 While thus you hesitate and trifle,
 You're growing older than old Parr:—
 Johnny, indeed you spend your life ill.
 If toward the church your zeal be strong,
 Three curacies are just now vacant:
 If not, the law goes on—*ding dong*—
 Rise up and try what you can make on't.
 Let us, at least, an effort see—
 Be something—any thing, for money!
 Zounds! while you're doubting what to be,
 You're likely to be nothing, Johnny!

Master J. S. S.—we take him to be a child from his folly and his caligraphy—is advised to read our article on hydrophobia. His communication, beginning

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
 Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray—
 we have seen before. We believe they are from the pen of a gentleman of Maryland. The lines "*has merit*," to quote the language of our young scribbler:—and we will copy them at some future period, when the right owner appears.

"Cato" possesses very unequal merit, and we are at no great loss in assigning a reason. We distinctly remember to have read a part of it in an Irish collection of essays, under the title of the Babbler, many years since. The remainder may probably be written by *Cato* himself: as we do not believe any type was ever employed in giving a "local habitation" to such trash.

L'Hermite de la Chaussée-D'Antin is a lively and entertaining view of the state of society in Paris at the commencement of the nineteenth century. It obtained great celebrity in that city, and has been placed in a high rank among the periodical productions of French literature. The amusements and miseries of a fashionable life in the metropolis are sketched with a witty hand; nor has there ever issued from the press of that country, a more animated and close imitation of our exquisite Spectator and Tatler. The work, however, is very unequal. In our next number, we shall endeavour to comply with the request of "*Amicus*" by the insertion of some extracts from this amusing volume.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO;

A POEM:

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measur'd fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
'Th' adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Flies the hook'd staff and shorten'd sithe.*
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within Destruction's scope,

Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane:—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportioned spire, are thine,
Immortal Waterloo!

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than ere was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts th' horizon all around.
The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there,
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,

* The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short sithe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

Save where, from out her shatter'd bow-
ers,
Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been!—

A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain
When harvest-home was nigh.
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorched by
flame

To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the 'kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."^{*}—

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:

But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's sithe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest, thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Full thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from sithe releas'd,
On these scorched fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening route,
And, in the thrilling battle shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone.
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their
way,—
Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay
When breath was all but flown:

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,
Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are pass'd.
Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;
For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were
thine,*
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.

* It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinish'd fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair city! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!"
"Rush on the level'd gun!"
"My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!"
"Each Hulan forward with his lance,
"My Guard—my chosen—charge for
France,
"France and Napoleon!"

Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share.†
But he, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the
chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"‡

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind, steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke,
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd
loud,
And from their throats, with flash and
cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,

* The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanor towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied—*En avant! en avant!*"

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp who brought the message."—*Relation de la Bataille de Mont-Saint-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris. 1815. 8vo. p. 51.

† It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sante, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there, by the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.* It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for the recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

‡ In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

* The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Bonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the duke of Wellington.

The lancer couc'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbing'er'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renc'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths
three,

Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then wak'd their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corsets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering
flanks,

The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds,
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;*

And while amid their close array,
The well-served cannon rent their way,

And while amid their scatter'd band
Rag'd the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
Horsemen, and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—

The British host had stood
That morn'gainst charge of sword and
lance

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood.—

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?

Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of level'd steel?†

Or dost thou turn thine eye

Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

And other standards fly?

Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle,
Is Blucher yet unknown?

Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)

What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia's trumpet tone?

What yet remains!—shall it be thine

To head the reliques of thy line

In one dread effort more!—

The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou' can'st tell what fortune proved

That chieftain, who, of yore,

Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,

And with the gladiators' aid

For empire enterprised—

He stood the cast his rashness play'd

Left not the victims he had made,

* A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

† No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and intrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and a ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the plateau of Houzoumont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the guards, under the command of colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of colonel Mome) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the duke of Wellington's right flank.

Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died

On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffick tame,
Wilt barter thus away.

Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou he of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!

Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power

A torrent fierce and wide;
'Rest of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnotic'd, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display'd

The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they ey'd,
Exclaim'd—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and
shame—

“Oh that he had but died!”
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,

Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams

When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,

Down the dread current hurl'd.
So mingle banner, wain and gun,
Where the tumultuous fight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defi'd a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.

So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,

And pressing on thy desperate way,
Rais'd oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.

Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserv'd thee still some future cast;—
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to how,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife!—

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.

Then safely come—in one so low,
So lost—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come, howsoever—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
That “yet imperial hope;”

Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.

In safety come—but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;
No islet calls thee lord:

We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand

From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, e'en in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own,

Such waits thee when thou shalt controul
 Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
 That marr'd thy prosperous scene:
 Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
 Which sighs, comparing what thou art
 With what thou might'st have been!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
 To thine own noble heart must owe
 More than the meed she can bestow.
 For not a people's just acclaim,
 Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
 Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
 The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
 Not these such pure delight afford
 As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
 Well may'st thou think, "This honest
 steel

Was ever drawn for public weal;
 And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
 Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part;
 Triumph and sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here, pil'd in common slaughter, sleep
 Those whom Affection long shall weep;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more;
 The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast;
 The husband, whom, through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou can'st not name one tender tie
 But here, dissolv'd, its reliques lie!
 O when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
 Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears
 Stream when the stricken drum she hears,
 Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—
 With no inquiry vain pursue
 The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
 What bright careers 'twas thine to close!
 Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names,
 To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,

Laid there their last immortal claims!
 Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
 Redoubt'd Picton's soul of fire—
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
 All that of Ponsonby could die—
 De Laney change Love's bridal wreath
 For laurels from the hand of death—
 Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
 And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
 And generous Gordon, 'mid the strife,
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.
 Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenc'd Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Thro' his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave dead, th' imperfect lay!
 Who may your names, your numbers, say?
 What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
 To each the dear earn'd praise assign,
 From high-born chiefs of martial fame
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name!
 Lightly ye rose, that dawning day,
 From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
 To fill, before the sun was low,
 The bed that morning cannot know.
 Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till time shall cease to run;
 And ne'er beside their noble grave
 May Briton pass, and fail to crave
 A blessing on the fallen brave
 Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
 Wears Desolation's withering trace;
 Long shall my memory retain
 Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
 With every mark of martial wrong,
 That scathe thy towers, fair Hougoumont!
 Yet though thy garden's green arcade
 The marksman's fatal post was made,
 Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
 The blended rage of shot and shell,
 Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
 Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
 Has not such havoc bought a name
 Immortal in the rolls of fame?
 Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new:
 But still in story and in song,
 For many an age remember'd long,
 Shall live the towers of Hougoumont,
 And fields of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! That know'st
not rest,

But, sweeping from the cradle to the
tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky
breast

Successive generations to their doom:
While thy capacious stream has equal
room

For the gay bark where Pleasure's
streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a
court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent
port.

Stern tide of Time! through what myste-
rious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks
been driven!

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring
given.

And sure such varied change of sea and
heaven,

Such unexpected bursts of joy and wo,
Such fearful strife as that where we have
striven,

Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when thou shalt
cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my country!—the
brave fight

Hast well maintain'd through good re-
port and ill;

In thy just cause, and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice con-
stant still.

Whether the banded prowess, strength,
and skill

Of half the world against thee stood ar-
ray'd,

Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the
blade,

Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen
to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly
rose,

And struggled long with mists thy
blaze of fame,

While like the dawn that in the orient
glows

On the broad wave its earlier lustre
came;

Then eastern Egypt saw the growing
flame,

And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath
its ray,

Where first the soldier, stung with gene-
rous shame,

Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore, unjust re-
proach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on
high,

And bid the banner of thy patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chi-
valry!

For thou hast fao'd, like him, a dragon
foe,

And rescu'd innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic
might,

And to the gazing world may'st proudly
show

The chosen emblem of thy sainted
knight,

Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindi-
cated right.

Yet, 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown'd dear bought, but dearest thus
acquir'd,

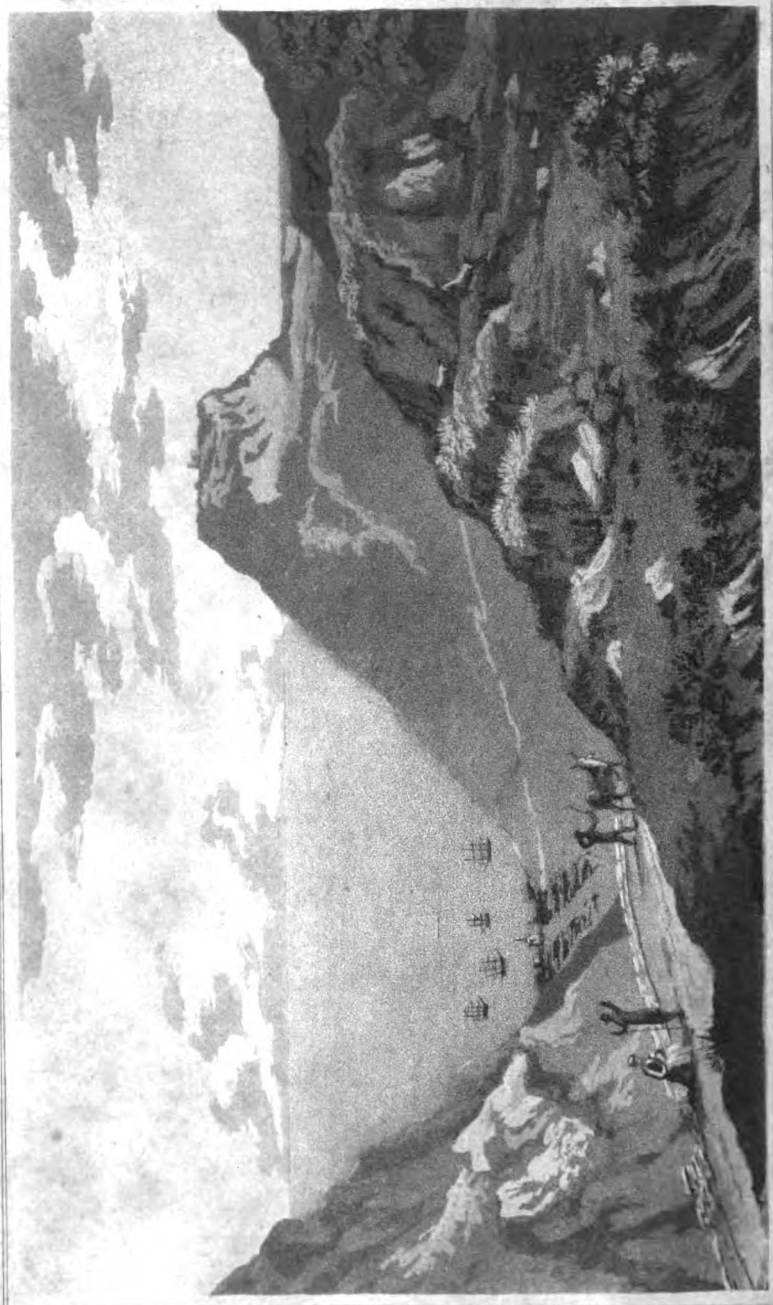
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson
down;

'Tis not alone the heart with valour
fir'd,

The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest
known—

Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
hired—

'Tis constancy in the good cause alone
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons
have won.



From the Lake, Mount St. Helens

Mount St. Helens with its distinctive peak, May 21, 1980

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

LITERARY industry, usefully employed, has a sort of draught upon the bank of opulence, and has the right of entry into the mansion of every Mæcenas. When to government or to individuals, it renders actual service, gives carelessness pleasure to some, and new ideas to others, it confers at least a species of obligation, which any code of ethical precept will teach men to repay.

DENNIE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1816.

NO. III.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MANY centuries ago, there was celebrated, in the city of Beauvais, the *Ass's Festival*, or *holiday*, in order to represent to the life, the flight of Mary into Egypt. For this purpose, the clergy of the cathedral being assembled, they selected from amongst several that were presented to them, the most beautiful damsel, who being placed upon an *ass*, richly caparisoned, was thus conducted as it were in triumph from the principal church to that of Saint Stephen, where the young maid and her donkey were introduced into the chancel, and placed on the right side of the altar. In the course of the service performed on this occasion, the chants were interrupted at intervals with an *hin haw* in imitation of the ass's braying, which was loudly articulated by the whole congregation; and at the close of the mass, the deacon, instead of the accustomed *ita missa est*, uttered three loud brays, which were immediately re-echoed by his auditors. But the sublimest part of this famous ceremony was the hymn chanted on

VOL. I.

A 2

the occasion, which, as a great curiosity, I shall now give at full length; being handed down to posterity, by Charles du Cange, the French antiquary, who preserved the extraordinary morceau from a manuscript of upwards of 500 years old.

LATIN.

Orientis partibus
Adventavit et fortissimus,
Puloher et fortissimus,
Surcinis aptissimus.

Lentus erat pedibus,
Nisi foret baculus,
Et cum in clunibus,
Pugeret aculeus.

Hic in collibus Sichem,
Jam nutritus sub Ruben;
Transiit par Jordanem,
Saliit in Bethlehem.

Ecoe magnis auribus,
Subjugatis filiis,
Asinus egregius;
Asinorum Dominus.

Salto vincit hinnulos,
Damas et capreolus;
Super dromedarios
Velox Midianos.

Aurum de Arabia,
Thus et myrrham de Saba,
Tulit in Ecclesia,
Virtus Asinaria.

Dum trahit vehicula
Multa cum sarcinulâ,
Illius mandibula
Dura terit pabula.

Cum aristas bordeum
Comedit et carduum,
Triticum à paleâ,
Segregat in area.

Amen dicas, asine
Jam satur de gramine,
Amen, amen itera;
Aspernare vetera.

TRANSLATION.

From the eastern country this ass is
arrived, comely and stout, and fittest to
bear a load.

Of pace he was slow, unless one had
a stick, and his flanks were pricked by
a spur.

He was on the hills of Sichem, bred
up and fed by Reuben, and crossing the
Jordan, he leaped into Bethlehem.

Lo! with his long ears, the son of the
yoke-bearer—a charming ass! the king
of asses!

He outruns the young fawns, the
deer and the kids; and surpasses in
swiftness the dromedaries of Midian.

The gold from Arabia, the frankin-
cense and myrrh from Saba, were
brought into the church by virtue of
the ass.

While he is yoked to the cart, with
an heavy burthen, his jaws grind a
hard food.

The barley with its ears, and the
thistle are its food; the corn from the
straw by him is divided in the trough.

Say amen, oh! gentle ass! now filled
with grass. Repeat, oh! repeat amen,
and now despise old forms.

Defoe has somewhat quaintly though very forcibly stated the comparative qualities of an educated and an uneducated woman:

A well-bred woman and well-taught, furnished with the additional accomplishment of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublime enjoyment, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness, and sweetness, peace, love, wit and delight; she is every way suited to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do, but rejoice in her and be thankful. On the other hand, suppose her to be the same woman, and deprived of the benefit of education; and it follows thus: if her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy; her wit, for want of teaching, renders her impertinent and talkative; her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent and loud; if she be passionate, want of manners makes her a termagant and a scold, which is much as one with a lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion (which is still ill-breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous: and from these she degenerates, to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil.

The native Egyptians have a prophecy amongst them that they shall recover the dominion of Egypt again, and the Turkish empire, after a certain time, shall be destroyed; which Mr. Hill has given in verse:

Years after years shall roll,
Ages o'er ages slide,
Before the world's control,
Shall check the Crescent's pride.

Banish'd from place to place,
Wide as the ocean's roar,
The mighty gypsy race,
Shall visit every shore.

But when the hundredth year,
Shall three times double be,
Then shall an end appear,
To all their slavery.

Then shall the warlike powers,
From distant realms return,
Egypt again be ours,
And Turkish laurels burp.

BIBLICAL QUERY. How, by what means, and on whose authority, was Mark enabled to convey to us, in the 39th verse of the 14th chapter of his gospel, the *exact* words of our Saviour's prayer in the garden, when the three disciples had fallen asleep, and himself had previously gone to a distance from them?

LONG DRESSES. In the time of Anne, Richard's queen, the ladies wore their dresses very long, which occasioned an honest well-meaning author to address an essay *ad caudam dominarum*.

It is a circumstance very remarkable, and I believe not generally known, that in the list annexed to the *Winter Evening Conferences*, written by Dr. J. Goodman, chaplain in ordinary to Charles II, and published in 1686, the celebrated *ΕΙΝΑΙ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ* is included among the treatises written by him. At the end of his "*Penitent Pardoned*" (1683) the same work is mentioned as an anonymous publication, reprinted for R. Royston, *by his majesty's command*.

This exquisite composition has excited as much controversy in the literary world as the poems of Ossian and Rowley, or the letters of Junius, and we should be glad to see what can be said to establish or refute the claim of Dr. Goodman, which is here so confidently asserted.

SACRED MUSIC. It is well known that Swift was a most orthodox admirer of sacred music and cultivated it with great assiduity in the cathedral of St. Patrick. None of the arts, however, in those days, had made much advance in Ireland. She had long warbled her own mild notes with native melody; but Handel had been more heard of, than heard. His divine compositions were little known, and oratorios were only coming into fashion.

A certain noble lord, though not of very *sacred manners*, meeting the dean at the first performance of the *Messiah*, was so struck with the sublimity both of the music and the words, that he begged to know the name of the author of the latter. "Will you read his book, my lord, if I lend it to you?"—"Most certainly, my dear doctor: he writes admirably."—Swift sent him a Bible and he was a convert.

In Blair's "Universal Preceptor," we find the following lines descriptive of Arabia. The book is very common, and therefore we copy but a single stanza. We do not recollect to have seen this piece before, and should be glad to be enabled to ascertain the name of the author.

O'er Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks;
'Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena stalks;
On her cool and shady hills
Coffee shrubs and tam'rinds grow;
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitful rills below."

RALPH ALLEN, Esqr. was the correspondent of Pope: he was the prototype of Allworthy in Tom Jones, and the *intimate friend* of the right honourable the earl of Chatham. What more can be said of a man, than is comprised in these few lines, and yet what more is known of Mr. Allen?

PETER ANNET is another name which is now almost lost: but it was highly distinguished in the last century. He was a deistical writer, who made it his business to bring the christian religion into contempt, with a virulence of hostility which indicated some rancour against its highest ornaments, or a consciousness of his own baseness. But the man who attacked SHERLOCK and was answered by CHANDLER, must have been no mean antagonist.

While we are pursuing the meandering courses of the stream of oblivion, and throwing an occasional glance on the banks, to ascertain the situation of those who have been stranded and forgotten, the name of CHARLES PETERS attracts the notice of the literary inquirer. He occupied a conspicuous rank in his day, but is now almost unknown. He is entitled to a place among the most elegant and vigorous polemics of the last century. His critical dissertation on the book of Job is the finest commentary in our language, as it regards verbal criticism, literary research, or evangelical

illustration. The language of this work is elegant, and the learning profound: his argument is unanswerable, and his wit is of the most captivating description: it is polished with pleasantry and softened with good nature. Bishop Warburton never had such an adversary as Peters. He felt the force of his pen, when he saw it employed in demolishing the ideal system of his famous work on the Divine Legation of Moses. The bishop, however, affected to treat his acute antagonist with contempt, and in his usual coarse manner designated him by the appellation of the Cornish Critic. Bishop Lowth, in his letter to the author of the Divine Legation of Moses Demonstrated, quotes the passage and makes the following remark upon it in a note.

The very learned and ingenious person of whom this decent language is used, is the reverend Mr. Peters. I mention his name, because the readers of the Divine Legation will hardly know it from thence, where he passes by the style and title of the Cornish Critic. What the true meaning and import of this title may be, I cannot say; I suppose it may allude to some proverbial saying, relating to Cornwall, perhaps like that of the Jews, equally false, concerning Gallilee—that out of Cornwall ariseth no critic; but this is mere conjecture; I have never heard of any such a proverb. I was thinking of explaining it by another common saying; but then the title would imply a commendation, and what is worse, would have too great a propriety. Every one has heard of a *Cornish hug*; which, if a man has once felt it to the purpose, he will be sore of as long as he lives.

At the first representation of Voltaire's *ŒDIPPE* in 1718, the witty and licentious Piron almost occasioned the downfall of it by one of those *plaisanteries*, for which he was distinguished. The theatre opened on that occasion with repairs and fresh decorations. Over the curtain these letters were observed: O. T. P. Q. M. V. D. Every one was inquisitive to know the meaning of the inscription. Piron, who happened to be present, received a particular application for information. After some affected hesitation, he whispered, as a profound secret to a few present: *ŒDIPPE TRAGÉDIE PITOYABLE QUE MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE DONNE*. In a few minutes the secret had made the tour of the theatre; and

the play was not suffered to proceed, until it was officially announced that the mysterious letters were the initials of OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI. It is well known that this play laid the foundation of Voltaire's dramatic fame: it was represented forty-five times successively.

Among those writers of Ecclesiastical Antiquity, who, from fashion or prejudice, or ignorance, are now universally neglected and almost universally unknown, may be ranked *Methodius*. He was a bishop of the primitive church, and suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century. Of the various works which he composed, not one has come down to us entire, if we except his *Banquet of Virgins*. In this work a company of virgins are supposed to assemble together, in the garden of Arete or Virtue, where they severally discourse on the excellence of the unmarried state. The diction is uniformly clear, elegant and flowing; but it is sometimes too gorgeous and Asiatic, and from its extreme redundancy, is occasionally feeble. I have translated the following passage, not only because it affords a pleasing specimen of this writer's style, but because there is reason to believe that Milton made some use of it in his description of the garden of Eden:

Pleasant was the spot and beauteous, and almost seemed unearthly, replete with every thing that might lure us to repose. The air, which was spread around it, was blended with beams of the purest light, and its gentle breath was harmony. In the midst a fountain murmured, smooth as the smoothest oil, and distilling the sweetest beverage; whose clear, unpolluted waters were multiplied in rills, and the rills, swelling into rivers, refreshed the smiling paradise. There bloomed innumerable trees, surcharged with autumnal riches, and glorying in their golden fruitage, which depended amiably (καρπῶν ἀπαλαγούμινων λαγῶς). There too were meadows, green with perennial verdure, and diversified with flowers; flowers of unnumbered hues and unrivalled fragrance. Approaching a lofty and majestic tree, we rested beneath its foliage; for ample were its spreading branches, and genial and inviting was its shade.

The reader, to whom Milton is familiar, besides noticing the general similarity, will be struck with the exact resemblance of one particular passage in the above, to these words of the English poet:

Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable —————

Synesias, also, is a writer who deserves to be more generally known. Ten of his hymns have come down to us, which, although they were composed nearly four hundred years after Christ, display a purity of style, and a harmony of versification, which would have done honour to a politer age. I acknowledge that there are some passages in them indifferent, those especially in which he interweaves the jargon of Platonism with the truths of Christianity; but there are others which breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, and burn even with Pindaric fire. His ninth hymn is pre-eminently splendid and magnificent, both in its diction and its imagery; and every one will, I think, be convinced on the perusal, that Milton had thoroughly digested it. Being fully sensible that any translation of mine would fall short, both of the spirit and the grandeur of the original, I have not presumed to make any. The following attempt, however, on a less sublime, but equally pleasing passage, may communicate to the English reader some idea of the style and manner of Synesius. It is the opening of the second hymn:

Again Aurora's purple beams
Are playing on the eastern streams;
Again the mists have fled away,
Chas'd by the radiant car of day.
And thou, my soul, awake again
Thy matin hymn, thy wonted strain;
That God adore, whose glorious night
Cloth'd the young morn in robes of light;
Who gave the stars their wondrous birth,
And bade them dance around the earth.

There is, unfortunately, no word in our language, which can adequately convey the idea contained in the last line of the original. The word *dance* has nothing in it of dignity, nothing of grandeur, but is light and frivolous. How different from this, and how elegant is the Greek!

ὅς ἱστῶκεν ἀστὲρ νυκτὶ
περικοσμίαι χεῖρῃ.

Some of the Greek fathers also, have very exquisite expressions, when speaking of the stars. St. Chrysostom, in his second homily on the Incomprehensible, thus writes: ἰδεῖ τον οὐρανοῖ· πῶς καλός· πῶς μέγας· πῶς τῷ ποικίλῳ τῷι ἀστρῶν ἑστιφαιῶται χόρῳ. And in

another of his orations, *ποικίλος ἀστέρων καταλαμπει χορός*. Saint Gregory Naz. in his beautiful description of Spring, speaks of the chorus of the stars; *ῥῆν ἀστέρων χορός καθαῤῥότερος*. This metaphor however is not peculiar to the Greeks, but was also a favourite idea of the classical poets, as might be proved by many examples. Statius says

Risit chorus omnis ab alto
Astrorum. ACHILL. l. 643.

Gesner in *Thes. Ling. Lat.* under *Chorea*, has these words: "Varro apud Non. vi. 16. vocem ad sidera transtulit, quæ certâ lege et quasi ad harmoniam moventur,

Repente noctes circiter meridiem,
Cum pictus aer fervidis late ignibus
Celi choreas astricas ostenderet.

Eodem modo Manil. l. 69.

Et quinque averso luctantia sidera mundo
Exercent varias naturæ lege choreas.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER—No. 501.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

"To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit."

As You Like It.

ONE of my predecessors, the accomplished author of the World, has described, with his usual felicity, the perplexities of a Magaziner, who must write to please, if he would please to live. That the difficulties by which he is encompassed may be more accurately estimated, he very candidly opens his bureau, and submits its contents to the perusal of his patrons. No one but those who have had some experience in these matters, can form a conjecture respecting the motley materials of which such a display would be composed. The sighs of unpitied swains, and the tears of disconsolate damsels, would be seen reposing in friendly harmony in a remote corner of the drawer: another heap of paper

would almost start into life with the animated remonstrances of the irritable writers: here you would behold the memoirs of some hero of the day, who has been forgotten before the printer could snatch his recorded honours from the dilatory editor: and, there, about to be cast into the waters of oblivion, might be found the remains of a poet, whose brows had been covered with perennial blossoms, by the hands of affectionate biography. Another trembling pile announces the fears of some juvenile author, whose *effusions* having received the imprimatur of a family circle, are sent, heedless of the lessons of Webster, or the rules of Murray, to be crammed into this receptacle of ripening historians and half-fledged poets!

A French writer, borrowing a hint from the denomination of the younger disciples of doctor Faustus, has termed the printer's office, an author's hell.

For the luckless wight whose "destinies" have made him an editor,—a sort of pioneer to the corps of authors,—I fear a severer fate is provided. They live here, as Virgil describes the confines of the dead, which are inhabited by the shadows of sickness, famine, and poverty; toil, contention and discord. When they no longer disport in *the waters of Castalic*, but are doomed to wander on the banks of the Styx, they will no doubt be encountered by a host of disappointed scribblers, who will compare themselves to the servants of Nabopharzon, the king of Babylon, and take that opportunity of avenging all their fancied wrongs.

The first letter which Mr. Fitz Adam reads to his patrons, from his chaotic collection, is from an officer in country quarters, who thinks that a paper now and then, on religion, would be very entertaining, and hopes he may find this amusement in the *World*; because the chaplain happens to live altogether in town, and the writer has no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what he hears at church.

This reasonable request is immediately granted by Mr. Fitz Adam, with all the politeness of a Stanhope. He promises that the *WORLD* for the future shall be a religious *WORLD*, in order that no officer at his quarters, may be under the necessity of going to church.

He has scarcely had time to congratulate himself on the probable consequences of this accommodating temper, before he is applauded by a club of very serious clergymen, for the resolution, expressed in his introductory paper, not to meddle with religion. My friend, Oldschool, need be in no fear of such letter as this, since I verily believe, that a *club of clergymen*, however common they may be in England, is not to be found in our country. They smoke their pipes amidst the prattle of their children, and are recompensed for the pleasures of the chase and the bottle, in the study of their book and the diffusion of its blessings. But Mr. Fitz Adam is obliged to stand well with the clergy, and therefore he assures his very considerate correspondent, that the *WORLD* shall have no religion in it.

In a similar spirit of conciliation, a grammarian is promised that his nerves shall not be shocked by inattention to the rules of grammar, and in the same breath, he adopts the advice of a *bon vivant*, not to let the prejudices of a pedagogue prevent him from snatching

——— a grace beyond the reach of art.

Tom Tell Truth cautions him against novels, and the author promises to write no more novels; but the next instant, a polite note from "a real admirer," among the ladies—who could withstand that?—reminds him of the declaration of St. Paul, and he vows that he will devote his future papers entirely to novels.

That "polite old gentleman," as the Lay Preacher once saluted this eloquent orator, declared that he would be all things to all men, if by any means he could win some. As to winning men, that, I must confess, never formed a very prominent object in my wishes. One half of them may be dragged, and the other must be beaten along *with many stripes*. But as to the sex—I can appeal to all the companions of my youth, for the sincerity of my belief and my corresponding practice in the doctrine of the learned Paul. In those delightful days when Hope revelled in castles which she herself had erected, I would have performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, or immured myself in the catacombs of Paris:—I would have exchanged the gross amount of the honorarii of the richest term, for a bottle of St. Leon's elixir that I might serve an apprenticeship, equal to the deportation of one of the ghosts in the

Red sea:—verily, I would have been all things for all *women*, if by any means I could have gained *one*. I would have fashioned my tongue to the idioms of the admirable Crichton, that I might celebrate their charms: I would have aspired to the promptness of Mordanto, the gallantry of Montrose, and the generosity of Falkland. I will not say in the words with which a little French bachelor of my acquaintance always concludes his cheerful anecdotes of the pleasures of the Palais Royal, and the promenades in the wood of Boulogne, before the revolution—*C'est une affaire finie*. I am still unwilling to have it said that “Pistol’s flash is out.” I would rather adopt the words of a song, which was warbled a few evenings ago, at Mrs. B’s, from a pair of lovely lips, which mock the advances of age:

Still let me trifle life away,
And sing of love as I grow old.

I AM very much flattered by the manner in which my return has been greeted by the friends of Mr. Oldschool. My fair correspondent, whose epistle I copy with alacrity, may find abundant topics to speculate upon, and I shall always be proud of her correspondence.

MR. SAUNTER,

THE Spectator—of illustrious name—has somewhere told us, that we become so attached to every object, whether animate or inanimate, to which we have been long accustomed, that we cannot part, without reluctance, even with an old post that has stood sentinel at our doors. I shall not dispute the truth of this observation, because every one knows, that “in old time they were wont to ask counsel at Abel, and so they ended the matter.”* Nor shall I liken you, Mr. Saunter, to a post.—Yet I must tell you, without incurring your displeasure, that I thought of this passage the moment I heard of your return, and was ready to greet you with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance. But I have another reason for bidding you welcome. I, too, am but lately returned after an absence of many years and really I find myself a stranger at home. New fashions and altered manners con-

* II. Samuel, xx. 18.

tinually disturb, or, as I suppose I must say, *annoy*, me, according to the new-fangled style. If the office of censor, with which you were invested by the first Mr. Oldschool, was necessary in those days, you will soon perceive that it is not less so now—and I flatter myself that you will again take it upon you, and “hold the mirror up to nature.” It is a trite complaint, that “the former days were better than these,” and whether it be true in the abstract, it will always be believed, by those who no longer enjoy the airy vanities that pass before them. I am, however, not unwilling to concede, that the follies of the present scene may perhaps differ only in kind, from those which have gone before. The aggregate may be the same—whether the lady commence her visit at three o’clock, and return home in good time to put her children to bed—or perform this duty first, and go to the party after. So that should some flippant young miss be ready to cry out—“some cross old maid from the country!” she need not, therefore, anticipate justice without mercy. Let her rejoice, that there are such useful beings as old maids—who having no giddy girls of their own to lead in the right way—are at leisure to keep an eye on the daughters of the republic. If they should come “from the country,” they are the more sensible of the transfigurations of fashion, than they could be if they had floated down the tide of time amidst the bubbles of the metropolis.

MARTHA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE.

MY DEAR —.

IN the afternoon of a beautiful day we approached the celebrated seat of science and learning, the city of Geneva.—It is situated at the foot of the lake, and just at the place where the Rhone, after having traversed the whole extent of the lake of Geneva, issues again from it on its way to the ocean. The environs of the city and the beautiful banks of the lake have been so often celebrated, that it is needless for me to repeat their praises. In one respect, however, I was disappointed. There are some beautiful buildings on the high part of the town, but in general it is not well built: and the close streets accorded badly with the idea

I had formed of the romantic groves and public walks in which their philosophers were wont to renew the scenes of the walks of the academy or the gardens of Epicurus. It is the surrounding country which is the charm of Geneva, and fortunately it is a charm which political revolutions cannot take away.

The town is situated on both sides of the Rhone, which is crossed by several wooden bridges, and is here a rapid and clear stream twelve or fifteen feet deep. Immediately in front of the town lies the whole extent of the lake, with a number of villages adorning the banks, and the beautiful Pays de Vaud lying in the form of a vast amphitheatre, inclining from the great range of the Jura mountains on the north down to the water's edge—on the south of the lake rise the snowy tops of the great Alps.

Geneva is an ancient town mentioned by Cæsar—"Extremum oppidum Allobrogum proximumque Helvetiarum finibus est Geneva." The territory of the Allobroges then comprehended Savoy and Dauphiny as far as Lyons and the Rhone. I remember reading Cæsar's Commentaries at school, and that by the assistance of the plates and the explanations of the teacher they made some impression on me. But it was general and vague, and from the want of some geographical or particular association resembled the floating ideas of a romance. But now when I stood on the very spot where the Allobroges and the Helvetii wandered, the former recollections of the wars of Cæsar appeared to take their place in the mind as solemn realities, divested of the light and airy dress of fiction. By tracing them to a particular location and identifying them, they were stripped of all their masquerade dress. I was forcibly struck by this feeling, and at the same time delighted—it was like the sensation of pleasure you experience on viewing a fine painting, the subject of which is taken from some well known passage of a favourite poet. It would seem that all the plans of *memoria technica*, from prince Le Boo's knots on a rope, to Gray's system, depend upon associations of this kind, aiding the operations of the mind by external and visible objects.

Geneva was twice destroyed and rebuilt again during the middle ages—In 1530 the reformation was first preached, and in a few years Geneva embraced its doctrines. The toleration of religion, and the security which the reformed enjoyed, early at-

tracted a great number of proselytes from France and elsewhere. By their industry, protected by a fostering government, Geneva was raised to such an eminence in literature and science, that since the reformation there has not existed any place, which in proportion to its population has produced so many learned and illustrious men. The alliance contracted in the middle of the 16th century with Berne and Zurich secured the independence of this petty republic, which existed as such until 1795, when the spirit of revolutionary discord invaded Geneva from France. It continued to be agitated by factions until the 15th of April, 1798, when a body of French troops marched in and took possession of the town. The liberty and privileges of Geneva expired, and she sunk to the subordinate station of the chief town of a remote department of the French empire.

All accounts agree in stating that Geneva has entirely changed since the year 1792. The notions which prevailed induced many to seek elsewhere a more quiet retreat, and the change in the government has had a strong effect upon the tone of society—a French prefect with his conscription register, and a commissary of police with a file of French soldiers at his heels, are but poor substitutes for Voltaire and Rousseau. Before that epoch, *Geneva*, in the spirited language of a German traveller, *united the life, the activity, and the lustre of a brilliant capital, to the elegant decorum of a free Swiss city.*—Eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo.

Three leagues from Geneva, on the north side of the lake, is the village of Capet, and the chateau of madame de Stael. We had letters of introduction, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of seeing this celebrated lady. Her reception of us was such as I expected from her distinguished hospitality and polished manners. I believe I was never more alive to the gratification of curiosity. She asked me immediately many questions relating to my voyage, &c. and the conversation soon became fixed on one subject—that of England. She has been in England twice, but was very young at the time of the first visit. She is well acquainted with the people and their manners, and has seized the true spirit and character of the nation. She had been too much accustomed to the society of France and Italy to relish their reserved and austere manners, and the picture she draws of them in Corin-

na accords closely with her real sentiments. It is not surprising, however, that it should be so. Her imagination, lively and ardent, kindles into enthusiasm in the fine climate of Italy. In England it is even more chilled by the national reserve than by the gloomy sky. She inquired particularly of the interesting topics of the day—I mentioned, among others, the subscription for the relief of the distressed sufferers in Portugal. "What a superb nation!" she exclaimed; "there are three things that I now admire,—the firmness of the Pope, the conduct of the Spaniards, and the English. It is the character of the men which she admires in the English. That proud and haughty independence, so rarely met with on the continent, has captivated her imagination, and I could not but mark the enthusiasm with which she repeated

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye
I see the lords of human-kind pass by.

She told us that she had completed a work on the literature of the Germans, and complained much of the police, which, it seems, has forbidden its publication. Her conversation is lively and sparkling, and I found nothing below the peculiar elevation which I had ascribed to the authoress of *Corinna*. There is a good portrait of her in the character of *Corinna*, with a lyre in her hand in the midst of a wild and romantic piece of scenery, catching the moment of inspiration and chanting the hymns of an *improvisatore*.

The chateau, which is the present residence of madame de Stael, belonged to her father, the celebrated Neckar. Here he spent the last years of his life, beloved by all around him, and happy, no doubt, that he was beyond the reach of the revolutionary tempest, which posterity may perhaps think he contributed largely, though innocently, to raise. There are some circumstances that mark the enthusiasm which prevails in these countries in minds of the most exalted character. We resemble our English ancestors too much as yet to admit of the same indulgence in America. Indeed the dull uniformity of our manners and the austere simplicity of our religion, seem to sober and repress the imagination, bringing it down on certain points to one general level established for all. Madame Neckar was noted for many and singular virtues; she languished for some time under the

pressure of slow disease, and being passionately fond of music some of the best performers were frequently introduced into an adjoining chamber to soothe her mind by the powerful influence of their art. And she actually expired while they were playing a beautiful and plaintive air of an Italian Opera.

Madame Neckar is said to have been one of the finest women of her time, and the attachment of her husband seems to have been of no common cast. In a wood adjoining to the house is an inclosed burial-ground, in which he caused a vault to be constructed and lined with black marble. In the midst of the vault was placed a large sarcophagus of a single block of stone, in which was deposited the body of madame Neckar, inclosed in a leaden coffin, and reposing upon aromatic herbs and flowers. To this place Neckar repaired every day to indulge in solitude the luxury of his grief, and deplore the loss of her he so much loved. Upon his own death, in 1804, his body was placed in the same tomb by the side of his wife, a large slab of marble set over the sarcophagus, and the vault walled up and closed.

It is understood that madame de Stael resides at Capet in obedience to the commands of the French police. She talked of her intended voyage to America, and her situation at present is evidently exceedingly irksome. She inquired whether the emigrations from Holland and Germany were frequent; and when I mentioned the causes that now totally interrupted them, "Ah!" she exclaimed, "could they go, our great lord and master would soon be left to reign over the desert he created."

* * * * *

On my return to Geneva, after a ramble of some months in Switzerland, the first object was to visit madame de Stael. I set out alone, my friend and companion being detained by letters which he had found awaiting him at Geneva from his friends in America. I was struck upon entering the courtyard with the silence and tranquillity that prevailed. There was no appearance of activity or bustle any where; no sounds of music or voices from the different apartments;—the Swiss porter was not at his post, and when at last he appeared, eyed me with a suspicious glance, as if diffident whether I came for good or evil. The air of the apartments, and the arrangement of the fur-

niture seemed too to indicate the absence of the gay and lively circle which filled them before. Madame de Stael was still, however, lively and animated in her conversation, and it very soon turned on America. She appeared much interested on this subject, and made the minutest inquiries with respect to the length and danger of the voyage. At last she said freely that she intended to embark in the frigate *Constitution* which had just brought out the American minister, Mr. Barlow, provided she could obtain a passage in it. She spoke much of the dangers of a winter's voyage, and her dread was to be surmounted only by the strong inducement she had to depart.

Upon my return to Geneva, the mystery was explained, and the story related excited an indignation which all must feel, who respect talents or have a regard for the peculiar privileges of women.

About three weeks previously the celebrated madame Recamier, who is an intimate friend of madame de Stael, came from Paris to spend some time, as is her custom every year, at the chateau of her friend. She had not been twenty-four hours in the house, when a courier arrived in the night with a letter from her husband. Savary, the minister of police, like a true Frenchman, had waited till the lady left Paris, and then sent to her husband an order of police forbidding her return to Paris, and intimating that it was on account of her friendship for and visit to madame de Stael, who was personally obnoxious to the emperor. Madame Recamier was obliged immediately to leave the chateau, and she is now in some of the provincial towns where she must remain till her indefinite exile is revoked.

It was said at the same time that the two Montmorencies were sent away from Paris. I heard afterwards a different cause assigned for this last; but at Geneva they were believed to proceed from a determination on the part of the government to punish the freedom with which madame de Stael commented on the person and character of the emperor, and the present order of things in France. The mysterious tenor of the police may be conceived from the effect produced by these circumstances in Geneva. I was remonstrated with for my imprudence in visiting the chateau. A gentleman from Holland, whom I had several times

encountered in Switzerland, travelling with his family, a man of large property, and high standing, acknowledged, that although acquainted with madame de Stael, he dared not risk a visit. I was assured that several travellers, returning from their usual summer excursions in Switzerland, unwilling to remain without visiting her, and deterred by the general apprehension, had shortened their stay at Geneva and hastily passed on. Thus, from being the pride and ornament of every company, and the first object of attraction to all the strangers who flock every year to the beautiful borders of the lake of Geneva, the authoress of *Corinna* finds herself suddenly put under the ban of society, and almost excommunicated from the world. None of her friends dare to visit her, or to receive her visits. Strangers and travellers pass on without noticing her; placemen and the officers of police take care to increase the general fear, and her house, once the seat of a liberal and polished hospitality, becomes at once completely deserted. 'Tis thus that a strong and mysterious arm strikes at once its victims: no notice is given of the approaching blow—no preparation allowed. The fearful hand of Belshazzar appears in the midst of the feast, and traces the terrible denunciation, which, alas! it requires no prophet to expound. The victim awakes to his fate—the seal is set upon him—he is marked—“and no man dareth to comfort him.”

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—ON THE CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

[The following inquiry into the character of one of the celebrated sages of antiquity, being intended *for the eye of the scholar*, several passages are left in “the obscurity of a learned language.”]

To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear!
 From Heaven descended to the low-rooft house
 Of SOCRATES: see there his tenement
 Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounced
 Sagest of men: from whose mouth issued forth,
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of academics, old and new, with those

Sirnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.—*Milton.*

THE character of Socrates as it is here given by Milton, seems to have been that which the ancients generally entertained of this philosopher, as he is called. The Oracle pronounced him the wisest man of his age. Xenophon and Plato employed themselves in recording or inventing dialogues between Socrates and his disciples, on metaphysics, and metaphysical as well as practical morality. In this employment, they seem to have played the same part with him, that Boszzy and Plozzi have acted in regard to Dr. Johnson after his decease; and although the opinion of the learned be against me—though Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Cicero among the ancients, Milton, Dacier, the Abbé Freguer, Gilbert Cooper, Dr. Priestley and a host of others among the moderns, would cry out against the heterodoxy of my opinions, I think that the posthumous panegyrists of the sage, like those of the lexicographer, have equally succeeded in making the character of their friend ridiculous and revolting.

Indeed, between these two men there were many points of resemblance. Socrates was superstitious, so was Johnson: Socrates believed or pretended to believe in the existence of a demon assigned to superintend his conduct and destiny; Johnson insisted that his deceased mother honoured him with her posthumous notice in the tower of Pembroke College, and three times condescended to vociferate, for his edification, "Sam!" Johnson heartily despised every thing like science, and bent his attention almost exclusively to moral and philological subjects; so did Socrates: Johnson seems to have been generally acknowledged as absolute dictator to the circle of friends at his club; and Socrates enjoyed a similar authority: Johnson was sensual as a *gourmand*, Socrates much worse; the physiognomist said of the features of Socrates that they indicated a propensity to almost every vice, and Socrates honestly confessed he was not far from the truth, for that naturally he was so; Johnson's panegyrists, however they may have admired his intellectual powers, have left us no very pleasant picture of his large and coarse features, his huge, uncouth, uncultivated person, of his tremulous head, his dependent lip, his awkward manners, and the striking slovenliness of the tout ensem-

ble of his appearance. Such "damned good natured friends" put me in mind of the Spaniard's exclamation—"God preserve me from my friends, I can preserve myself from my enemies!"

But here the parallel ends. Johnson was a fond and faithful husband; a sincere, affectionate, and benevolent friend; kind and hospitable to all strangers who visited him, and a motley set they were; rough indeed to those who came to pester him with useless questions, or to gratify an idle curiosity, or to display their own attainments; but to the modest and well informed, more than civil. Johnson was idle when he had nothing to do; but he laboured hard to supply his own wants by instructing the public, and when he had earned more than sufficient for himself, he liberally dispensed his occasional superfluity to those who were in want within the circle of his knowledge. Johnson's whole life was a practical example of the excellent morality which he inculcated upon others; his superstition injured no one, molested no one; it was pardonable as connected with profound and sincere sentiments of religion: his love for the pleasures of the table, was the indirect source of incalculable pleasure and valuable information to his friends. Of Socrates, but little of all this can be said. However, let us proceed to analyze the character, public and private, of this great professor of metaphysical morality among the ancients.

As to his public character, we know that SOCRATES gradually became a professed teacher at Athens, of such of his friends and the youth of that city as were willing to attend to his instructions: he never sought pupils, but taught, it is said, without fee or reward: he attempted, and succeeded in his intention, to draw his hearers from the study of the structure and origin of the universe, and what may be called natural science, and called their attention to the source and principles of morality, and their proper conduct as members of society: *totam philosophiam revocavit ad mores. Senec. Epist. 71.* In this he was very like Dr. Johnson, whose gross ignorance of, and inveterate bigotry on the subject of natural philosophy, are disgracefully left on record by himself in one of the papers of his *Idler*.

In teaching his own opinions, SOCRATES does not appear to have generally pursued the method of regular continued discourse; but he inculcated them as it should seem, by way of dia-

logue with his pupils; a dialogue which he so managed, as to produce the *reductio ad absurdum* from the answers given by his antagonist. This was not difficult for a skilful controversialist like himself to effect; but it was surely a most ungracious method of teaching, inasmuch as the person taught was made to confute himself by the artful management of his teacher. It seems to have been in all cases, rather the triumph of Socrates, than the triumph of truth.

His doctrines on moderation in our desires, in abstinence from enervating pleasures, and from the vice to which the Greeks were particularly prone, are, as they are delivered by Xenophon, such as a prudent man, an elderly man, and a man of the world would naturally wish to inculcate from the impressions of past experience: but the vice in question is no where spoken of in terms of reproach, but treated as one of those in which men in general would be liable to indulge: and in which, as we shall see, Socrates himself indulged without much scruple or remorse.

Socrates seems to have had a military disposition: he volunteered in the army at the battles of Potidæa, Delium, and Amphipolis: he saved the life of Alcibiades, and probably of Xenophon by his valour, and behaved in this respect as became a citizen of a Grecian republic.

In his religious character, though falsely accused of impiety in his practices, he may have thought with the wise, but he acted with the vulgar. He seems to have regarded conformity to the religious rites of his country, a matter of public respect and duty, and he paid it.

Whether for the purpose of enhancing his own importance, or from some superstition really entertained and believed by him, he declared that his conduct was generally dictated by some demon or holy being, Δαίμων, who occasionally warned him by means of a certain divine voice, φωνή, what actions he should avoid, and (as the evidence seems to warrant) what he should pursue. This he persisted in seriously to the time of his death. If this was a superstition founded on his own self-conceit and credulity, we can hardly regard him as a wise man; if it was a fiction to enhance his own character with the public, we cannot consider him as a good man.

His resolute conduct when accused shortly before his death, and his calm disregard of that event, certainly shows that energy of mind and steady courage, which we might expect from a good and a brave man: but it is not a case so uncommon as to call for any extraordinary marks of admiration.

The best parts of his character alone would be portrayed by Xenophon whom he rescued, and by his disciple Plato; but these panegyrists have said enough to destroy the morality of his private character, and to expose the futility and artfulness of his public teaching and doctrines.

Either by Rollin, by Cumberland, by Crawford, or by Linn, all these topics of vituperation have been noticed in treating of the character of Socrates; but I sat down to pen this sketch, for the sake of introducing a fair specimen of his mode of reasoning on one or two important subjects, that such of your readers as may have been led away by the common-place character which the panegyrists of Socrates have given of him, without examining the weak foundation on which his praises have been built, may have an opportunity of judging for themselves. I am well aware that we cannot dispense with the good sense and just taste of many of the ancient authors, but we are too often called on to pay implicit reverence to their grossness and absurdity.

The metaphysics of Socrates, as we should now call them, led him to consider the pleasures of the body as insignificant, and to be renounced for the sake of the mind or soul: that all knowledge obtained in our present state was no more than reminiscence—the recollection of the soul of what had passed in a former state of being: and in consequence he held the pre-existence of the soul, and the doctrine also of Metempsychosis. Hence Socrates is to be considered as the real father of these *platonisms*, which so bewildered many of the Gnostic christians, as well as of the mysticisms in part, of Apuleius, Porphyry, Iamblichus, and Plotinus, and which in latter days were so laboured by Dr. Henry More and his followers in England, on the subject of a pre-existent state. It is not therefore unlikely that the reveries of Socrates, may have had an influence in producing Glanville's collection of witch stories; and even Addison's Drummer or the Haunted House, founded on the fears of Mr. Mompesson and his family, which is given at

length by Glanville. For Glanville's notion of witchcraft was beyond all doubt mainly supported by his coincidence in opinion with Dr. Henry More on the subject of a pre-existent state. If the reality of witchcraft and apparitions could have been defended, they would have been defended by the pen of Glanville, who reasoned with great force.

Socrates certainly gave credit, as we shall see, to the existence of the soul *à parte ante*; he was in doubt about it however, (as it should seem from his address to his judges) *à parte post*. "In death (says he) we either lose all sense of things, or, *as is said*, we go into some other place: and if so, it will be much better, as we shall be out of the power of partial judges, and appear before those who are impartial. * * * Taking his leave of them, he says, I must now depart to die, while you continue in life: but which of these is better, the gods only can tell, for in my opinion no man can know this."

His arguments in favour of a future state, were, 1st, that every thing in nature must be followed by its contrary, as day follows night, vigilance, sleep, &c. so life must follow death. 2d, that we pre-existed, as to our souls, since all knowledge is only reminiscence. 3d, That compound substances only can be separated and destroyed, such as the body is, but the mind is a simple substance. Yet he seems to think with the authors of the Eleusinian Mysteries, that this privilege of living hereafter, belonged only to those who pursued a sound philosophy, who thought and reflected rightly, *εὖθως*, as he had endeavoured to do.

This view of the Socratic tenets, will be justified by the following extract from Plato's famous dialogue entitled *Phædon*. Simmias and Cebes are holding conversation with Socrates previous to his death.

Socrates. "What must we determine, Simmias, concerning these things? Shall we say that to be just is any thing or nothing? I pray we may, says *Simmias*. Are not honour and honesty something? *Socrates*. How? Did you ever see them with your eyes? *Simmias*. No. *Socrates*. Did you ever touch them with any sense of your body? for I speak of every thing, of magnitude, health, strength, and in short of the essence of all other things, that is the substance which every thing has in itself: or is the true nature of

these to be perceived by the body? Does not that man pursue the purest way of investigating every thing, who endeavours to pursue every thing by *thought*, without supporting that thought by seeing, or bringing any other sense to the assistance of his meditation; and who endeavours to trace the pure essence or substance of things, by revolving every thing over by itself in his *mind*, with intense meditation, removed as much as possible from the influence of his eyes, ears, and his whole body? For this disturbs the mind, and prevents it from following truth and wisdom, when it is taken in community with it. * * * So long as we have the body, and our mind is contaminated by such an evil, we shall never pursue properly, what we are so desirous of obtaining, that is truth. But it is demonstrated to us, that if we would understand any thing with purity, we ought to separate ourselves from the body, and contemplate the things themselves in the mind. Then as appears, that will happen which we seek after; all of us who profess ourselves admirers of wisdom will possess it when we are dead, but not while we are living. Then we shall be pure and free from the folly (*apportioning*) of the body, and as is probable with others in the same situation, we shall know from ourselves the essence of every thing. When men have pursued this true path of philosophy, when they are disgusted with the body, and wish to enjoy the soul by itself, would it not be very absurd, if when the time comes for them to leave the body, that they should be afraid and unhappy; and unwilling to go there, where, when they arrive, they hope to enjoy what they have wished for all their lives, for they loved wisdom; that is to be freed from any commerce with the body? Do not many go down to the shades below of their own free will, for the sake of some earthly delight, for their wives or their children, led there by the hope of seeing and conversing with those whom they have loved? But a true lover of wisdom who has thoroughly imbibed this hope, and can never follow it as he ought but in the shades below, will he be displeased and unhappy when dying, or will he not rather willingly go there? These things, O Simmias, I urge in defence of myself; that I should not be unhappy at leaving you, and those who govern here, when I am persuaded I shall neither find worse friends or worse governors than I have found here."

Cebes. "What you have said is right, excepting what you have advanced concerning the soul; for that will obtain very little faith among men who fear that when the soul is separated from the body it will exist no more; but that on the very day a man dies, his soul is dissolved on its separation from the body, and in its very egress becomes dissipated, and vanishes like flame or fire, and becomes nothing ever after. But if it existed any where freed from those evils which you, Socrates, have just now spoken of, there would be great reason to hope that your opinions on this subject are true. But it requires no small force of argument to prove that the soul exists after the body, and possesses knowledge and power."

Socrates. "It is an old opinion that souls when they depart hence, survive in the shades below; that they return here again, and after being dead, revive again. If it be so, that those who have been dead should be brought to life again, is it not a necessary consequence that our souls should be there? Nor would they be revived if they were not there. And the argument would be strong in favour of this opinion, if it appear certainly true that the living become so no otherwise than from the dead. But if that be not the case, another reason will be required."

Cebes. "By all means, nor will you on consideration find that the case is thus in men alone; but we may see it in animals and plants, and in every created thing. Is not every thing begotten by its contrary? For instance, what is becoming is contrary to what is infamous; what is just to what is unjust; and so with many other things. Let us consider if a contrary can be any how formed than from a contrary. Thus, if any thing be made bigger, it must have been previously less. If a thing be less, it was made so from being greater. In like manner the stronger arises from the weaker, and the swifter from the slower. If any thing become worse, is it not so from being better. It is then sufficiently clear, that every thing is thus made, namely, that contrary produces contrary. I say also, that it is one thing to sleep, another to be awake; that watchfulness comes from sleep, and sleep from watchfulness; and so of life and death—does not dying seem contrary to living? Do they not mutually beget each other?"*

* This seems to have been a prevailing opinion in St. Paul's time, who says that the seed sown in the ground must first die before it can live and grow.

Socrates. "As it appears to me, Cebes, these things are so, nor are we deceived in confessing them to be so: for we shall certainly return to life; those who have been dead shall live again, and the souls of the dead shall survive; and there will be a reward for the good, and a punishment for the bad."

Cebes. "This is only a consequence of what I have often heard you say, that all knowledge is but remembrance; the consequence is, that in some precedent time, we must have learnt that which we now remember. But this could not be, if the soul had not existed somewhere else before it lodged in this human shape; and therefore it must have something immortal in it."

Simmias. "But I wish you would recall to my memory, Cebes, what proofs you have of this, for I do not now remember them."

Cebes. "It is proved clearly by our reason. All men, if properly questioned, find out things of themselves which they could not do, if there were not a knowledge of right reason implanted in them. If they are put upon a figure in geometry you will find they have some innate knowledge of it."

Socrates. "If it be not thus made clear to you, Simmias, try whether on considering this view of the matter you will not be of our opinion. You say you can by no means believe, that to learn is nothing but to remember."

Simmias. "I do not disbelieve it, but I am willing to learn what you are speaking of, namely, what it is to remember. I have some idea of it from what Cebes has said, but I wish to hear by what arguments you prove it."

Socrates. "Thus: it is granted that if a man remembers any thing he must have known it before. Is it not conceded likewise, that when a man finds this knowledge, it is remembrance? I say for example, when a man by seeing, hearing, or perceiving any thing, by means of any of the senses, not only knows this, but imagines something else independent of the knowledge thus acquired, do we not properly say he remembers the thing, the idea whereof he has thus received?"

Simmias. "What do you say?"

Socrates. "I say, for example, we know a man by one sort of knowledge, a harp by another. Have you not known it happen to lovers, that when they have seen the harp, garment, or any other thing which their beloved boy has been accustomed to use, that as soon as they have recollected the harp, they form in their minds an image of the boy to whom the harp belongs? This surely is remembrance. In like manner when any one sees Simmias, he thinks of Cebes. A thousand similar instances might be quoted to prove the same thing."

Simmias. "That is true."

Socrates. "Is not this then remembrance? Especially when the things thus remembered have been long forgotten, from being out of sight. Does it not happen that sometimes in seeing the painting of a horse or a harp, it recalls the idea of a man? When we see the picture of Simmias, do we not call to mind Cebes? Does it not happen in all these cases, that recollection arises in the mind partly from similar and partly from dissimilar circumstances?"

Such is a fair specimen of Socrates' best mode of reasoning upon the most important subject of human inquiry. A mode of reasoning so much admired, even by Cicero, that in his first Tusculan disputation he exclaims, *Quid tibi ergo opera nostra opus est? Num eloquentiâ Platonem superare possumus? Evolve diligenter ejus librum qui est de Animo, amplius quod desideres nihil erit:* and afterwards speaking of Plato, he says, *Macte virtute: ego enim ipse cum eodem non invitus erraverim.*

Addison makes Cato exclaim,

Plato! thou reasonest well.

For my part, I confess that this reasoning of Socrates, is of the very flimsiest texture, utterly disgraceful to common sense. And yet among all the sophistical dialogues of this man, which his friend Xenophon has handed down to us, there is hardly one of them, (a few common places on the subject of moderation excepted) that is better, if so good as this discourse; and it would be easy to select passages of exquisite absurdity.

In the public character, then, of Socrates, there is very little indeed to claim our admiration. He may have subjected science to ethics, but his ethics were of a very odd description, and built

upon very sandy foundations in their theory, and his practice was indeed no recommendation of his doctrines.

The physiognomist said that Socrates had the face of a Satyr, and the conduct of this philosopher did not belie the opinion of the physiognomist.

My learned readers, will easily notice in the above translation, a passage that alludes without the slightest reprehension to a vice which the Greeks were particularly addicted to, and the Romans not much less;* and from which this master of morals was by no means free. His quiet easy manner of mentioning the subject in the passage already given, and a similar conversation with Alcibiades in Xenophon's Memorabilia, would be almost proof enough; but he was so notorious on this matter that he was called the Silesius of Alcibiades; and Lucian speaking of that favourite of his, says *ῥωτικός γὰρ ἦ, ὡς τις περ καὶ ὁ Σωκράτης. καὶ ὕπο μίαν Ἀλκιβιάδης αὐτῷ χλαυιδᾷ κλίσθεις, οὐκ ἀπλῆξ ανίς*.

The testimony of Maximus Tyrius, and Herodicus is to the same purpose: and so notorious was it, that Juvenal speaks of it proverbially.

Frontis nulla fides. Quis enim non viciis abundat
Tristibus obscœnis? Castigas turpia cum sis
Inter Socraticos notissima fossa Cinædos?

Not content with indulging this propensity, when the Athenians found their population greatly diminished after one of their mad

* Cicero in speaking of the Greeks, says *Apud eos opprobrium fuit adolecentibus, si amatores non habeant*. See also the ode of Anacreon in which he recommends the painter to employ his art on the figure of Bathyllus. The exclamations and expressions in prose and in verse of Plato respecting Dion, Phædrus, Alexis, Ajathon, and Aster, are absolutely disgusting beyond any thing the English language can furnish, when you consider the subjects as well as the expressions. See also an oration of Eschines in reply to Demosthenes. It is much the fashion among the amateurs of ancient literature and ancient art, to extol the Greeks as the first people in all the qualities of mind that ever lived. For my own part, I hardly know the nation recorded in history, whose dispositions, manners, customs, and conduct, were more detestable, alluding particularly to the Athenians, who were the most panegyriized among them. As to the Romans; it is only necessary to refer to Virgil's Eclogues, to his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, to the accusations of Cato against Cæsar, and the serious recommendation of Juvenal himself. Nonne putas melius, &c.

wars, they gave permission to husbands to marry two wives. Socrates was not slow in taking advantage of the license, and in addition to Xantippe he married Myrta. Is it any wonder that his first and early wife should be disgusted with such a husband, and loudly complain of such conduct? Yet it does not appear that Xantippe was false to his bed, as he was habitually to hers.

The intimate friends and companions of Socrates, Alcibiades, Critias, Eschines, Simon, Cleonymus, and Theorus, were all men notorious for unprincipled ambition and debauchery.

Aspasia, no doubt a handsome and accomplished woman, was the most *noted woman* prostitute of Greece: she was also the mistress of a public brothel: her house was a favourite place of resort to Socrates. But not Aspasia alone attracted this teacher of morality; Xenophon has preserved a very curious flirtation dialogue between Theodasia, another lady of easy virtue, and Socrates; wherein it appears that if there was no further intercourse between them, it was not the fault of either. It is remarkable that the price asked by the lady, was that Socrates should enable her by instruction and otherwise to draw custom to her house. Xenop. Mem. Lib. 3. ch. 11.

Such is the great master of morality among the Greeks. whom the youth of modern days are called to admire. X.

BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE LIFE OF THE LATE LORD KEEPER GUILFORD."

His lordship was originally designed for the profession of the law; and accordingly, after two or three years spent at the university, removed to the Middle Temple, into a moiety of a petit chamber, which his father bought for him. He was admitted in the year —, when old *Chaloner Chute* was treasurer. It was he that some time officiated as speaker to the pseudo-house of commons, and had married the lady Dacres, his lordship's aunt, and so was in the place of an uncle. This Mr. Chute was a man of great wit and stately carriage of himself. I shall mention here

what I have been credibly told as one instance of his loftiness, even while he practised in chancery. It was in short but this. If he had a fancy not to have the fatigue of business, but to pass his time in pleasure after his own humour, he would say to his clerk, *tell the people I will not practice this term*; and was as good as his word: and then no one durst come near him with business. But when his clerks signified he would take business, he was in the same advanced post at the bar, fully reintegrated as before, and his practice nothing shrunk by the discontinuance. I guess that no eminent chancery practiser ever did or will do the like. And it shows a transcendent genius, superior to the slavery of a gainful profession. But, to proceed. When sir *Dudly North*, his lordship's father, carried him to his brother-in-law, then treasurer of the Middle Temple, to be admitted, he treated hard with him about the fine of admission, which is in the treasurer's power to tax; and he may use any one well if he pleaseth. Mr. Treasurer asked sir *Dudley* what he was willing to give; and (the common fine being five pounds) he answered, three pounds ten shillings: which being done, he called for the young man's hat, and swept it all in, and gave it him; and marking the admission *nil*, or nothing, let this, said he, *be a beginning of your getting money here*; where his lordship made good the omen.

How sedulously he applied himself to the study of the law, I need not allege; his performances in the course of his profession, to say nothing of his preferments (though sometimes perhaps owing to good fortune) demonstrate he was not wanting in that application. But it was singular and remarkable in him that, together with the study of the law, which is thought ordinarily to devour the whole studious time of a young gentleman, and, at best, is but an unpolite study, he continued to pursue his inquiries into all ingenious arts, history, humanity and languages. Whereby he became, not only a good lawyer, but, a good historian, politician, mathematician, natural philosopher, and, I must add, musician in perfection. I have heard him say, that if he had not enabled himself by these studies, and particularly his practice of music upon his base or lyra viol (which he used to touch, lute fashion, upon his knees) to divert himself alone, he had never been a lawyer. His mind was so airy and volatile, he could not have kept his

chamber, if he must needs be there staked down purely to the drudgery of the law, whether in study or practice: and yet upon such a leaden proposition, so painful to brisk spirits, all the success of the profession, regularly pursued, depends. And, without acquiring a capacity of making a solitary life agreeable, let no man pretend to success in the law. I have heard his lordship often remember a lesson the citizens used to their apprentices, *keep your shop, and your shop will keep you*, as being no less true of a lawyer with respect to his chamber. But he was far from being a recluse; and, as he loved conversation, so, at fit times, he was abroad with agreeable company, at entertainments, such as the Inns of court gentlemen ordinarily use.

He used constantly the commons in the hall at noons and nights, and fell into the way of putting cases (as they call it) which much improved him; and he was very good at it, being of a ready apprehension, a nice distinguisher, and prompt speaker. He used to say, that no man could be a good lawyer that was not a put-case. Reading goes off with some cloud, but discourse makes all notions limpid and just; for, in speaking, a man is his own auditor, (if he had no others at hand,) to correct himself. Besides, there are diversities of opinions, and contentions in reasoning, which excite thoughts that otherwise never would have risen. And mistakes, almost incredible to the mistaker, being observed, cause a recurrence, for surety, to the authorities, where an inspection convinceth, and withal corrects the faulty assurance some will have in a mere memory.

It was his lordship's practice to common-place as he read. He had no bad memory, but was diffident, and would not trust it. He acquired a very small but legible hand; for where contracting is the main business, it is not well to write as the fashion now is, uncial or semi-uncial letters, to look like pigs' ribs.

Serjeant Maynard, the best old book-lawyer of his time, used to say that the law was *ars bablitiva*; which humoursomely enough declares the advantage that discoursing brings to the students of the law.

He had such a relish of the old lease books, that he carried one in his coach to divert his time in travel and said he chose it before any comedy.

I do not know that his lordship had read over, in course, all the year books; but I verily believe he had despatched the greatest part, and that he began with the book termed Henry VII, which hath some years in the antecedent reigns. That book he used to say was the most useful, or rather necessary, for a student to take early into his hand, and go through with, because he had observed much of the common law, which had fluctuated before, received a settlement in that time; and from thence, as from a copious fountain, it hath been derived, through other authors, to us, and now is in the state of common erudition, or maxims of the law. He thought a lawyer could not be well grounded without a knowledge of these ancient reports: for they were compiled by men solemnly authorized, and not as now, when every ordinary practiser (to say nothing of the late judges, and even their reports have been most taken when they were practisers) published his reports as he pleaseth; and the bookseller procuring an imprimatur, there is no more to be said. And thus the shelves are loaded with reports; all which to read, much more to common-place, is not only labour, but hardly possible to be done. And how erroneous and contradictory, not only to other books, and even in the same cases, but also to themselves, in many instances are most of them? And what student or lawyer ever pretended (ingenuously) to know what was in them all? Or what question can happen that may not be very plausibly argued *pro* and *con* out of them? Or what arguers, on either side, can now want a case in point (as they value themselves) to conclude with?

Thus it is become almost necessary to make a pandect of law, by establishing the authority of single points that are clear, suppressing all the rest; and thereby purge out all inconsistencies, contradictions, and dubitations; which being once done, the law learning may have more credit, and not be called soft wax. But, to return to the year books. It is obvious what deference ought to be had to them, more than to the modern reports; for, passing by the very short and material rendering the sense of the pleadings and of the court, it must be observed, that the whole cause, as well the special pleadings as the debates of the law thereupon, was transacted orally at the bar, and the prothonotaries, *ex officio*, afterwards made up the records in Latin. And the court

often condescended to discourse with the serjeants about the discretion of their pleas, and the consequences, with respect to their clients. And the court did all they could to prevent errors and oversights. And reason good; for else their records must go up to the *king's bench* to be canvassed for error, which they did not desire should be. And these transactions, faithfully reported, was anciently a code of the common law, which the courts deferred very much to, and the practisers had by heart. But, now, the pleadings are all dilated in paper, and so pass the offices, and the court knows nothing of much the greater part of the business that passeth through it: and when causes, which they call real, come on, and require counting, and pleading at the bar, it is done for form, and unintelligibly; and, whatever the serjeant mumbles, it is the paper book that is the text: and the court as little meddles with, as minds, what is done of that sort at the bar; but the questions that arise, are considered upon paper book. All the rest of the business of the court is wrangling about process and amendments, whereof the latter had been mostly prevented, if the court (as formerly) had considered the first acts of the cause at the bar, when offered by the serjeants. And this way also, the skill of pleading lies not in a student's notice, for him to gather up together with the law part of the case; but he must read over records and entries, a discipline that would split a brisk gentleman, by making a jade of his patience. And really forms are better understood and learned by writing than by reading; for that exercise allows time: which consideration hath made clerkship so recommendable to beginners, that most enter the profession of the law that way. It was not moroseness, but reason, that inclined his lordship to deal so much as he did with the year books; and however, at present, that sort of reading is obsolete and despised, I guess there will not be found a truly learned, judicious, common lawyer, without it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAY PREACHER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

“I will awake early.”

IN the writings of the son of Alpheus, who, from the humble employment of receiving the customs in Capernaum, was

"bidden" to a seat at the table of his Lord, we read of a certain man—"an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard." I wish to excite the attention of my young readers to the fact which is announced in the very threshold of this narrative, that this wary husbandman, "went out *early in the morning*." It was not sufficient for him that he awoke early: if he had remained on his couch his business would have been neglected, and he might have fallen a prey, like David, to the machinations of the devil;—while he was enjoying a little more sleep and a little more slumber. He was aware of the danger of wasting his time in fruitless colloquies with the siren that waylays the footsteps of industry. He was, no doubt, not insensible to the seductions of indolence, but he also knew the value of time. He did not close his shutters and tell the sun how hateful were his beams: but he arose at the first summons, and "went out early" to the market place, in search of labourers. If he had allowed his bed to detain him until the eleventh hour, as is the custom of some, it is probable that he would not long have been master of a vineyard. He might have dozed away a life of sloth and obscurity. He never would have been selected as the subject of a parable, unless it had been to illustrate the pernicious consequences of inactivity and indulgence.

He who habitually turns a deaf ear to the matin cry of the cock, and will not arise, like the associate of Johnson, to brush the healthful dews of morn, must expect briars and thorns to come up, where he had been too lazy to dig or to prune. In vain may he expect to press sweet grapes from his vineyards, and welcome the sons of mirth with goblets of delicious wine. In fond anticipation he may erect castles in the air, and look forward with eagerness to the nights, the *noctes cœnaque*, when the harp and the viol, the tabret, the pipe and the wine shall be in his feasts. But his hopes will be mocked by acidity and bitterness: verily, his clusters will be sour grapes. Though his vineyard be on the most fruitful hill, and well fenced, and the stones gathered out of it; and even if it be planted with the choicest vines, yet when the nipping blasts of winter arrive, he shall find his fairest prospects blighted, if he have not arisen "early in the morning," when the vernal season offered her richest treasures to lure him from the lap of indulgence.

Proceeding with our narrative, we find that the householder was not disappointed in his expectations. At the market place he found a number of labourers, with whom he agreed for a penny a day, and they immediately entered into his vineyard to earn their hire. It does not appear that they were watched by the eye of the master, or stimulated to exertion by the stripes of an overseer. The parties had "agreed," and in those days, it would seem that each was willing to fulfil his stipulations. For we find the householder leaving his labourers, and strolling into the market place again, at divers times; at the third, the sixth, the ninth, and even as late as the eleventh hours. At each of these visits, he finds other labourers, whom he accosts, in the important interrogation, "why stand ye here all the day *idle*?" He is answered with what was probably a very good reason. No man, they say, had hired them. But if these lazy Judeans had been up and stirring like their more industrious fellows, they might have found employment and food and wages at an earlier hour. The even of the day was coming on, and they had earned nothing to satisfy the cravings of appetite, nor had they provided a place where to repose their heedless heads. Fortunately however, for them, the inquiry was not the result of idle curiosity, nor was it the rude remonstrance of an unfeeling parish officer. From the lateness of the hour and the foresight by which the householder is distinguished, it is not probable that he wanted more men in his fields. But he knew what mischiefs arise from idleness, and his humanity appealed to him in behalf of these improvident vintagers. He sent them also into his vineyard to dress his vines, and promised to reward their toil, like a liberal and an honest man, with what was "right."

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, call the labourers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last to the first. And when they came who were hired at the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; but they likewise received every man a penny. Then they murmured against the *good man of the house*, on account of this adjustment of claims, so different in their merits. But he silenced the clamours of these querulous vintagers, by reminding them of

“the bond,” and by insisting on his right to do what he would with his own.

If we were to take the story as it stands, without regard to the important doctrine which is intended to be conveyed, we should be inclined to unite with the industrious labourers, who had borne “the heat and burthen of the day.” We should protest against that despotic spirit which is too often exercised by the pampered hand of opulence on the sons of indigence. We should indeed complain, that the idler who had come in at the eleventh hour, should have received likewise his penny. But let none of my readers be deceived by this metaphorical liquidation of accounts. They will not find many householders who are willing to requite with the same measure the exertions of an hour, and the toils of a day. Simple as is this tale, there is deep matter shadowed forth in it. But “I am no legate from the skies,” and should proceed with “stammering lips,” if I were to presume to unfold the sacred lesson which this parable is intended to convey.

In the ordinary transactions of life, it will be found that those who have been in the habit of standing idle until the eleventh hour, never make more than feeble and desultory efforts. Their knowledge, like that of the unfortunate Savage, becomes useless, their wit ridiculous, and their genius contemptible. Method and order refuse to regulate their concerns. Prudence withholds her salutary lessons, and Friendship herself is compelled to pass by, like the Levite, on the other side of the way. In the language of Holy Writ, they wander up and down and envy the clear unruffled brow of the industrious and the temperate. Like the younger Littleton, they have the resolution to make good resolutions, but they can go no further. The voice of ambition loses its wonted powers: in vain does fame point to those of whom report speaks golden things; and they are even willing at last to believe, with the shepherd in Virgil, that love dwells only among the rocks.

Such is the dominion, and so powerful is the influence of idleness. Therefore, my young brethren, let us all remember how frequently and how fervently we are exhorted in the sacred writings to the most unwearied diligence, and the useful employment of every hour. The hand of the diligent maketh rich, says the

royal preacher; and it is related of one of his officers, that when Solomon saw he was *industrious*, he made him a ruler. The person who was thus distinguished by the discernment of his king, and rioted in the munificence of royal regard, was called Jeroboam, and he is signalized in sacred story as a mighty man of valour. But it was not the force and dexterity with which he threw the spear that attracted the favour of his sovereign: he was enrolled in the legion of honour and decorated with the order of merit, because, in the simple phrase of the Hebrew idiom, *he did work*.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To introduce a reader into the midst of a discourse, or argument, is but to appeal to his credulity; unless he has already possessed a knowledge of the subject, and is prepared for the conclusion. This paper is to be devoted to a conjecture upon the probable interpretation of a part of the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The things there affirmed will be no more credible to those of your readers, who have never examined the authority of the book, from which they are to be derived, than the idle stories which you lately told and ridiculed concerning ghosts. The resurrection of dead bodies, which we imagine was the subject treated of, from the nineteenth verse to the twenty-third, is perhaps capable of proof but in two ways, either by matter of fact, or the word of the Deity himself. We cautiously use the word *perhaps*, because chymists, physiologists, and physicians now vie with each other in their numerous lectures on animal life; and from their boasted, but sparingly proved, success in resuscitating cold-blooded animals, they seem to entertain the hope of discovering some gas, not yet denominated the original *breath of life*, which shall stimulate the dead carcass to the exercise of vital functions.

The writer of the letter to the Romans, goes upon the supposition, that his readers had heard, weighed, and believed the evidence of the resurrection of Christ, a conviction rarely deemed important to the modern readers of his writings. Building upon

the hypothesis of the possibility of raising the dead, he aims to convince them, that after their persecutions, their bodies, which have suffered, shall be raised also to like honour.

This appears from his expressions "*revealed in us*;" (ver. 18)—"*delivered from the bondage of corruption*;" (ver. 21) and "*the redemption of the body*," ver. 23. It is also deducible from the word, which our translators have rendered *creature* in ver. 19, 20, 21, and *creation* in ver. 22. *Kτίσις* is sometimes used to express the *human race*, but imports that which is *created*; and so, even more fitly expresses the *animal nature* of man, than his whole person. The term translated *earnest expectation*, radically denoting *the reaching up of the head*, well represents the eagerness of sensitive nature after higher gratifications.

As the division into verses rests upon no authority, and is sometimes an obstruction to the clear discovery of the sense, we may, as many have done, take the words *in hope* out of verse 20. and place them in that which follows, and consider the residue of ver. 20. as a parenthesis, which may be omitted, being merely incidental, and exegetical.

The word *ἵνα* which follows *in hope*, does not always denote that the reason of that, which has been asserted, is immediately to follow; it is used also as an introduction to something explanatory, or declarative. Thus it is twice rendered by the conjunction *that* in ch. x. ver. 9—"the word of faith, which we preach, *that* if thou shalt confess," &c—"and shalt believe in thy heart, *that* God hath raised," &c. In like manner it may be rendered in this passage, *in hope, that, &c.*

Upon these principles the passage may be thus understood:

Ver. 19. *For the earnest expectation of the creature, the coveting, but disappointed appetite of the animal nature in man, which has never found a happiness in cloying gratifications, commensurate with its desires, waiteth, looks in anxious expectation, for the manifestation of the sons of God, for more happy circumstances, when it shall be raised incorruptible, and immortal, a joint-heir (ver. 17.) in glory with Christ.*

21. It waiteth *in* what may be denominated by analogy to mental action, a *hope that the creature itself*, that the animal or corporeal part of the saint, *also*, as well as the soul, which is

more immediately the subject of renovating grace, *shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption*, from its subjugation to sense, and from the chains of death, *into the glorious liberty of the children of God*, into the possession of the liberties, and privileges of that state, which awaits the redeemed in glory.

20. *For* this argument receives additional weight from the circumstance, that *the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly*; that this vain, and illusory pursuit of happiness from sensible objects, did not spring from the culpable desire of the animal appetite for prohibited food, *but* from that pride of knowledge, which was peculiar to the mind; so that the animal part of man, being a constituent of his whole person, who represented the human race, was abandoned to the vain pursuit of happiness from sense, *by reason of him, who hath subjected it*; by the guilt of that man, who thus ruined the stock; or by the righteous judgment of the Creator, who had suspended human happiness upon the condition of the allegiance of the parental head.

22. The redemption of the body receives also additional probability from our bodily sufferings; *for we*, who have been enlightened by evangelical instruction, *know*, by reflecting on our past, as well as our present experience, and by observations made on others, *that the whole creation*, the whole of animal nature in the unrenewed of all nations, and ages, *groaneth together*, is subjected, without exception, to natural evils; *and travaileth in pain together until now*; instead of the happiness expected from gratification, the appetite is cloyed, or rendered insatiable; and disappointment, and sensations the most acutely painful, succeed.

23. *And not only* do the mortal bodies of the unrenewed of all nations, and ages, thus suffer natural, from the introduction of moral evil, both for its prevention and punishment; *but ourselves also, who have the first fruits of the spirit*, who by spiritual regeneration, an earnest, or pledge of future glory, are enabled to believe, know, love, and rejoice in revealed truth, *even we ourselves*, who enjoy important consolations, which are not known to others, do nevertheless *groan within ourselves*, sigh over miseries arising from bodily pains, remaining sensuality, and disappointed expectations; and are *waiting for the adoption*, not that, which was before spoken of in ver. 16. whereby we are received, even in

this life, into the number of the spiritual seed, and made heirs of covenant blessings; but for *the redemption of our body*, the total and final emancipation of our animal part from all subjugation to sensual appetites, and for a deliverance from all miseries incident to our bodily state by reason of sin, and from death; when these bodies, after they shall have sunk dishonourably, for guilt, into the silent and loathsome grave, shall be raised, spiritual, incorruptible, and immortal.

W.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Oh lud! yes, sir;—the number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves, is very small indeed.

SHERIDAN'S CRITIC.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC SONGS, consisting of all the songs, duets, trios, and choruses, in character, as introduced by him in his various dramas. The whole accompanied with a general introduction of the subject, and explanatory remarks on each play. By William Linley, esq.

THE general object and design of the present work will be approved by every genuine admirer of the beauties of Shakspeare. Long since, we felt, that an embodied collection of the various charming compositions, applied by our best masters to the dramatic lyrics of "Nature's sweetest child," was a desideratum in music, and that the appearance of such a work would prove as acceptable to the public, as the task of its formation would be gratifying and honourable to the compiler.

Mr. L. in his ingenious and well studied introduction, observes, that "the public is not in possession of any regular series of the characteristic songs in his (Shakspeare's) plays; and although these songs, as they occur, may originally have been sung either to tunes composed expressly for the occasion, or adapted to the popular airs of the day; yet it would be in vain to search for them, so as to be certain of their authenticity; and if the labour of search were even to be crowned with success, the music would be received merely as a curiosity; it could not, in the pre-

sent day, be so shaped as to be rendered palatable to a refined ear." These reasons, offered in defence of not going back any further than the time of Purcell, in search of the musical illustrations of Shakspeare are solid; for the melodies of even Blow, the master of the British Orpheus, are too quaint and crude to gratify the ears of modern amateurs; and would, to our delicate and exalted taste, ill amalgamate with that tender sweetness and premature polish of the bard of Avon, that will ever be fresh, ever modern, ever wear the dewy beauty of the morning; because nature, that is ever young, inspired both his thoughts and his expressions, and left nothing to advancing art. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank," might have been written yesterday, did a genius exist adequate to the exquisite conception.

The music now under review, appertains to the following plays: *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour Lost*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Of the explanatory remarks and introduction to the speech or dialogue, leading to each song, duet, &c. &c. we entirely approve. They animate the statue before us, give reality to the subject, application to the melodies, and to the personages "a local habitation and a name." All the original compositions of this work are from the pen of the editor; and if he has not uniformly displayed a beauty of conception and mastery of construction, perfectly consonant with the high excellencies of "Come unto these yellow sands;" by Purcell;—"No more Dams;" by Mr. John Smith;—"When that I was," by Fielding;—"Where the Bee sucks;" by Dr. Arne;—"Hand in Hand;" by Dr. Cooke;—"While you do snoring lie;" by Mr. Thomas Linley; and, "Ye spotted snakes;" by Mr. R. I. S. Stevens; his efforts make, at least, a respectable approach to the merits he has imitated, and by no means disgrace the illustrious assemblage.

In the accompaniments which form a distinct and important part of the present undertaking, Mr. Linley has evinced his adequacy to a very delicate and arduous task. They are for the most part chaste, judicious, and characteristic. Nothing assuming, nothing predominating, obtrudes itself upon the ear, to the obscuration and injury of the original matter; if the original com-

poser was but accessory to the impression aimed at by the author, Mr. L. is subservient to the meaning of the composer. In a word, we trace a modest study to preserve that subordination, and keep that respectful distance which reflects honour upon the judgment of the accompanist, when administering at the altar of exalted and original genius. *Monthly Mag.*

Memorial of the Citizens of New York in favour of a Canal Navigation between the great Western Lakes and the tide-waters of the Hudson. New York, 1816. Pamphlet of 18 pages, 8vo.

THIS memorial is said to have been drawn up by Mr. De Witt Clinton. It is worth notice on account of its author, the subject, and the manner in which it is treated.

Mr. Clinton is usually considered as a prominent political character; as one whom the violent adherents of each of our great political parties think very little of; but whom the moderate of both parties seem to regard with no common estimation. If Mr. Clinton be indeed a party man, we may venture to prophecy he will never be a very formidable one. A politician who wastes his time and employs his pen in raising up benevolent institutions, in combating public prejudices, in establishing societies for the promotion of science, and in bringing before the public, schemes of internal improvement,—such a man may be a very good and meritorious citizen, but he will never succeed as a politician. For this purpose he must institute and frequent assemblies of a very different character; and instead of navigating the quiet, unpretending, but useful canal—which diffuses intercourse, comfort, plenty, and wealth through every part of the country which it intersects, he must delight in braving the storms, and riding upon the waves of the tempestuous sea of liberty! where real utility is sure to be overwhelmed, and the rudder is ever managed by promise and pretension.

Mr. Clinton begins by general views of the advantages of canal navigation:

The improvement of the means of intercourse between different parts of the same country, has always been considered the first duty and the most noble employment of government. If it be important that the inhabitants of the same country should be bound together by a community of interests, and a reciproca-

tion of benefits; that agriculture should find a sale for its productions; manufactures a vent for their fabrics; and commerce a market for its commodities; it is your incumbent duty, to open, facilitate, and improve internal navigation. The pre-eminent advantages of canals have been established by the unerring test of experience. They unite cheapness, celerity, certainty, and safety, in the transportation of commodities. It is calculated that the expense of transporting on a canal, amounts to one cent a ton per mile, or one dollar a ton for one hundred miles; while the usual cost by land conveyance, is one dollar and sixty cents per hundred weight, or thirty-two dollars a ton for the same distance. The celerity and certainty of this mode of transportation are evident. A loaded boat can be towed by one or two horses at the rate of thirty miles a day. Hence, the seller or buyer can calculate with sufficient precision on his sales or purchases, the period of their arrival, the amount of their avails, and the extent of their value. A vessel on a canal is independent of winds, tides, and currents, and is not exposed to the delays attending conveyances by land: and with regard to safety, there can be no competition. The injuries to which commodities are exposed when transported by land, and the dangers to which they are liable when conveyed by natural waters, are rarely experienced on canals. In the latter way, comparatively speaking, no waste is incurred, no risk is encountered, and no insurance is required. Hence, it follows, that canals operate upon the general interests of society, in the same way that machines for saving labour do in manufactures; they enable the farmer, the mechanic, and the merchant, to convey their commodities to market, and to receive a return at least thirty times cheaper than by roads. As to all the purposes of beneficial communication, they diminish the distance between places, and therefore encourage the cultivation of the most extensive and remote parts of the country. They create new sources of internal trade, and augment the old channels, for the more cheap the transportation, the more expanded will be its operation, and the greater the mass of the products of the country for sale, the greater will be the commercial exchange of returning merchandise, and the greater the encouragement to manufacturers, by the increased economy and comfort of living, together with the cheapness and abundance of raw materials; and canals are consequently advantageous to towns and villages, by destroying the monopoly of the adjacent country, and advantageous to the whole country; for though some rival commodities may be introduced into the old markets, yet many new markets will be opened by increasing population, enlarging old and erecting new towns, augmenting individual and aggregate wealth, and extending foreign commerce.

The prosperity of ancient Egypt, and China, may in a great degree be attributed to their inland navigation. With little foreign commerce, the former of those countries, by these means attained, and the latter possesses, a population and opulence in proportion to their extent, unequalled in any other. And England and Holland, the most commercial nations of modern times, deprived of their canals, would lose the most prolific sources of their prosperity and greatness. Inland navigation is in fact to the same community what exterior naviga-

tion is to the great family of mankind. As the ocean connects the nations of the earth, by the ties of commerce, and the benefits of communication, so do lakes, rivers, and canals operate upon the inhabitants of the same country: and it has been well observed, that "were we to make the supposition of two states, the one having all its cities, towns, and villages, upon navigable rivers and canals, and having an easy communication with each other; the other possessing the common conveyance of land carriage, and supposing both states to be equal as to soil, climate, and industry; commodities and manufactures in the former state might be furnished thirty per cent cheaper than in the latter; or in other words, the first state would be a third richer and more affluent than the other." These general arguments in favour of inland navigation, apply with peculiar force to the United States.

A geographical view of the country will at once demonstrate the unexampled prosperity that will arise from our cultivating the advantages which Nature has dispensed with so liberal a hand. A great chain of mountains passes through the United States, and divides them into eastern and western America. In various places, rivers break through those mountains, and are finally discharged into the ocean. To the west, there is a collection of inland lakes, exceeding, in its aggregate extent, some of the most celebrated seas of the old world. Atlantic America, on account of the priority of its settlement, its vicinity to the ocean, and its favourable position for commerce, has many advantages. The western country, however, has a decided superiority in the fertility of its soil, the benignity of its climate, and the extent of its territory. To connect these great sections by inland navigation, to unite our Mediterranean seas with the ocean, is evidently an object of the first importance to the general prosperity.

The passage thus extracted, applies not to New York state in particular, but in its views and principles to every state in the union, and to the federal government in particular: a government which, by whomsoever guided, seems hitherto to have devoted the whole of its time and exertions to the purposes of party, and to the utter exclusion of every plan of public improvement. An inland navigation may be made almost from Maine to Georgia; by which an internal intercourse of incalculable benefit could be maintained in time of war, that might set the naval superiority of our foes at defiance; and yet not a step is moved toward this most important object! Even the trifling canal between the Chesapeake and the Delaware—so easily, so cheaply to be accomplished—a canal so desirable to the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland—a canal that promises such manifest utility in time of war—which might be made at less than the expense which the nation is put to by the vexatious time-consumers of a single congress,—has been

proposed and urged year after year, with no other effect than to weary the patriot as well as the politician. In good truth, these things make a real friend to his country sick at heart, when he sees the government uniformly swayed by this stamp of politicians; who, whether federal or anti-federal, cannot look with pleasure for an instant at any but party prospects. We need not go to China for examples of national benefit derived from a canal system; we may find authorities better known, and less equivocal. Why travel further than the states of Holland, and the empire of Great Britain?—the most considerate, and the wisest, of the civilized nations; at least so far as relates to prosperity derived from internal improvement! We are glad enough to admire the bold, persevering, successful politics of the British cabinet—we import, we purchase, we praise, we imitate, even the very trash of English literature, in exclusion to our own: her statesmen, her philosophers, her historians, her moralists, her poets, are the constant themes of our panegyric, and the exclusive objects of our imitation. Yet are the vast internal improvements of that wonderful country, which have raised her to this proud pre-eminence among nations, to us, almost unnoticed as though they were unknown!

The memorial proceeds to point out the importance of the Hudson river, with which the proposed canal would be connected, to the old settled parts of the state of New York. The author next adverts to the pretensions of the cities of Montreal and New Orleans, the only rivals of New York, in this great object of securing the western trade; and his statements demonstrate that this canal would put all competition at defiance. Admitting that they should not be able to monopolize this immense trade, there is no manner of doubt, but that the city of New York would “engross more than sufficient to render her the greatest commercial city in the world. The whole line of canal will exhibit boats loaded with flour, pork, beef, pot and pearl ashes, flaxseed, wheat, barley, corn, hemp, wool, flax, iron, lead, copper, salt, gypsum, coal, tar, fur, peltry, ginseng, bees-wax, cheese, butter, lard, staves, lumber, and the other valuable productions of our country; and also, with merchandise from all parts of the world. Great manufacturing establishments will spring up; agriculture will establish its granaries, and comierce its warehouses in all directions. Vil-

lages, towns, and cities will line the banks of the canal, and the shores of the Hudson from Erie to New York. 'The wilderness and the solitary place will become glad, and the desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose.' "

The author replies most conclusively to the objections against the practicability of cutting the canal, and enters into minute calculations, in order to show that the means of the state are amply sufficient. These it would be impossible to abridge, and we cannot copy the whole. We have barely room for one more extract, which we accompany with our cordial wishes for the success of an honourable enterprise.

It may be confidently asserted, that this canal, as to the extent of its route, as to the countries which it connects, and as to the consequences which it will produce, is without a parallel in the history of mankind. The union of the Baltic and the Euxine; of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; of the Euxine and the Caspian, and of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, has been projected or executed by the chiefs of powerful monarchies; and the splendour of the design, has always attracted the admiration of the world. It remains for a free state to create a new era in history, and to erect a work more stupendous, more magnificent, and more beneficial than has hitherto been achieved by the human race. Character is as important to nations as to individuals, and the glory of a republic, founded on the promotion of the general good, is the common property of all its citizens.

It is not commonly known, indeed we have not heard or seen it remarked, that the first impulse given to canal navigation, was in that very singular novel, the *Fool of Quality*: a novel which for strangeness of character and incident, ranks with the memoirs of John Bunce, junior; being more entertaining also, though less learned. The *Fool of Quality*, which contains some of the best models of character and manners of the higher circles of society, elegantly and faithfully portrayed—which contains a panegyric exposition of the English constitution, much neater and better than De Lolme's—which has allegorized some of the plays of children on principles of civil liberty with a neatness and skill seldom seen in novel writers—which contains the fullest, the fairest, the most faithful delineation of religious mysticism, including that of Whitfield and Wesley, as well as of Kempis, Bourignon, and Guion,—contains also a recommendation of canal navigation, which was unique at the time it was penned.

The first practical canal-maker on a large scale in England, was the duke of Bridgewater: who, with the aid of excellent superintendants, such as Brindley, and John Gilbert, of Worsley, may be considered as the greatest benefactor to his country of that time: not even forgetting that Watt, Bolton, Wedgewood, and Arkwright were his cotemporaries. Since that period, the system has been pursued in England with an activity and perseverance worthy of the object. The system of canals in that country, has directly or indirectly accelerated every internal improvement, and encouraged and aided every manufacture without one exception. It has promoted the introduction, throughout the whole kingdom, of labour-saving machinery, by reducing the price of carriage of heavy articles, and bringing home coals to the door of the manufacturer. So much has this canal system, by promoting machinery, enabled the government to fill its armies and navies, and to pay also its soldiers and its sailors, that it may be safely averred, if the duke of Bridgewater had never lived, lord Wellington would never have gained the battle of Waterloo.

Addition to Wood's continuation of Dr. Goldsmith's History of England: containing a summary of events from the peace of Amiens to that of Ghent. By a member of the "Massachusetts Historical Society." Boston: Chester Stebbins, 1815.

It may be affirmed of political writing generally, and of that species in particular which we denominate history, that its chance of immortality or oblivion is very much proportioned to its restraint or indulgence of the spirit of party. Those venomous or violent attacks on men or measures which attain extensive popularity among contemporaries, agitated by the same passions, and united by the same interests, have yet been doomed, by the just retribution of impartial posterity, to the long forgetfulness which they merit. A writer of history would do well to anticipate such an award—to divest himself, as far as possible, of local partiality or prejudice; to endeavour at viewing passing events as he would probably view them were he to return to earth a century after; and thus discipline himself to dwell little on matters of temporary interest, but principally on those which are general and permanent. The political writings of Bolingbroke, though the leader of a party, are indebted for their continuance in value to their exhibit-

ing principles of continual application. The mysterious author of the Letters of Junius also, has rested his claims to literary iongevity solely on merits, that will survive the vulgar eclat excited by the audacity of his letter to the king, or the personality of his attack on the first peer of the realm. We pity, therefore, not less than we condemn the party-historian, since the crime contains its own punishment; and we desire, though we despair, for politics, like a late divine for theology, a perfectly unbiassed writer. Dr. Campbell has conceded, that, could an ingenuous infidel be found, he would prove the fittest translator of scripture, since he would be free alike from all the systems that have been raised on it. Nearly equally a desideratum in political literature is a work which should be scrupulously faithful in its narration of events, without admitting any mixture of prejudice in its speculations on their causes or effects. Some honourable exceptions, however, might be mentioned—among them the biography of Fox, by Mr. Walpole, has been cited with encomium as holding the balance between the parties in opposition with so steady a hand as to leave it doubtful to which side the writer inclined. A very different character is exhibited by the author of the article that has given rise to these reflections; yet had he been an Englishman, its defects might have passed without animadversion, and something been pardoned to the spirit of patriotism. But being an American, as an American, must his sins of omission and commission be judged; and of the "Summary, by a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society," we believe those of different political interests have, for the honour of our country, but one opinion, and that, disapprobation. Did we graduate the collective talents of the society by the individual scale here offered, we should not be without our apprehensions; but we recollect the meritorious labours of Belknap and of Minot, and rest on some living worthies who are fully capable of redeeming its reputation.

A disposition to elevate the British and to depreciate the American administration, both equally unnecessary and indecorous, with a proneness to exaggerate, if possible, even French enormities, are the general characteristics of the article; and we have rarely met so much narrowness of view and disingenuousness of detail. The phrase "*unnatural war*," as applied to our recent

contest with Great Britain, though well enough adapted for a catch-word in gazette declamation, from which it is borrowed, is altogether indefensible in the mouth of a rhetorician. If it ever had any applicability, it was at the period when, as colonists, we raised our arm against the mother country; at present, it is too absurd to merit refutation. War with England is now not more "unnatural" than any other war; nor more abhorrent to the feelings than is all war, with any country. With equal if not greater propriety, might the present auspicious peace of England with France be called "unnatural," since it is between those who have been proverbially designated as *natural enemies*. A similar adoption of cant phraseology occurs in relating the insurrection in Ireland, which we find denominated a "horrid plot." For ourselves, we confess we see nothing horrid in this plot but the tragical fate of its abettors. The effort the Irish made was unsuccessful, and is stigmatized as rebellion; had it succeeded, it would have been celebrated as revolution. But whatever an Englishman might express on the occasion, it ill becomes us, so recently signalized by a struggle for independence similar in all but the result, to censure the Irish for being restless under a yoke, which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. Their lot indeed is even harder—inasmuch as the slavery of mind is more humbling than even our chains of colonial dependence. Our religious freedom—that boon for which our ancestors chiefly migrated—was not withheld from us. With the Irish, on the contrary—but we will spare ourselves the painful and needless task of detailing oppressions which every one knows, and can only express our fervent hope that the great cause of the general liberties and security of Europe, on which so much is said, and we hope so much is felt, may prosper in this particular part of it; that the British charity, which extends so far abroad, may end, if it does not begin at home; that the truly Catholic cause which has employed the lives and exhausted the labours of such men as Curran and Grattan, and Burke, may be crowned with final, though late success; and Ireland yet become proverbial for its freedom, as it has long been for its bravery and eloquence! We have indulged ourselves in dilating on these sentiments, as well from the peculiar gracelessness of any dissent from them on the part of an American, as because the writer of the Summary seems to think the "conscientious scruple" of his majesty respecting

the coronation-oath, entitled to commendation rather than contempt. His majesty should have paused, as did his illustrious predecessor, William 3d, in those memorable words—"I take no oath that obliges me to be a persecutor"—at a time, too, when more was to be apprehended from the excesses of religious toleration, than at the present enlightened era. The writer congratulates the world—and we cordially concur with him—on the recent abolition of the slave-trade in England; but has he not heard that similar conscientious "scruples" may have retarded the African as well as Catholic emancipation? I has been publicly asserted in one of the respectable literary journals of Great Britain, that the continuance of this traffic so long, against so many and strenuous exertions, was greatly owing to the countenance it "*notoriously*" received from the royal family.

In regard to the dismissal of the English minister, Mr. Jackson, a subject which our author has discussed pretty freely, it has long ceased to excite the interest which it required, originally, from existing circumstances. We shall therefore content ourselves with observing only, that if that gentleman ever did indulge in those strictures on the American government which this writer imputes to him, we believe, if tried by a jury of his peers, all diplomatic men would agree that such strictures, if not good ground for his dismissal from office, were at least good proof of his unfitness for it. No man should be intrusted with the delicate commission of conciliating the differences between two nations, who has not sufficient of common prudence or common courtesy, to refrain from calumniating the host who entertains him.

A like deficiency in patriotism, not so easily excused, and implicating the fidelity of the historian, not less than the good feeling of the citizen, occurs in the mention of our victory under commodore Perry. We find it stated merely, that in the current year, "*the Americans had the ascendancy on Lake Erie.*" Such is the frigid brevity, the more remarkable as contrasted with his usual manner; such, it would appear, the studied terms, in which this writer has seen fit to notice this important and interesting action. The future reader of this Summary, if any such arise, who should be unfortunate enough to have no other source of information, would remain entirely ignorant of the details of the battle; wha

ther the forces engaged were equal, and if not, which the superior; what were the names of the commanders; whether the victory was disgraced by inhumanity, or the reverse; and if he be a European, who judges of our lakes only from comparing them with his own pigmy streams, he will probably be tempted to set down the "ascendancy on Lake Erie" as a mere piece of pond-fighting, totally unworthy the notice of the historian. From the profession of which the presumed author is a member, we should have imputed his reserve in this instance to a professional disgust, —a revolting of principle,—at the minutia of naval warfare, and the details of human destruction. But we find him recovering his fluency of narration when the subject is lord Nelson, for a commander, and the victory is that of Trafalgar. We have here the number of vessels opposed—their relative weight of metal—the titles of their leaders—the sinking, the slaughter; in short, all the particulars that an amateur could desire. We cannot compliment the historian on his taste in selecting subjects for eulogy; for, with all possible respect for the past naval renown of his lordship, we must think—national predilection apart—that our own modest and blameless hero, *sans peur, sans reproche*, presents on the whole, a character quite as suitable for the panegyric of a Christian and a clergyman.

After the Lake Erie account, we are the less surprised at the misstatement respecting the disorders at York, which are, most ignorantly or most perversely, imputed to the Americans.*

Among the omissions, we noticed a total silence in regard to the late general Miranda, or the connexion said to have been formed by the English cabinet, with the designs of that extraordinary and ill-fated adventurer.

The excesses of the French at Hamburgh and St. Domingo are stated with deserved reprobation; but our "Griffith" does not prove himself "an honest chronicler," while those of the British escape notice or animadversion. In the former, who from "men of honour and cavaliers," have sunk into a nation of banditti, bred from infancy in the license of a camp, and headed by a leader as lawless as themselves,—we expect atrocity as so natural a conse-

* The author of the "Summary" has since acknowledged and apologized for this mistake.

quence, that at least our horror is not exaggerated by surprise. Not so with the bombardment of Copenhagen, which we think susceptible of a deeper and darker colouring than that which is given by the flattering pencil of our author; and the memorable sack of San Sebastian, under the very eye of the British commanders, has left a stain on the brilliant escutcheons of Wellington and Graham as indelible as the ravages in the Palatinate on that of Turrenne.

We should have preferred the encomium on general Hamilton to have been more free from allusion to any peculiarities in his private conduct. Such investigation might be essential to the business of biography; but for the purposes of history it is sufficient that, as a public man, general Hamilton was an honour to his country, and one whom his country should delight to honour. The parallel between him and Mr. Pitt appears to us by no means felicitous, since their characters seem rather subjects for contrast than comparison. This is not the place to inquire into the merits of the late Premier; whether he were indeed the transcendent statesman, as some have considered him, or whether only entitled to the emphatic character given by no inferior or incurious observer, of being only "the sublimity of mediocrity."* But we think it inadequate to the merits of our countryman to liken him with one, however eloquent as a speaker, who was unknown as a writer; who is therefore dependent for present fame on the recollection of cotemporaries, and can be known to posterity only by tradition, as one among the eminent ministers of England. Hamilton, on the contrary, is to be ranked rather with Bolingbroke and Burke, men who scorned to bound their fame by the same poor limits that circumscribe life, and who have discharged that duty to themselves which Prior considered incumbent on all distinguished men—that of leaving some memorial under their own hand, as a testimony to succeeding ages that they deserved the regard of their own. Mr. Pitt seems to have been formed on lord Chesterfield's recipe for a statesman, with little feeling and no passions. General Hamilton was gifted with a large portion of both; and this ardour of temperament in the view of justice

* Mr. Burke.

itself, will palliate the errors which it might not pardon. Whatever warmth Mr. Pitt possessed was concentrated in politics, and while his opponent, Fox, with all his vices, was characterized as a man formed to be loved, he had zealous partisans, but few personal friends. General Hamilton, on the other hand, received and reciprocated the liveliest regards of his associates, and in this, as in many other respects, he resembles rather the illustrious Chatham, than his more common-place and cold-hearted descendant. Between that descendant and our Hamilton the chief coincidence, after all, is, that both were duellists; but the American was misled by a rash and romantic excess of patriotism, since as a soldier he believed his future usefulness would be jeopardized unless he conformed with public prejudice in this particular; and at least he was not guilty of the gratuitous impiety of violating two commandments at once.*

Perhaps the characters of Mr. Pitt and the late Mr. Windham possessed more attributes in common than any other two of their cotemporaries. Both were nearly abstracted from the charities of private, and alike devoted to public life—both celebrated for senatorial eloquence—both of Spartan integrity. Both consecrated their lives to their country, nor in their deaths were they much divided. If the existence of Mr. Pitt was probably endangered by efforts for his country, Mr. Windham destroyed his by exertions for his friend,† equally strenuous, and equally fatal.

We have before noticed a looseness of phraseology in this writer. His account of Mr. Percival's assassin designates that miserable man as a "desperate wretch, whose guilt admitted not a circumstance of palliation." In the opinion of legal men on this side the Atlantic, who have perused that trial, it exhibited strong evidence of insanity; that his desperation was the desperation of derangement—of a mind that misfortune had maddened; and which, in our own milder administration of justice, would have

* This circumstance has been cuttingly alluded to by Gilbert Wakefield, where he speaks of Mr. Wilberforce as striving

"To paint

His Sabbath duelist, a vital saint!"

† In rescuing from destruction, by fire, the library of the honourable Frederick North.

been consigned to a hospital rather than a gibbet. A writer of their own nation suggested, we remember, at the time when public charity was deservedly 'at the flood,' toward the widow and children of Mr. Percival, that something should also be granted to the widow and children of Bellingham, in a situation equally destitute, and far more deplorable. In the one, *all was lost but honour*, in the latter desolation was deepened by infamy. A circumstance nearly as tragical has been related to us as occurring in the early part of the present reign, in the person of an officer, who, having been long in service without compensation, and after vainly endeavouring to have his grievances reach the ear of majesty through the medium of clerk, secretary, and minister, succeeded at last in the daring attempt of stopping the carriage of the king. He presented his petition, and instantly shot himself. The petition stated his claims, his ruin, and recommended his family to the royal consideration. Such instances we presume are rare, or they would augur "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

One of the most curious and interesting among the minor particulars recorded in this Summary, is the condemnation of the Rev. Mr. Stone before the bishop of London. *A trial for heresy*, in the nineteenth century, has all the attraction of novelty, and must excite, in the mind of every reader, reflections and speculations which we will not anticipate.

We have now finished our remarks. Should they be deemed severe, be it recollected that the article which excites them is more deserving of censure, as it appears to come from one high in authority, and hence may constitute a pernicious precedent; and its intrinsic sins against impartiality are aggravated by the time chosen for its publication. To attempt a revival of deceased party spirit, at a period when all petty divisions are absorbed in one general sentiment of peace on earth, and good will to men, is a design against the peace of society. We may add that it is, also, a perversion of powers that may be, as they have been, employed to better purposes: since there are sufficient previous specimens extant, to demonstrate that the present is, both in matter and manner, a deviation from the wonted good feeling and good taste of its author. As such, we wish no ill thing for him, any more than for the public, in wishing it may speedily be forgotten;

—a result which its writer may prophecy with more prospect of its fulfilment than did a late foreign professor with equal modesty and humour, of the altercations between himself and opponent—
 “ Mr. Travis and I may address our letters to posterity, but *they will never be delivered according to the direction.*”*

It has fared with patriots and historians as with the monarchs of old, the Ptolemies of the east, and Cæsars of the west, to have their titles and station continued in the person of successors the least like themselves. Essays the most rancorously republican, have been followed by the signature of Clarendon; and the names of Brutus or Sydney have appeared as advocates for the divine right of kings. In like manner, our most illustrious historians have been doomed to the hands of continuators, who possessed scarce a quality of mind or style, in common with those whose mantle they thus presumptuously assume. The nameless beauties and inartificial arrangement of Mr. Hume's volumes have had their narrative prolonged by Dr. Bisset, than whom, however learned or ingenious, not any could be selected whose turgid and elaborate declamation was more completely contrasted with his predecessor; while the careless *bon hommie* of Dr. Goldsmith is followed by the dull prosing of Mr. Wood.

We envy great writers—but, they are more subjects of pity! At least a salutary enforcement of the precept against coveting our neighbours' literary goods, may be furnished from the reflection, that, however precious in the hands of the original proprietor, they are destined to pass like vulgar commodities to ignoble descendants, till the wisdom that is better than rubies, becomes confounded with the perishable dust of the earth.

Openly as we have avowed that the present narrator has not satisfactorily executed his undertaking, it is as frankly conceded that we know no one who could. The times on which we have fallen have produced events so mighty, so multifarious, so rapid, so passing precedent and confounding prophecy—that they demand an historian unparalleled like themselves. Perhaps he is yet unborn, who is destined to record them with a portion of their own originality. In the coming age, some new Tacitus may

* See professor Porson's letter to arch-deacon Travis.

arise, equally profound and philosophic, but with views more extensive, as exercised upon a wider field of vision. To such an one would we consign the task—a task indeed—of tracing the causes of division, the growth of revolution, the grasp of despotism; the dismemberment of states; the overthrow of empires; the extinction of old dynasties, with the erection of new ones; the conflagration of capitolis; the march and massacre of legions—in short, the rise and progress, the decline and fall of that evil genius, who has more than realized in politics the hyperbolical desire of Archimedes in mechanics, and discovered means whereby to move the world.

LIFE OF HENRY THE GREAT, BY MAD. DE GENLIS, PARIS, 1815.

IN composing this work, the author has consulted the best sources, such as the labours of coteremporary writers, Matthieu, d'Aubigné, and the immortal Sully; and she has likewise availed herself liberally of the talents of subsequent writers, such as Perefice, de Bury, the author of the Spirit of the League, &c. Mad. de G. has displayed in this work, those talents which distinguish all her former writings, perspicuity, elegance, and the art of exciting interest in her narrative: but we should wish to see more of the plainness of biography, and the reality of history. She has traced with great justness and force the character of the duke of Guise: but her crayon of Catharine de Medicis is not entitled to the same praise. We do not coincide in the judgment which she pronounces upon Coligni; and there is something like contradiction in the remark, which concludes the account of his infamous assassination: we may remember, says the author, his grand qualities, his valour, his military renown and the austerity of his virtues, but impartial history cannot assign to him a station among great men. Is it because he carried arms against his prince? But did he not expiate this error by his devotion, for the remainder of his life, to the person of Charles IX? Condé served against France, for a time, but no one has ever disputed his title. May we not accuse her of partiality, in lavishing this title upon the constable de Montmorency, who, in her opinion, possessed no talents, but in the administration of the finances, and who, according to her, was almost always beaten, although a good general?

She betrays the same fault, when instead of describing the cardinal de Lorraine, as the source of incessant troubles in France, she contents herself with the cold remark, that he combined much genius with vast knowledge. Even the delineation of her chief character is liable to this objection. None of the historians of this prince, nor the memoirs of that day deny that with the most eminent qualities he united great weaknesses. This may be seen particularly in the memoirs of Sully, his devoted minister, ardent admirer, and faithful friend. We behold him there carried away by a passion for play, a fondness for the chase, and above all, by a devotion to the sex. Of the two first of these qualities we do not see the slightest trace in this portrait, and mad. de G. passes very lightly over the last. In Sully we find that he frequently lost large sums of money at play, for which this rigid minister would not provide the means of payment until he had read a severe lecture to the royal gamester.

We also learn from the memoirs, that his minister frequently remonstrated with the monarch, without avail, on his fondness for the chase. His ardour frequently exposed him to danger, by separating him from his attendants, and thus favouring the designs of the numerous enemies which the fanaticism of the times incessantly excited. To this passion, a writer of that day attributes the severity of his system of criminal jurisprudence, which he calls a *code of blood*.

Why is she so silent on the subject of his unbounded passion for the sex, which no other writer has dissembled? We learn from this work that besides many mistresses, not declared, he had three who acquired an entire ascendancy over him, and obtained, for their illegitimate issue, the highest honours. He who has read the life of Henry in any other biography, will immediately remember the names of the countess de Moret, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and the marchioness de Verneuil. The insolent caprices of the last embittered his latter days; and yet such was her power, that she not only procured a pardon for herself, but also for her brother, d'Entrennes—her accomplice in a design to destroy the life of the princely lover. At the same time, he was inexorable to another brother, the marshal de Biron, his companion in arms, who had assisted so zealously in regaining his kingdom, and who had

even saved his life. It is but justice, however, to mad. de Genlis, to say, that she censures this excessive severity in suitable terms. But she says no more of his ridiculous passion, which, at an advanced age, was excited by the charms of the young Montmorenci; although it occasioned the voluntary expatriation of her husband, the prince de Conde. After all these concealments, our author is enabled to compose a panegyrical peroration in which the character of her hero is bedizened with all the flowers of rhetoric. If she had not obscured the spots which somewhat tarnish the glories of this brilliant sun, mad. de G. might have softened the asperity of censure without offence to truth: she would have been permitted to contend that the losses of the monarch at play were not so considerable as to embarrass the economical operations of the minister: that his fondness of the chase never seduced him from the councils of the state, and that with all his fondness of the fair, he was a good husband and an exemplary parent.

* *

An *Essay on the History of Nature*. By Messrs. Gavotly and Toulazan. Paris. 3 vols. 8vo.

IN the excellent introduction prefixed to this work, the authors observe that the first writers who devoted their attention to physical objects, described them according to the sensations excited by the objects themselves, and therefore their descriptions were just and natural: but, these objects being seen in an isolated state, and, as it were accidentally, the mind was left in the dark with respect to their relations and analogies: when they wished to ascend to causes, they put qualities before things, and thus great inconvenience was the result. The moderns, looking only to the defects in the plan of the ancients, endeavoured to remedy them by creating artificial remedies, which being always in opposition to the objects, show no more than a systematical view. Those who pretend that beings cannot be described but by the means of classification, endeavour to generalize the artificial methods; others disdain all method, and compose their history in a brilliant and episodical manner.

These two styles are remarkable in Buffon and Linnæus, between whom our authors make the following parallel:

Buffon employs, with great skill, all the resources of genius, and draws the colours of his pencil from Nature herself: always in unison with his subject, he imparts motion and life to every thing, and connects the links of that immense chain, which his genius embraces in the past, the present, and the future. Linnæus employs nothing but the burin, and engraves, with difficulty, some lines from which the rest are to be conjectured: disdaining the richness of colouring, he neglects those touches of the pencil, those rays of light, those masses of shade, which excite astonishment in the delineations of his rival; and he prefers the invention of a new language, when his own is unable to convey his conceptions, or does not express them with adequate energy: The former, when the whole universe is spread before him, enlarges, at will, the circle of his ideas, and generalizes them in proportion to the phenomena under contemplation: the latter, concentrating the strength of his mind, and always contracting it, turns upon himself, and seizes upon the slightest details, the insignificance of which should secure them from notice. In short, both seem to have assisted at the creation of nature: but the one, a sublime painter, embraced the whole work in one thought; while the other, an exact examiner, seized upon each object as it came from the hands of the Creator.

Some few writers have endeavoured to imitate Buffon; but instead of his noble and elevated ideas, they have given us the exaggerated and the gigantic: for his polished periods and the rapid glances of a genius, which knows how to govern itself as it rises, they have substituted the flights of disordered imagination, and in a profusion of words, they demonstrate their sterility and their ignorance. A far greater number of naturalists are the declared disciples of Linnæus, because it is a much easier task to make a nomenclature than to write with eloquence.

Our authors have discovered that the whole system of human knowledge is not confined to some well known principles, and that the natural sciences, in particular, have been defined inaccurately, and require some general theory. Among the historians of nature, they have perceived, on the one side, a defect in order and plan, destructive to the harmony of the parts, and on the other a systematical classification of the objects, by which they are placed in false lights. Intending to arrange all the materials of this work, in such a manner that the several parts may explain each other, our authors find it necessary to the discovery of this order, to ascertain, with precision, the theory and method of the natural sciences. They have therefore divided their introduction into two parts: in the first, by analyzing the characters of the different

branches of human knowledge, they fix the extent and limits of the science of nature: in the second, they indicate the faults of some artificial classifications, and prescribe the plan which ought to be pursued in a history of nature.

* *

Historie de l'Ambassade dans le grande Duché de Varsovie en 1812. Par M. de Pradt; archeveque de Malines, alors ambassadeur à Varsovie, cinquieme edition, à Paris 1815.

THIS is an account of the mission to Warsaw, to which court M. de Pradt was sent by Buonaparte, in the year 1812. It will be remembered that he failed in his object. The present publication details the causes and reasons of this failure, and M. de Pradt's justification of his own conduct. This, however, occupies by no means the larger part of the book, of which the manifest objects are, to set forth the importance of M. de Pradt, and to detail such traits of character of Buonaparte, as may be best calculated to gratify the wishes and humours of the "powers that be." M. de Pradt well deserves a conspicuous place in the catalogue "des Gironettes."

Like all other very conspicuous characters, destined to occupy a distinguished portion of the future page of history, Buonaparte has been considered during his successes, as the most able statesman and skilful warrior that the world has known. But now when his power has passed away, it is the fashion to treat this extraordinary man as a coward and an idiot: not merely as a person intoxicated with the most unexampled prosperity that ever fell to the lot of man, but as an "imbecil" from habitual restlessness, and a "bavard" by constitution: he is said to have been marked from his early youth by more than French vanity, more than female loquacity, and a degree of presumption approaching to lunacy: his talents, we are told, were only founded on a morbid activity both of body and mind—they shone not with a steady blaze, but flashed upon the world like the glare of lightning by fits and starts; and it is affirmed by many that he owed far more to the accidental assistance of unbounded good fortune, than to any thing bearing the resemblance of good conduct. No one who aspires to the character of honesty can praise the morality of the man who planned the invasion of Spain: nor can we applaud the

judgment which led the emperor of the French to the fields of Russia: or the fortitude of one who has contrasted in his conduct, such habitual carelessness for the lives of others, with such selfishness in preserving his own.

But to deny talents of the highest order, both as a statesman and a general to a man who, for a series of twenty years, invariably beat the generals and the best armies of his time:—who has acquired and overturned at pleasure, thrones, principalities and powers, combined in array against him—who exalted the French character in every way most gratifying to the French nation, to a proud superiority for so many years, over their rival nations—whose successes have not been equivocal and ephemeral, but astonishing both in succession and in magnitude—that such a man should be treated as little better than a frivolous and loquacious idiot, equally destitute of judgment and of courage—proves only, that the authors of such opinions, are firmly persuaded that credulity will keep even pace with hardihood of assertion.

After a well written preface, M. de Pradt opens his account with the following most extraordinary passage, which none but a Frenchman could have written, or could have expected that the public would believe on his own insulated authority.

“The emperor was observed on a particular occasion, when he did not expect to be overheard, awakening, as it were, from a deep reverie and uttering this memorable exclamation; ‘*but one man out of the way, I should be master of the world!*’ Who could this man be, who partaking, in some sort, of the attributes of deity, could say to the torrent, *thus far but no farther!*—where were the arms, the treasures, the means of this man, that might enable him to arrest the progress of the ruler of France, and the disturber of Europe: who, upon the wreck of thrones, of nations, and of laws—one foot in blood, the other upon ruins—glanced his views to the utmost limits of the world, and in his insatiable thirst for power, had scarcely room to breathe within the compass of the universe itself?”

“This man, was——MYSELF.”

M. de Pradt informs us that he wrote his account in the year 1814, but it was not published until after the battle of Waterloo. We have heard that it was read in part by M. de Pradt himself, in

a company, where, among other persons who were engaged in prostrating the power of Buonaparte, was lord Wellington. At the conclusion of the above paragraph, all eyes were directed toward that nobleman, as exhibiting in his own person the man, who had arrested the career of the tyrant, and prevented his becoming what he aimed at, "the master of the world." What must have been the astonishment of the assembly, when M. de Pradt, gently bowing his head with an air of well-assumed humility, and pressing his book and his hand upon his breast, repeated in a subdued tone, after a short pause,

"Cet homme——c'était moi!"

Such is the picture of the author, drawn by his own pencil, at the very outset of his performance. It is not the intention of this brief notice of the archbishop's book, to enter into a detail of the want of means in the commencement, and the deficiency of resources in the progress of his mission. The degraded picture which he gives of Poland, is conformable with the accounts given by other writers; and as it must be, from the nature of its government and constitution. Poverty, wretchedness, filth, and misery, are not always confined to the lower classes of the people; owing partly to the feudal principles of land tenure, and partly to the harassing events of the European war, pervading even the establishments of the upper rank of society.

As to the events of the embassy, M. de Pradt no doubt says every thing that is necessary to make out a favourable case for himself, and suppresses only what would militate with that exhibition. All the prominent and public features of the account may be true, or bear a semblance to truth; but if it be the truth, it is manifestly not the whole truth. If M. de Pradt did not play his part well as a military ambassador, he performs passing well as an advocate and an author. Under these impressions, which the book has made upon us after perusal, we do not mean to give implicit credit to the personal character of Buonaparte, as M. de Pradt has portrayed it; believing that such an author, composing with the manifest intentions that guided his pen, is by no means entitled to full belief from his reader.

But some few anecdotes of Buonaparte's conduct as given by de Pradt, are likely to be amusing to our readers; and there-

fore it is, that we have taken up the book, and have made some remarks upon its contents. The accusations to which M. de Pradt was exposed, arose he says from the following causes:

“Buonaparte places his own infallibility among the most rigorous axioms of the mathematics; hence he never takes for granted that a reverse in his affairs can be owing to any fault of his own.

2dly. “To the want of that attention which the emperor should have given, but never did give, to what was passing around him, and to the want of information which the persons about him, who ought to have given it, never did give. p. 2.

“This requires explanation. The emperor is profoundly ignorant. The very nature of his ever restless mind, habitually turned to speculative notions in every way, prevents him from receiving real information. He dreams, he talks, he signs state papers, he peruses nothing. His loquacity attaches itself to every subject, it pierces into none. It is sufficient to see him run over the leaves of a book or a memorial, to know what ideas he can appropriate by such a rapid perusal: the leaves fly under his fingers, his eyes glance over the page; and in a short time the unfortunate composition is almost always dismissed with contempt, or some general formulæ of disdain. *‘There is nothing but stupidity in this book: the author is an ideologist, a constituent, a jansenist.’* This last expression, is the very acmé of reproach. His head is always in the clouds, turned toward the acquisition of power: from this elevation, he pretends to look around the expanse with the eye of an eagle, and tread the surface with the stride of a giant.

“This is manifestly the wrong way to acquire knowledge; we never obtain it by looking at objects in the mass. Hence the emperor never was acquainted either with the men, or with the things of the country which he governed. He pushed them to a distance—he drew them near—but he never *knew* them: some transitory perceptions, some traces of discernment, some gleams of memory formed nearly the whole ground-work of his knowledge, as some pamphlets did of his library. One must have been often with him, and particularly have travelled with him, to form an idea of the gross ignorance that sometimes gave rise to the most laughable disdain respecting men, and the most absurd mistakes concerning things.

“ The emperor always followed the train of his own thoughts. From this chase nothing could divert him—while occupied by one object, every other was annihilated as to him. Hence, strange as it may appear, every agent of government who did not directly cross his path, or become the necessary object of his attention, was perfectly independent amid this furious despotism, and might be mischievous with impunity, or do good without observation.

3dly. “ The immensity of the objects which the emperor affected to embrace, necessarily prevented any thing like deep research—any accurate knowledge of detail. In France and with Napoleon, all objects were looked at in the mass. Individuality, was of too little consequence to attract the notice of so superior a mind: every thing was carved out in the block; every thing therefore was superficially attended to. Every portrait was a sketch: opinions were formed on the slightest observation; a trait was considered as decisive of character; no time was allowed to observe beyond this. His government was founded on favours bestowed; these did not much encroach upon time. To give, to receive; this is the affair of a moment. Unhappy the man who had to draw upon time—who had to offer justifications, for the purpose of regaining the height from which he had been precipitated! Assailed by accusation always in the form of a tempest, overthrown, broken, displaced, without any of those premonitory circumstances which are the safeguard of the unfortunate in common situations, he stands astonished! He finds himself thrust to the rear of a crowd, who look on without surprise and without commiseration, while he who gives the blow, pursues his course by starts and bounds amid those whom he has elevated or depressed, as accident may have dictated; thus are you condemned to an existence fraught with anguish, and to seek that reparation, which, if you receive at all, will be the effect of accident, not of repentance. Unhappy the people, among whom, indifference observes, and chance decides!

“ Nor were the means of information open to the emperor: the obstacles were of his own creation. Nothing could approach him, save fear and flattery. He could not have worse safeguards, or worse instructors. All who approached him, bent their views

to discover his inclinations, to translate his thoughts, and to treat them as the sublime!"

Napoleon (says de Pradt in a note) could not bear the neighbourhood of talents. He had a settled design of reigning without advice. In fact I have heard him exclaim in a rage "give me advice;—advice to me!"

Page 53. "At one of his levees, the emperor advancing toward the prince of Neufchatel, said with that sardonic smile so common to him, *well!* (the subject was a conversation which the prince of Neufchatel had had the day before with M. de comte de Metternich on the proposed exchange of Galicia for Illiria. Neufchatel had observed, "he makes difficulties; he refuses.") The emperor putting on that air and tone which discovers great mental agitation, replied, *a pretty fellow, that! to pretend to play the diplomatist with me!* After some other remarks of the same kind, he turned round to us with an air that no one can perfectly describe, and added, *it is really a proof of the weakness of the human mind, to believe that I can be opposed with success!* C'est bien une preuve de faiblesse de l'esprit humain, que de croire pouvoir lietter contre moi! After such an exclamation, Nebuchadnezzar the proud, might be regarded as a model of humility, compared with a being so besotted with self conceit."

There are many other anecdotes of Napoleon tending to illustrate the character which the author thinks fit to give of this extraordinary man. A man, doubtless toward the close of his successful career, drunk with the good fortune that had for so long a period of difficulty and of danger accompanied the exertions of his great talents and unexampled activity; but who certainly could never have accomplished the mighty work, which the last twenty years have witnessed, without an energetic superiority of intellect, a talent of penetration into human affairs, and a reliance upon his own resources justified by events, which strongly belie the account given of him by M. de Pradt. Buonaparte, the scourge of nations, has at length fallen, and fallen, we sincerely hope, to rise no more: but he is entitled to common justice from those who undertake to delineate his character. As king Jerome is an object of some interest in this country from the disgraceful part he has played here, the following account may not be unacceptable to our readers.

"The elocution of Jerome Buonaparte, is not qualified to make us patiently endure the length of his conversations. Nature has not formed that family either eloquent or graceful: they deal either in the profound or in the abstract, in exaggeration or in childish simplicity; they are never natural. As to this monarch, his intellect is gross, his expressions wire-drawn; he has a low-bred air, in his countenance and in his gestures. Quintilian would never have acknowledged in him any mark of an orator.

"This prince occupied me tediously: I never quitted him but with fatigue, both of my head and of my feet. One day I even fainted when the prince Czartorinski came in. I blessed my deliverer and I escaped from half dying. The creature had talked incessantly during four hours, walking the whole time, and dragging me after him."

There are many passages in this book which we should be glad to extract, but it may perhaps be translated, when we shall notice it again.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CHARACTER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

THAT Charlemagne was an hero, his exploits bear evidence. The subjugation of the Lombards, protected as they were by the Alps, by fortresses and fortified towns, by numerous armies, and by a great name; of the Saxons, secured by their savage resoluteness, by an untameable love of freedom, by their desert plains and enormous forests, and by their own poverty; the humbling of the dukes of Bavaria, Aquitania, Bretagne and Gascony, proud of their ancestry as well as of their ample domains; the almost entire extirpation of the Avars, so long the terror of Europe; are assuredly works which demanded a courage and firmness of mind, such as Charles only possessed.

How great his reputation was, and this too, beyond the limits of Europe, is proved by the embassies sent him out of Persia, Palestine, Mauritania, and even from the caliphs of Bagdad. If at the present day, an embassy from the Black or Caspian sea,

comes to a prince on the Baltic, it is not to be wondered at, since such are now the political relations of the four quarters of the world, that a blow which is given to any one of them is felt more or less by all the others. Whereas in the times of Charlemagne, the inhabitants of one of the known parts of the world, scarcely knew what was going on in the rest. Nothing but the extraordinary, all-piercing report of Charles's exploits could bring this to pass. His greatness, which set the world in astonishment, was likewise, without doubt, that which begot in the pope and the Romans, the first idea of the re-establishment of their empire.

It is true, that a number of things united to make Charles a great man—favourable circumstances of time, a nation already disciplined to warlike habits, a long life, and the consequent acquisition of experience, such as no one possessed in his whole realm. Still, however, the principal means of his greatness Charles found in himself. His great mind was capable of extending its attention to the greatest multiplicity of affairs. In the middle of Saxony he thought on Italy and Spain, and at Rome he made provisions for Saxony, Bavaria, and Pannonia. He gave audience to the ambassadors of the Greek and other potentates, and himself audited the accounts of his own farms, where every thing was entered even to the number of the eggs.* Busy as his mind was, his body was not less in one continued state of motion. Charles could see into every thing himself, and do every thing himself, as

* The prostituted muse of Peter Pindar, has endeavoured to render the character of the present monarch of Great Britain ridiculous, by describing his attention to subjects of domestic economy. But he was regarded, some years ago, by the ablest representative that this government ever sent to a foreign court, as one of the most sensible men in the British dominions: and this opinion is corroborated by that of two of the ablest modern writers, who had the honour of being admitted to personal interviews with his majesty. We may laugh at the absurdities of royalty, but we ought to respect its virtues. In the midst of pæans of victory and the grateful homage of a delivered people, our own immortal hero, never forgot the glebes of Mount Vernon: and it is believed that one of his successors could send a hoghead of tobacco, and a public despatch in the same vessel, to the ports of Europe.

It is a curious fact, that general Washington and the king of Great Britain, should have been, at nearly the same time, corresponding with sir Arthur Young, on the subject of Agriculture: the latter under an assumed name.

far as his powers extended: and even this it was too, which gave to his undertakings such a force and energy.

But with all this, the government of Charles was the government of a conqueror, that is, splendid abroad and fearfully oppressive at home. What a grievance must it not have been for the people, that Charles for forty years together, dragged them now to the Elbe, then to the Ebro, after this to the Po, and thence back again to the Elbe; and this not to check an invading enemy, but to make conquests which were of little profit to the French nation! This must prove too much at length for a hired soldier: how much more for conscripts, who did not live only to fight, but who were fathers of families, citizens and proprietors! But above all, is it to be wondered at, that a nation like the French, should suffer themselves to be used as Charles used them. But the people no longer possessed any considerable share of influence. All depended on the great chieftains, who gave their willing suffrage for endless wars, by which *they* were sure always to win. They found the best opportunity, under such circumstances, to make themselves great and mighty at the expense of the freemen resident within the circle of their baronial courts; and when conquests were made, it was far more for their advantage than that of the monarchy. In the conquered provinces there was a necessity for dukes, vassal kings, and different high offices: all this fell to their share.

I would not say this, if we did not possess incontrovertible original documents of those times, which prove clearly that Charles's government was an unhappy one for the people, and that this great man, by his actions, laboured to the direct subversion of his first principles. It was his first pretext to establish a greater equality among the members of his vast community, and to make all free and equal subjects under a common sovereign. From the necessity occasioned by continued war, the exact contrary took place. Nothing gives us a better notion of the interior state of the French monarchy, than the third capitular of the year 811. All is full of complaint, the bishops and earls clamouring against the freeholders, and these in their turn against the bishops and earls. In truth the freeholders had no small reason to be discontented, and to resist, as far as they dared, even the imperial levies. A dependant must be content to follow the lord without further

questioning: for he was paid for it. But a free citizen, who lived wholly on his own property, might reasonably object to suffer himself to be dragged about in all quarters of the world, at the fancies of his lord: especially as there was so much injustice intermixed. Those who gave up their property entirely, or in part of their own accord, were left undisturbed at home, while those, who refused to do this, were forced so often into service, that at length, becoming impoverished, they are compelled by want, to give up or dispose of their free tenures to the bishops or earls.

It almost surpasses belief to what a height, at length, the aversion to war rose in the French nation, from the multitude of the campaigns and the grievances connected with them. The national vanity was now satiated by the frequency of victories: and the plunder which fell to the lot of individuals, made but a poor compensation for the losses and burthens sustained by their families at home. Some, in order to become exempt from military service, sought for menial employments in the establishments of the bishops, abbots, abbesses, and earls. Many made over their free property to become tenants at will of such lords as from their age, or other circumstances, they thought would be called to no further military services. Others, even privately took away the life of their mothers, aunts or other relatives, in order that no family residents might remain through whom their names might be known, and themselves traced; others voluntarily made slaves of themselves, in order thus to render themselves incapable of the military rank.



LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY HELD AT PHILADELPHIA.

Members elected since January 1815.

GENERAL J. G. Swift, and the honourable De Witt Clinton of *New York*.

John Gummere, of *Burlington*.

The following of *Philadelphia*; Revd. Dr. J. P. Wilson, Thomas Gilpin, Dr. J. S. Dorsey, J. G. Biddle, Dr. Joseph

Hartshorne, Dr. Joseph Parish, Dr. G. Troost, Joseph Hopkinson, J. M. Scott, Charles W. Hare, J. P. Norris, Joseph Read.

Donations to the Society in 1814.—The names of the donors are in *Italics*.

FOR THE LIBRARY.

Memoirs of the American Academy, vol. 3, part 1, 4to. Boston, 1809. *The Society*.

Transactions of the Royal Society, Edinburg, vol. 7, part 1, 1814, 4to. *The Society*.

Transactions of the Antiquarian Society, London, vol. 17, 1814, 4to. *The Society*.

Collections of New York Historical Society, 1811 to 1814. 8vo. *The Society*.

Memoires de la Classe des Sciences Math. et Phys. de l'Institut de France, 4to. for 1808, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14.—Memoires de divers Sçavans, vol. 2, 4to, Paris, 1811.—Base du systeme Metrique ou mesure de l'arc entre Barcelona et Dunkirk, 4to. Paris, 1810. *The Institut*.

A specimen of the Iroquois language by S. Mills. *J. Chamberlayne*.

Political works of Dr. Franklin, London, 1779, 8vo.—Hippocrates' Aphorismi, 2 vols. 8vo.—Medicina Statica of Sanctorius.—Kiel's Medicina Statica Britannica, 8vo. *Jonathan Williams*.

Constitution of the Spanish monarchy, 8vo. 1814. *George Palmer*.

A collection of Pamphlets, &c. published by him. *Rev. Dr. Abercrombie*.

Eclectic Repertory, vol. 2, 3, 1812—3, Philadelphia, 8vo. *Thomas Dobson*.

Examination before the house of commons of Great Britain, of witnesses relative to the orders in council, folio, 1812, London. *William Vaughan*.

Hist. des Arbres forest. Des Etats Unis, Nos. 17 to 24. *Michaux*. *The author*.

List of the Post Offices of the United States, 1814. *A. Bradley*.

Catalogue of the library of the New York Historical Society, 1813. *T. Alden.*

Maps, part of New York State, and Upper and Lower Canada. The publisher, *A. Lay.*

Memoirs of William Penn, by Thomas Clarkson, Philadelphia edition. *Isaac Pierce.*

Rapports de L'Institut de France, viz. Comparaison des Langues Française et Italienne, 1812. Le Breton sur la vie et ouvrages de Haydn, 1812. Surla Physique par Cuvier, 1811. *William Short.*

Emporium of Arts, &c. No. 1, 2, of 3d vol. 8vo. 1814. *Thomas Cooper*, editor.

Engravings to illustrate 2d vol. Bell's Anatomy, Philadelphia.

Theory of agreeable sensations, 16's, Philadelphia. *Anthony Finley.*

An account of the Free School at New York, 1812. *De Witt Clinton.*

His System of Anatomy, 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1814. From the author, *C. Wistar.*

Sur le mouvement des ondes par Bremonnier, Paris 1809, 8vo.

Origin of the Consular Establishment, by D. B. Warden, Paris, 1813, 8vo.

Tabula Veneris—Auct. B. de Linderman, Gothæ, 1810, 4to.

Tables Barometriques par Linderman, Gothæ, 1809, 8vo.

Historical Essay on the Progress of Astronomy for 10 years, in German. *D. B. Warden.*

Rules of perspective, by A. Bozzo, translated by James, 1693. London, folio. *Edward Farria.*

American Ornithology, vol. 9, 1814. No. 3, Pinkerton's Atlas, Philadelphia. *Bradford & Inskeep.*

Travels through Canada, by George Heriot, 8vo. Philadelphia edition, 1814. *M. Carey.*

Archæologia Amer. on the extinct animals and vegetables of North America, Philadelphia, 1814, 8vo. *B. S. Barton.*

A Description of the roads of the United States, 1814. Juvenile Atlas, 1814, Philadelphia. The editor, *John Melish.*

Nautical Almanac, 8vo. 1814, New Brunswick. Editor, *John Garnet.*

Treatise on Surveying, Philadelphia, 8vo. 1814. From the author, *John Gummere.*

Sheffield's observations on the Commerce of the United States, Dublin, 8vo.—Considerations on the relations of Great Britain and United States, 1784, London, 8vo.—Sinclair's Campaign against the Indians in 1791, Philadelphia, 8vo. 1812—Account of Pike's Expedition in 1807 to the sources of the Mississippi, Philadelphia, 1810, 8vo.—Works of Fisher Ames, 1809, Boston, 8vo.—Vue de la Colon. Espagnole sur le Mississippi, par De Vellon, edition 1803. *John Vaughan.*

FOR THE CABINET.

Two specimens of heads of animals found in the Big-bone lick. *Thomas Jefferson.*

Several specimens of minerals and carbonated wood. *Solomon W. Conrad.*

A Differential Thermometer. By the inventor, *Dr. De Bute.*

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO
THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ATHENÆUM.

IN pursuance of the directions contained in the ninth article of the charter of incorporation, the board of directors of the Philadelphia Athenæum lay before the stockholders a statement of the treasurer's accounts, together with the minutes of the board, and ask leave to report:

That since the date of the charter of incorporation the rooms have been daily and regularly opened, and numerous attended by the members of the institution and by strangers visiting the city. The principal gazettes of the union have been duly received and filed in the news-room, and also, occasionally, files of foreign journals, of the latest dates. The tables of the reading-room have been furnished with all the American periodical works of approved literary reputation, and copies of other books as early as they were published from the Philadelphia presses, or could be procured from other places. The collection of books of reference, charts and maps continues to be augmented by valuable donations and deposits. A cabinet of medals and coins, and another of minerals, are already very handsomely furnished with curious and elegant specimens from those departments of art and nature. The charge of the rooms has been committed to a librarian, an

office provided for by a regulation of the board, in October last, whose attention and talents give every advantage to the order and arrangement of the institution. The number of members holding shares of the stock, is one hundred and ninety-five—and the number of annual visitors, is two hundred and forty-five—and the lists of each of these descriptions are gradually increasing; though we must acknowledge that the rate of increase is not such as to promise the immediate complement which is requisite to perfect the design of the establishment.

The following statements exhibit the account of the treasurer with the Athenæum:

Statement of stock account with Athenæum, from the books of Roberts Vaux, treasurer.

Dr.

To amount received from one hundred and twenty-one stockholders of the Athenæum, as per list furnished,	Dolls.	2065
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Cr.

By amount paid into the general fund of the institution, as per minute dated 18th November ult.	Dolls.	400
By amount of United States stock, purchased by R. H. Morris, per his account of December 6th \$352 87, United States 6 per cent. a 95½ and brokerage,		337 88
By \$242 United States stock, also purchased by R. H. Morris, 12th December, a 197, and brokerage,		235 34
By 110 30 15th December, a 97 and brokerage,		107 25
By 757 88 16th December, a 99 and brokerage,		751 87
By balance due by the treasurer uninvested,		232 66
	Dolls.	2065 00

Roberts Vaux in general account with the Athenæum.

Dr.

Amount collected by him from three hundred and twenty-seven subscribers, at \$5,	\$1635
Amount of newspapers sold,	23
Amount charged in the stock account, being borrowed, and to be repaid in that account,	400
Balance due R. Vaux, treasurer, on this account,	112 66
	<u>\$2170 66</u>

Cr.

By the amount of expenses of the institution, collected
from the account furnished, \$2170 66

Balance due R. Vaux, \$112 66

Philadelphia, January 7, 1816.

Stated by JACOB GRATZ, }
JONAH THOMPSON, } Committee.

A large part of the disbursements of the present year were on account of the expenses of providing furniture for the rooms, stock maps, and of the payment of \$300 due for the collection of the back numbers of several periodical publications, purchased the last year and designed for the foundation of a library, to contain complete series of those valuable works.

The board have always considered the sums paid by the stockholders on account of the prices of their shares as not being applicable to the current expenses of the institution, but as designed to be vested in such manner as would be most conducive to the regulating of the ordinary income and to the permanency of the establishment. It was in this view of the destination of the capital stock that they directed the sum of four hundred dollars to be drawn from the treasury in the shape of a loan, to be refunded out of the proceeds of the future annual contributions. As to the appropriation of this stock the board have contemplated the erection of a building suited to the accommodation of the institution as the most useful investment, and hope that the exertions of the members, aided by the liberality of the citizens of Philadelphia, will enable some subsequent board to submit to the stockholders before long, a plan for that desirable object.

In addition to the annual contributions of the members, we refer with pleasure to the donations and deposits of the friends of the institution, as sources from which the rooms have been supplied with a large portion of their valuable contents. To them we acknowledge the possession of our cabinets of medals, coins, and minerals, the busts, prints, and paintings, the greater number of books of reference and statistics and many valuable maps and charts. We entertain a hope that this spirit of patronage will continue to be extended to the institution, and that some much

valued arrangement will grow out of our scarce and curious productions.

All the monies received into the treasury have been the payments on account of the prices of shares in the stock and the annual contributions. The proceeds of the latter, together with the loan above mentioned, have been appropriated to the arrangement of the rooms and to the literature suitable to the design of the institution. On the subject of these current expenses it is the duty of the board to acknowledge, that whilst they have had the satisfaction of witnessing the fitness of the plan of the Athenæum to the ends proposed, to be fully proved by the circumstances attending its operation, they have, also, at the same time had to regret that funds should not have been supplied co-extensive with the wide field of usefulness embraced by that plan. The progress of the institution has disclosed new capacities for encompassing objects of interest and utility, and invites to an increased liberality for the gratification of literary curiosity. But the board have the mortification to inform the members that full effect has not been given to these capacities; that the design of the institution has not been fairly executed—for the want of the requisite monied resources. It was hoped that as soon as the history of the Athenæum should have given proof of the practical and general utility of its design, large additions of members, at the moderate price of subscription, would have given the most ample scope to its operations—But, although new members are monthly added to our list, and in such numbers too as to assure us of the flourishing state of the establishment at some future period, yet up to this time we must confess disappointment of our anticipations of aid from this quarter—and if the members wish, as we presume they do, to reap in the present season the full benefit of the institution, the provision of sufficient funds must receive their immediate attention. The prices of our stock shares and subscriptions are lower than those of any other institution of the same nature with our own.—Yet these prices would have been sufficiently high, if the number which we had calculated, had been subscribed for. We submit for the consideration of the members the propriety of using their personal influence to add new names to the list of stockholders and annual visitors.

With the means furnished by the present revenue, the committee of purchasers have been obliged to confine their orders, with a few exceptions, to the sphere of home publications. Of these the collection is certainly liberal, and perhaps unequalled by any other in the union—The news-room contains *forty* files of American gazettes, and the collection of periodical publications is still more complete in the comprehension of its peculiar species of literature—But the receipts from foreign places have been few. Besides the donations of some of our countrymen, which they have procured abroad, we have received only a small number of British periodical publications and other late works, purchased, by direction, in London—but we trust that the pleasure and instruction of the latest foreign productions will not be much longer withheld from the rooms—for when it is known to the citizens of Philadelphia that a system is in readiness to introduce the foreign journals, periodical works and other books as early as they are published, and to bring their varied mass of intelligence within the compass of daily inspection, it is improbable that the plan will fail of success from the want of liberal funds.

SAMUEL EWING,
ROBERTS VAUX, } Committee.
RICHARD C. WOOD, }

Philadelphia, 31st January, 1816.

INSTRUCTORS and students are informed that a new Treatise of Algebra, for the use of a college in England, will be reprinted in this country, under the inspection of a person conversant in that science. This book combines the theory and practice of Algebra, and is better adapted to the purposes of education than any which is studied in our schools and colleges. The price will not exceed 150 cents.

WM. W. WOODWARD has issued proposals for publishing a work entitled PHILOLOGICAL RESEARCHES, or an attempt to elucidate the principles of English grammar by a comparison with those of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. By JAMES P. WILSON, D. D. The editor has been favoured with the perusal of a part of the manuscript of this work, and he feels very desirous that the public should be in possession of the whole. It would

be presumptuous in him to add a word in recommendation of the labours of a divine, whose name is so well known in all those places where unaffected eloquence is admired, where piety is revered, and learning respected. This work was written for the instruction of the sons of the author in the languages of which it treats, and its object is to convey instruction in matters that are not usually taught in schools.

We earnestly exhort the teachers, the parents and the scholars of the country to aid in the distribution of a treatise, of which we affirm with great confidence, that it will be useful to the community and honourable to our literary character. There are very few men among us who could write such a book, but all may patronize it, and many may be improved by its learning.

The price will not exceed three dollars bound, and every tenth copy will be *gratis*.

M. CAREY has just published the *Paradise of Coquettes*; beyond all comparison the most exquisite production that has appeared for a long time. It combines the polish and comprehensiveness of Pope, the simplicity of Goldsmith, and the elegant irony of Addison. After being so long confined to the "donjon keeps" of Walter Scott, and the Corsair's caves of lord Byron, we breathe fresh air with this sprightly and entertaining performance, in our hands.

THE first number of the "Evangelical Repository" (to be published monthly, at three dollars per ann.) has just appeared. This work will contain biographical sketches of those illustrious votaries, whose example may tend to the promotion of the Christian religion, essays on literary and religious topics, extracts from new, scarce, or valuable works, reports of the rise and progress of religious and benevolent societies, &c. &c. The editor's plan is sanctioned by several of the most respectable gentlemen among the clergy and laity of Philadelphia, whose names accompany the proposals. Such a pledge, we should suppose, would secure the most ample success. We have only room to add that the first number, as far as it goes, affords evidence that the editor is not unworthy of the highly honourable approbation, with which it is

offered to the patronage of the moral and the wise of every denomination.

THOMAS DOBSON continues the publication of the celebrated Atlas of Pinkerton. Those who procure nine subscribers are entitled to a tenth gratis. It will be comprised in twenty numbers at four dollars each.

The superiority in the manner of drawing and engraving this Atlas must necessarily occasion uncommon expense: but amid the frequent publications from the American press, it may reasonably be expected that the science of geography, so useful to all classes of men, should aspire to some degree of that magnificence which distinguishes the progress of the arts. While those arts, which are merely ornamental, meet with the most liberal encouragement, it may be hoped that a work uniting permanent utility with honourable magnificence will not be neglected by a discerning public.

MR. DOBSON proposes to publish by subscription (six dollars per ann. two vols. in boards, each pp. 400.) an American Register, or summary review of history, politics, and literature; to be issued semi-annually, and conducted by Robert Walsh, jun. It is intended that the work shall comprise:—a sketch of the political history, foreign and domestic, of the six months immediately preceding the appearance of each volume;—an exposition of domestic and foreign literature for the same interval;—a free synopsis of the debates in congress, with an occasional investigation of their merits in point of doctrine and style;—a notice of such of the proceedings of the governments and corporate bodies of the several states as seem to bear on the interests of the union;—a selection of the most important statistical and state papers;—and a record of occurrences which tend to mark the progress of the arts and sciences, or to illustrate the peculiar genius and manners of the American people.

A. DELANO, of Boston, has issued proposals for printing a *Summary of voyages and travels* performed by himself in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. This gentleman, we learn, has been

three times round the world, and was three years making discoveries and surveys. He is the only surviving officer of the ship *Massachusetts*, which sailed from Boston, in 1790: and afterwards commanded the *Perseverance* in her seven years' voyage in the Pacific and other seas. During this time, we recollect, he captured a Spanish ship which had been risen upon by the slaves on board; who had put several of the Spaniards to death. For this gallant act, he received a medal from the Spanish king, and was much caressed by the Spanish.

THE editor of some of the Tuscan Classics, Mr. Zotti, is engaged in the republication of the original letters of the learned Ganganelli (Clement XIV.)

It is to be hoped, that this able editor will be induced, besides a full memoir of the author, to supply the desideratum of literary and historical notices, relative to the persons addressed, and topics discussed in this interesting correspondence. It would also form a valuable appendix to his projected work, if Mr. Z. were to annex an Italian translation of the letters which were written in Latin, and numbered, though not inserted in the Paris edition, by Caraccioli, in 1777—the only correct and authentic edition, it is believed, that is now in existence.

Scotland.—One of the greatest literary prizes ever given in this island, was decided lately at Aberdeen, in Scotland. Mr. Burnett, a merchant in that city, bequeathed a sum, to accumulate until it should amount to 1600 pounds sterling, to be then given in two prizes; the first of 1200 pounds, and the second 400 pounds, to the two writers who should, in the opinion of three judges chosen by the members of King's and Marischal colleges, the established clergy of Aberdeen, and his own trustees, produce the best dissertation on this subject, viz. The evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom every thing exists; and particularly to obviate difficulties regarding the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, and that, in the first place, from considerations independent of written Revelation, and in the second place, from the Revelation of the Lord Jesus, and from the whole, to point out the inferences most necessary for and useful to mankind.

It was required that all the essays should be lodged with a gentlemen at Aberdeen, by the first of January, 1814. Seven years were allowed for the candidates to prepare their dissertations. Repeated notices were given in the newspapers, of the amount of the prizes, the subject, and the conditions. The judges appointed and sworn, were Gilbert Gerard, D. D. professor of divinity in King's college, Aberdeen, and author of the *Institutes of Biblical Criticism*; the rev. George Glenie, professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal college; and Robert Hamilton, L. L. D., professor of Mathematics in the same college, and author of a work on the national debt, and various other well-known publications.—At a meeting of their electors, at Marischal college, the three judges reported, that they had unanimously decreed the prizes to two dissertations; and on opening the sealed letters, it was discovered that the 1200 pound prize was due to W. L. Brown, D. D., principal of Marischal college, and that of 400 pounds to T. H. Summer, esq. of Eton college. Dr. Brown has gained several literary prizes on the continent.

A very extraordinary and singular female appointment took place lately at the university of Giesen, in Germany. The faculty of physicians conferred the dignity of doctor of Midwifery on the lady of doctor Von Siebold, of Darmstadt, who, jointly with her husband, has distinguished herself for many years, by her philanthropic zeal in that branch of the profession, and by her unwearied exertions to promote vaccination, as a preventive of the small-pox.

MR. D. VINTON, of Providence, R. I. has recently published "*The Masonic Minstrel*," consisting of songs, duets, glees, catches, rounds, canons, and canzonets. We are informed by *one of the initiated*, that "a collection of masonic songs, set in the different parts, is a desideratum among the fraternity, as the dignified and solemn character of masonry does not prohibit occasional seasons of innocent festivity." We can scarcely boast, like Bottom, of having "a reasonable good ear in music;" and therefore do not undertake to predict that these songs will make masons merry or infuse hilarity among the lovers of harmony generally. It is recommended, however, by a long list of gentlemen who preside over

the most respectable lodges. It is ornamented with masonic plates, elegantly executed, and a variety of vignettes. An historical account of masonry, and a list of all the lodges in the United States are prefixed. The collection is undoubtedly to be preferred to any that has appeared in this country, by every purchaser who would be inclined to gratify a refined taste at a very trifling expense. It contains four hundred and forty-six pages—price three dollars.

MR. DARLEY proposes to publish a map of Louisiana in four sheets, price ten dollars.

The first number has appeared at Baltimore, of the *Portico*, a monthly repository of science and literature, "conducted by two men of Padua." Their object is "to combine the properties of various periodical publications, and concentrate the rays of various departments of literature." We cannot but feel a lively interest in any thing that concerns a city in which we spent many of our happiest years. The people of Baltimore are extremely liberal in the promotion of every enterprise connected with commerce, but literature is left to its own resources. We do not mean "the fat and greasy citizens," but the *gentlemen* of that community. *They* are frank, open, generous and just: they have been prosperous to an unexampled degree. In a few years, their city must rival the first in the union, in wealth, elegance, and population. Let her emulate their encouragement of the arts which refine taste, embellish manners, and promote virtue.

IN the course of the last month, a little book, with the modest title of *Practical Hints to young Females*, from the pen of Mrs. Taylor, has made its appearance, and she has shown that a hint may contain a great deal of matter. The name of this author is not as familiar to us as those of many illustrious women of Great Britain, from whose writings we have derived instruction and delight. But perhaps we may be safe in pronouncing her not inferior to any of them in her knowledge of human nature, and perception of character.

If to the many excellent works on female education and manners, nothing absolutely new can be added—yet, on a subject so very important, it may be useful to repeat old maxims. A new

book, like a new fashion, awakens attention and excites curiosity. What one has read, another must read; it becomes a subject of conversation, and thus are instructions, neglected or forgotten, again renewed for further consideration.

It has been republished in Boston by Wells and Lilly, in a manner which unites cheapness with elegance. We recommend it to the patronage of the public school and the domestic fireside. It will give experience to the young, and be auxilliary to the best wishes of the more advanced.

THE Heroine, or the Adventures of Cherubina, by Mr. Barrett, has been twice printed in England and once in this country. It is a very admirable satire upon the sentimental whinings of Rousseau and the horrors of Monk Lewis, and Mrs. Radcliffe. The heroine is the daughter of a very honest old farmer: but her head is bewildered and her heart entangled, by long indulgence in these inebriating stimulants. She becomes disgusted with the realities of vulgar life, and runs away from her home under a persuasion, that in the discovery of another parent of noble descent, she shall become the mistress of some moated mansion, and disport, as in feudal days, with lords and ladies of high degree. She is, in short, a Don Quixote in petticoats. The tale is somewhat too long; and we should say that it borders too much on the broad caricature, did we not recollect a parallel for every incident, in the volumes of a circulating library, which are still devoured with avidity by those young misses who laugh at Cœlebs and despise the vicar of Wakefield.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following lines form a picture which is full of nature and beauty. They first appeared in an epilogue to a new farce called NOT AT HOME, by R. C. Dallas. It is understood that they were written by the author of *Hora Ionica*, a poem which displays the learning of the scholar and the fervor of the poet.]

HOME.

—Not such their home, whom love has taught to know
From that blest source what real transports flow.
HOME! 'tis the name of all that sweetens life;
It speaks the warm affection of a wife;

The lisping babe that prattles on the knee,
 In all the playful grace of infancy;
 The spot where fond parental love may trace
 The growing virtues of a blooming race;
 Oh! 'tis a word of more than magic spell,
 Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell;
 He who, long distant from his native land,
 Feels at her name his eager soul expand:
 Whether as patriot, husband, father, friend,
 To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes bend;
 And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,
 Life's choicest blessings centre all—at home.

—
 THE RIVAL ROSES.

Long time two rival roses led
 Britannia's sons to fight—
 Still flushed with anger bloomed the red,
 Still pale with rage the white.

“ Oh! silly flowers, in friendship live,”
 Cried Mary, “ nothing loth,
 For know henceforth I mean to give
 My countenance to both.”

Her words their ancient ire efface,
 War ceased his stormy weather,
 And now both flowers, on Mary's face,
 Blend lovingly together. J.

—
 TO A LADY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SAY, shall I wish, with social cheer,
 While all around is fair and gay,
 To add to thee another year,
 On this thy happy natal day?
 Could I, when doubts and fears prevail,
 Unconscious of thy future state,
 Lift up the dark mysterious veil
 That hides the record of thy fate—

Could I behold thy future days,
When seen by inspiration's powers,
Rise all enraptured on my gaze,
And crowned with wreaths of smiling flowers:
Could I behold a train of joys,
Attendant, waiting on thy beck;
Should fortune spread her glittering toys,
Thy sunshine be without a speck:
Could smiles and graces, without end,
To thee their annual homage pay—
To heav'n in suppliance would I bend
For many, many a natal day.
But dare I breathe to heaven this prayer,
A confidence how false and vain,
When Sickness, Sorrow, and Despair
May each, in dread succession, reign.
Though Joy thy slumbering couch adorns,
And smooths the pillow for thy head,
Grief still may sow thy sleep with thorns,
And waking Anguish haunt thy bed.
The Fever, with malignant breath,
Unseen, may watch thy midnight groan,
Breathe through thy veins the fires of death,
And banish Reason from her throne.
The hectic fiend may watch his prey,
And on thy ruddy cheek descend,
And flatter still, and still betray;
Like many a treacherous worldly friend.
Poor sorrowing mortals, frail and weak,
Unknowing what is good or ill, -
Should thus, in humbler accents speak—
Lord, teach us to obey thy will.

—
THE PILGRIM'S REST.

THERE is a place of sweet repose,
Life's wearied pilgrim's rest;
A calm retreat from all the woes
That racked his feeling breast.

Safe in that haven moored, at last,
 Though madd'ning tempest rave,
 His shattered bark heeds not the blast,
 Life's storms reach not the grave.

SYDNEY.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

AN old correspondent who writes from Boston, will find that we have paid the earliest attention to his remarks. Although we feel the most hearty contempt for the swaggering style which has been adopted of late years, in fighting our battles o'er again, we are equally ready to condemn the frigid coldness or the lurking hostility of penurious praise. We love to render honour to whom honour is due: but if we were to indulge any bias it should be on the side of our country: and in the selection of a hero we should not dwell very fondly upon the character of one, in which personal intrepidity is the only quality that attracts regard.

THE editor's bureau is crowded with "effusions" which are dated from the Muses' bower. But the writers seem to be of a very suspicious character. We doubt whether they ever climbed the forked mount or bathed in the sacred stream. They never scanned the brow of Hymettus, or they might have pleased us with

Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 The half-regained Eurydice.

WE are not ignorant of the effects of such arts as are described by "Celia." Such a woman is

Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draws
 Hearts after her *tangled in amorous nets*.

MR. SAUNTER desires us to remind his old friends of his existence, and he requests them to correspond with him.

FROM the articles which were found among the papers of the late Mr. Oldschool, we have selected the following for publication: "To Penury:"—"Sydney:"—"Frederic:"—"P.:"—"A.:"—"Quevedo:"—"Jarvis:"—and a few others. The "Rejected Addresses" have been carefully read and silently dismissed. I

would be too tedious to enumerate the contents of this budget, nor is it likely that the writers would be much pleased by a more particular notice.

It is much to be wished that those who favour us with their correspondence would remember the golden rule of Tom Shuffleton—"pay the post Muggins:" it is also desirable that the manuscript should be written distinctly. Carelessness in punctuation cannot be tolerated. In this part of the duty of an author it is related of the poet Savage, that he was so scrupulous, as to pay back the fifth part of a slender pittance which he received for one of his copyrights, for punctuating his proof-sheets.

WE have received a variety of communications on the subject of bank paper and specie. We had indulged a hope that we might have been spared from this important question, as it has been treated in various publications, particularly, and with great ability, by Dr. Bollman and judge Workman. The editor had, therefore, thought no more of the subject than to hum one of Macheath's airs, as he dwelt alternately upon the themes of currency and cash:

How happy could I be with either!

But as the present state of the circulating medium forms an important epoch in the history of the country, we shall endeavour, in our next number, to submit to the reader such considerations on the matter, as a careful inquiry may suggest.

THE reply to Milton, which we quoted in our last, was written by *Salmasius*. The reader is requested to correct the error with his pen. The tract in question is entitled, *Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo*. Milton was not dismayed by the brilliant reputation of the author, who was a favourite at the most distinguished courts, and reigned like a dictator, over the learning of his day. He replied to the proud and vaunting performance of the great champion, in his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*: a work which completely answered the ends for which it was written. It procured the highest distinctions for the bard, and drove his antagonist into an obscurity, which would long since have become an utter oblivion but for this masterly defence.

WE trust that "An American Farmer," in Rhode Island, will be satisfied that we are not insensible of the truth of the apothegm, *ne quid nimis*. For reasons which must be obvious to him, we forbear to make any further explanation.

WE are sorry that the translation of a letter from the pen of Madame de Stael, which is supposed to have been written by lady Jane Grey, arrived too late for this number. The author of this fiction has entered very cordially into what may be supposed to have been the feelings of the illustrious victim, and she has therefore produced an epistle of no common interest. Should she ever survey the pages of the Port Folio, she will be gratified, to peruse in a foreign tongue, a translation, in which nothing is lost of the vigour or elegance of the original. Madame de Stael is to be ranked among the most powerful writers of the time, and we are well assured that every thing from her pen will be perused with profound attention.

"THE Joys of Winter" came too late for this number. They shall be sung, however, in season.

THE Speech before "the Anonymous Society," is not suited to our plan.

THE "Elegy on Fanny's Bird," in our next.

"D. R." must pardon an apparent inattention to his favours.

"A SUBSCRIBER," who addresses "Myra," in the language of a poet, shall soon be heard.

"FREDERIC," shall not complain "unheard and unheeded" by us, though the mistress of his song be coy and cruel.

PETER, the Poet, is too pert, in his epithalamium, which

Bids haste the evening star

On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

WE are desired by the publisher to state, that if the portrait of DR. BARTON should not be received in time for this number, the reader may be assured that it will be exhibited in the next. It shall be accompanied by a memoir from an authentic source.



DR. BENJ. BARTON.

— Engraved for the Port Folio Published by Harrison Hall. —
No 132 Charlot St.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

In a paper, designed for general perusal, it will be necessary to dwell most upon things of general entertainment. The elegant trifles of literature, the wild strains of fancy, and the pleasing amusements of harmless wit, shall therefore be considered as necessary to our collection. *Dr. Johnson.*

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1816.

NO. IV.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN S. BARTON M. D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE following memoir is extracted from a paper which was recently read before the Philadelphia Medical Society, by W. P. C. Barton, M. D. and published at their request. It amounts to thirty-four pages 8vo. and contains a list of Dr. Barton's writings—an enumeration of the academic honours conferred upon him—the names and titles of his correspondents, and various other matters, very well calculated, no doubt, for the purposes of this address, but which would scarcely be interesting to the majority of our readers. Our estimate, too, of the character of the deceased is somewhat different from that which has been formed by the author of this "Sketch." Dr. Barton was a very industrious man in the pursuit of science, and though we do not think that he has contributed much to enlarge its bounds, we are willing to believe that his collections will facilitate the labours of the student, to whom he has left a laudable example of active diligence and unwearied perseverance.

BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON, a younger son of the late reverend Thomas Barton, a learned episcopal clergyman, long resident at Lancaster in this state, was born on the 10th day of February, 1766. His mother was a sister of the celebrated Rittenhouse. Both his

parents were eminently qualified to infuse into the minds of their children, the rudiments of knowledge, and the principles of virtue; but, unfortunately, their younger children were too soon deprived of these advantages. The subject of this memoir lost his mother when he was little more than eight years of age; and though his father's death did not happen till he had attained his fourteenth year, he was bereaved of the parental care and instruction of one of the best of parents, about a year and a half before that event. His father left Pennsylvania early in the autumn of 1778, intending to proceed to Europe; but he was arrested by sickness before he could, with convenience, embark, and never returned. Thus at the age of fourteen was his son Benjamin left an orphan.

Mr. Barton had, however, before his departure from Lancaster, taken care to provide for his minor children, a suitable and convenient place of abode in the neighbourhood of that town: where they were placed in the midst of many of his best and most faithful friends, and under the immediate superintendence of a person of great worth and long experienced friendship for the family. Comfortably situated in this pleasant rural retirement, this little household continued between one and two years: and there, abstracted from the noise and bustle of a town, our youthful student—ever assiduous from a very early period of his life, in the acquisition of knowledge,—devoted much of his time to reading. He never appeared to be fond of those active bodily pursuits and athletick exercises, in which boys employ much of their time; though he occasionally engaged in them. The scene around him was well adapted to the contemplation of nature, and he was of a contemplative turn of mind. His inclination seemed, at that period of his life, to direct to the study of civil history; of which he very early acquired a considerable knowledge: but it is not improbable, that having, during the life of his father, and while under his roof, acquired some taste for natural history and the culture of plants—subjects to which that gentleman devoted much of his attention—the objects of this kind by which he was surrounded while in the country, may have drawn his mind to similar pursuits, and the cultivation of natural science generally—certain it is, that his predilection for natural history—more especially for botany—discovered itself very early.

He manifested too, very early in life, a vivid fancy for drawing; and in the execution of his designs with the pencil, at an immature age, he discovered that taste and genius in the art, which he afterwards cultivated with much success, and practised, in occasional hours of leisure, with great accuracy. This was a talent that he often rendered subservient to his pursuits in natural history and botany; branches of science which are greatly assisted in their acquisition by the investigator possessing, himself, a facility in copying the subjects appertaining to them. Besides his extreme neatness, faithfulness and truth, in the delineation of natural objects, more particularly of plants, by the pencil, he acquired great adroitness in the beautiful art of etching on copper, and I have now in my possession, among other efforts of this kind, the figure of a dog, which exhibits the most true and perfect attainment of this nice art I have ever seen—It was made about five years ago. Dr. Barton did not despise these adventitious aids of science, and he often declared it as his opinion, that no man could become a nice, discriminating, and eminent botanist, without possessing that acumen in perception of proportion, colour, harmony of design, and obscure differences in the objects of the vegetable world, which alone belong to the eye of a painter. The accuracy, the vividness, the sensibility (if I may be allowed the expression) of his eye, were truly wonderful. I dwell more on these points than in the estimation of some, perhaps, they may seem to merit, because they have a near relation to the authenticity of the engravings that accompany some of his works. I *know* they may be relied on, for what passed *his* inspection and received *his* approbation, in this way, must be faithful as the pencil and the graver could make them. Those who painted the subjects of natural history for him know, and those who have multiplied those paintings by the graphick art also know, and can verify the statement I have given, of his uncommon perception of errors, in drawings and engravings. It always took quick cognizance of those defects, which other delineators of natural objects, or, in different words, other naturalists who suffer the authenticity of their names to accompany unfaithful or caricatured representations of the works of nature, too frequently allow to escape their observation, and in this way bring into disrepute the real advantages derived from pictured illustrations.

In the year 1782 the eldest brother of the subject of this memoir, took him into his family in this city, in which situation he continued between four and five years. During this period he prosecuted his collegiate and medical studies; the first in the college of Philadelphia, where however he did not take the degree of bachelor of arts, and the latter under the celebrated anatomical professor Dr. William Shippen, with whom he commenced the study of medicine, in the beginning of his eighteenth year.

While he was yet a pupil of Dr. Shippen, he accompanied his uncle, Mr. Rittenhouse, and the other commissioners appointed for that purpose, in running the western boundary line of Pennsylvania. On this occasion he was absent from Philadelphia about five months, having set out with the commissioners in May, 1785, and returned in October following. He was then only between nineteen and twenty years of age, but from his scientific acquirements he was an useful associate of the commissioners. It was in this excursion that he first had an opportunity of mixing with the savage natives of this country—then he first turned his attention to their manners, their history, their medicines and pathology, and to other interesting points of inquiry, all of which he pursued with great zeal for the remainder of his life. His researches on these subjects, are among the most ingenious, if not the most useful of his labours. They enriched his philosophical inquiries and speculations with curious facts, and enhanced the value of his investigations of the materia medica and alimentaria, with some of their most important additions.

Dr. Rittenhouse, who early perceived and acknowledged the talents of his young relative, procured for him this important situation—important, as it gave the first impulse to that spirit of inquiry and research into the history of our Indians, which has resulted in an accumulation of so many curious materials relative to their origin and the affinities of their language.

This learned man continued to Dr. Barton, through life, a firm and a constant, as he was an illustrious friend.

Towards the close of the following summer, Dr. Barton embarked for Great Britain, with the view of prosecuting still further his medical studies at the university of Edinburgh. He remained at that school about two years; except some few months in the

earlier part of the year 1787, which he passed in London. During his residence in Edinburgh he applied himself with unremitting zeal to his professional studies, attending very regularly the lectures of the eminent medical professors who then taught in that university.

At Edinburgh he experienced many marks of the respect in which his talents were there held. Young as he was at that time, he obtained from the Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh—of which he was admitted a member before he had been a year in that metropolis—an honorary premium for his dissertation on the *Hyosciamus niger* (of Linnæus)—This was the Harveian prize. About three years ago he received the prize (the first having been lost.) It consists of a superb quarto edition of the works of William Harvey, elegantly bound and gilt: on the fly leaf of which is the following inscription in manuscript, and signed by the elder Dr. Duncan.

Hanc ingenii mercedem
æquo jure decretam
Viro generoso Benjamini Smith Barton, Pennsylvaniensi:
Propter egregiam dissertationem
de *Hyosciamo nigro*,
publice tradendam curabat
Sodalitas Edinensis Filiorum *Æsculapii*,
Festo solemnî in *Harveii* honorem instituto,
Pridie Idus Aprilis
1787.
Andreas Duncan, senr. a secret.

While Dr. Barton was in London in the first part of the year 1787, he published a little tract entitled “Observations on some parts of Natural History: to which is prefixed an account of some considerable vestiges of an ancient date, which have been discovered in different parts of North America.” This was the first work he ever published. Although in this little book the Dr. evinced much ingenuity and a laudable spirit of research in relation to the antiquities of his native country, the work is evidently the performance of a young writer, and, in fact, the author was then only in the twenty-second year of his age: besides, it was written under the pressure of bodily infirmity, occasioned by ill health, and amidst

many discouraging circumstances. Indeed, he soon regretted the 'premature' publication of the work; for he candidly acknowledged its deficiencies, within a few months after its appearance. Speaking of it, in a letter of the 29th of Sept. 1787, "I am already ashamed of many parts of it; and I am confident my language has made you smile. But perhaps an apology may be urged in my behalf: the subject is entirely new, and the work was written at a time when the mind was in that fickle and inconstant state, so frequently the attendant and consequence of disease. Notwithstanding all its imperfections, I am not sorry that I have given the work to the public: I have at least the credit of having directed the attention of the world to a curious and interesting inquiry—but peculiarly so to an *American*. You will say, my hypotheses are *puerile* and *crude*; but can they be more so than the hypotheses of antiquaries on most subjects?—I think not. You will also say I should have suffered my work to lie on the shelf for a few years; but then the facts I have given to the world would have been all this time unknown." These frank confessions of faults do honour to a young author, more especially, to one who afterwards acquired so much literary fame as the late Professor Barton. They are introduced on this occasion, as a laudable example of candour, in a man of great intellectual powers—as one worthy of being imitated by all young authors too tenacious of their own opinions. Yet after all, the book in question, is by no means so deficient in merit, as its author, himself, seemed to consider it. On the contrary, it does credit to so young a writer.

For reasons which he communicated to his brother by a letter dated at London, the 2d of February, 1789, Dr. Barton chose to obtain his medical diploma from the celebrated German university, founded by George II, at Gottingen, in the duchy of Brunswick, rather than to apply for one which he was entitled to receive, from the university of Edinburgh. With these reasons, there might, perhaps, have been blended some degree of dissatisfaction with the deportment of two of the professors in the medical school of the latter, towards him; one of these, to whom on his arrival at Edinburgh he presented a highly commendatory letter from his preceptor in medicine, professor Shippen—never showed him the slightest attention; and the conduct of the other

was, *as he conceived*, reprehensible for a similar cause. Yet, while he acknowledged with gratitude and a commendable pride, the very polite and friendly attention with which he was honoured by all the other professors, it can scarcely be doubted that circumstances of this nature would have increased—if they did not originally excite, in the mind of a young man of quick sensibility, those unpleasant sensations which he then experienced. But however this may have been, certain it is, that he determined to graduate at Gottingen.

After an absence of somewhat more than three years, Dr. Barton returned to Philadelphia.

His well known abilities, introduced him speedily into notice, and soon after he began to get into some practice as a physician. By his reputation, too, for attainments in natural science, he acquired literary and academick honours, at a period of life when, in ordinary cases, the conferring of such would be deemed premature; for soon after his return to America, he was chosen a member of the American Philosophical Society in this city, of which he became on the 1st of Jan. 1802, one of the vice-presidents, an office he continued to hold till the day of his death. From the first period of his election to membership of this society, he became one of its most active, as he was one of its most intelligent members. The printed transactions of the society are evidences of this. They contain many papers on various subjects relating to natural science, from his pen.

In the year 1789, the trustees of the College of Philadelphia instituted a professorship of natural history and botany, which was conferred on Dr. Barton, then only twenty-four years of age. Dr. Kuhn had previously to this delivered some courses of lectures on botany, but natural history had never before been taught. Dr. Barton then was the first lecturer on natural history in Philadelphia, and, so far as I know, the first teacher of natural science in the cis-atlantic world. This appointment was confirmed to him in the year 1791, on the incorporation of the college with the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Barton, at the period of his death, had held this professorship for the space of six-and-twenty years.

About five years after Dr. Barton was appointed professor of natural history and botany, viz. at the close of the year 1795, Dr.

Samuel Powell Griffiths, who is still living, and a respectable practitioner of medicine of the society of Friends in this city, intimated his intention of resigning the professorship of *materia medica* in the university, some time in the course of the winter.

To this chair Dr. Barton was shortly after appointed, being then but just turned of thirty years of age, and having been professor of natural history and botany near six years. And here, gentlemen, *begins* and *rests* the high professional reputation of Dr. Barton in medicine. To the important lectures on this subject, continued by him till the period when the loss of one of the great pillars of this medical school afforded him an opportunity of a translation to the vacant chair of the practice of physick, is entirely attributable the present conspicuous elevation of the *materia medica* professorship in this university. Those who have attended the lectures of the late professor on this point of medical science, can bear honourable and powerful testimony in favour of their importance, their learning, their usefulness; and it is no small circumstance in favour of the exertions of his successor in this chair, that we hear nothing of its reputation being in any degree deteriorated, although the present incumbent succeeded to it under circumstances of a very discouraging, nay, almost overwhelming nature.

I have just hinted that Dr. Barton was translated from the chair of *materia medica* to the practical chair, relative to which it is necessary to make a few remarks. From the preceding sketch of Dr. Barton's character, you will not be long in concluding that he was a man of high ambition. The fact is so. He possessed this passion in relation to matters of literary reputation and science, in a most exalted degree. He had long viewed the splendour of professor Rush's deserved elevation in the paths of medical science, with emotions that could not but stimulate him to more vigorous and continued exertions to equal his fame. Let me add too, whatever may be thought generally to the contrary, he did that great man ample justice in his unreserved conversations respecting his literary and medical career.

Can it then be deemed unnatural, and will you not expect to hear, that upon the death of professor Rush, Dr. Barton became desirous of filling his chair? He accordingly applied for it,

and was appointed some few months after the decease of his learned predecessor. This chair he held in conjunction with that of natural history and botany, till the day of his death. It was, however, his intention, had he lived, to resign the latter, perhaps about this time. He believed that the duties of a lecturer on natural history and botany required all the fire, the zeal, the bodily and laborious exertions of a young man. The energy and fervour he had once shown in teaching those branches, he believed himself no longer capable of, neither did he wish to substitute for the necessary perambulatory excursions with his botanical class (which had been always frequent) the tame and uninteresting lectures of an old, and, what is an inevitable consequence, of a closet teacher.—He well knew that demonstrative branches, like those of natural history, could neither be faithfully taught nor properly elucidated by a man whose age naturally made him prone to the more inactive pursuits of life. He had been eminent as a teacher of those sciences, because he was young and active—when he became older he was unwilling to detract from his well-earned reputation. Besides these motives, he had determined to devote the remainder of his life to the more important chair to which he had succeeded.

These declarations were an earnest of that assiduous application to the duties of his new chair which he certainly paid with, to him, a fatal degree of faithfulness and labour. His constitution had been worn down by reiterated fits of irregular gout; and a recent as well as severe attack of hæmoptisis, had left him even but a remnant of that trembling and precarious health which for years before had been his companion. As no sickness could tame the vivid flashes of his mind, ever active, restless, and engaged, his hours of pain were continually aggravated by an attention to his studies and the duties of his chair. Nature was not equal to the task imposed on her. And as she ever returns in sickness and in disease the hours which are purloined by active minds, from her customary and necessary rest, Dr. Barton soon perceived the pernicious consequences of his midnight and injudicious toils. That his efforts to support the reputation of the university curtailed his existence I firmly believe. He had delivered but two courses of lectures in the practical chair, when his increasing ill health for-

ced him to have recourse to the last resort to renovate his constitution: I mean a sea voyage. He accordingly embarked for France in the month of April 1815, and returned by the way of England in November following, not benefitted by his too hasty travel and return.

The primary disease of doctor Barton was unquestionably hereditary gout, of an irregular form, which assailed him in very early life, having had, as I have before mentioned, some violent arthritic symptoms while a student at Edinburgh. About three years ago he was attacked, during the night, with violent hæmoptisis. The discharge of blood was copious, and attended with considerable pain in the breast. This alarming symptom, indicating the approach of a more serious disorder, appearing in a constitution feeble, enervated, and worn down by study and the gout, could not fail of producing anticipations of a fatal consequence in the mind of a physician. Accordingly, Dr. Barton dated his approaching death from this event. His prediction was subsequently verified: for certain it is he never after enjoyed even the scanty portion of health that had before been his lot. He had afterwards other attacks of spitting of blood, and for a long time purulent expectoration, cough, and even hectic flushes occasionally; insomuch that he was inclined himself to believe, and his friends who heard his complaints, and witnessed their effects, believed—that a pulmonary affection had at length supervened. It was in this state of health that he devoted his labours to the writing and preparation necessary to fit himself for the new chair he had been appointed to; and, as I have before hinted, these labours doubtless accelerated his death. It was also in this state of health, after more serious indisposition, during the preceding winter, that he embarked last spring for Europe, with how little real benefit, or even melioration of his malady, I have already stated. Previous to his departure he had many symptoms of hydrothorax, and this disease, in fact, proved the immediate cause of his death. After his arrival at New York he was violently affected with the distressing symptoms of this disease, and his life for three weeks was despaired of. He was spared however to reach his home in this city, and after a protraction of this indulgence of Heaven long enough to receive the visits of all

his relations and friends, near to him, as well as of most of his medical brethren of this city, he expired suddenly in the bosom of his family on the morning of the nineteenth day of December last. He was in fact found dead in his bed. His wife, three hours before, had seen him unusually tranquil in his sleep. He seemed to have a strong presentiment of his approaching dissolution on the evening preceding his decease: for he requested, contrary to his usual custom, that his physician, professor Wistar, should not be admitted to him that night, and refused to have the friction of his legs continued, intimating by his manner his conviction that neither medical advice, nor any remedies, could any longer be of service to him. He possessed his mental faculties, if not wholly unimpaired, at least unusually active and correct, till the last moment that he spoke. Three days before his death he wrote a memoir on a new genus of plants, named in honour of him, and requested me to make a drawing of one of the species to accompany it. This I did, and at the next meeting of the Philosophical Society, I read this memoir for him. It will of course make its appearance in the next printed volume of that society's transactions, and must always be viewed as a memento of his wonderful activity of mind, which continued its operations for the elucidation of science even to the last day or two of his life—and this too in the midst of disease, of pain, and of sorrow.

Such was the event that has bereaved the cause of American science of its ablest, its truest, and its most substantial advocate—its most *substantial*, for reasons I shall now state. Dr. Barton, in the commencement of his career, was not only indigent, but oppressed. He continued his exertions, however, undismayed by poverty, and unintimidated by enemies. And to those who know more intimately than it would be proper to state in this memoir, the struggles he made in early life through the most discouraging, nay appalling influence of want, added to the direful ravages of disease,—his subsequent elevation appears astonishing. His public lectures, and his various works, the rich harvest of his meritorious exertions, soon relieved him from the pressure of indigence, and the mental uneasiness, nay, sometimes distraction, that supervenes upon it. He whose mental exertions survive such a fate, and who perseveres through it, is not, believe me, a common man!

Among the first objects of his attention, when he obtained the means of realizing it, was exploring the extensive wilds of our country, to cull the rich and unknown treasures, particularly among the vegetable productions, which he believed were there; and to obtain information respecting every curious and useful subject of natural history, that invited the attention of the naturalist. Unable, from his professional engagements, to travel himself, and search out these curious spoils, he employed the talents of others, whom taste may have qualified, while their circumstances incapacitated them for such pursuits. To these he afforded, liberally, the requisite funds, and necessary information. The only remuneration Dr. Barton received for these unequivocal demonstrations of his love for science, were the acquisition to himself and others, of useful and novel information, and the thanks and acknowledgments of those who were the subjects of his liberality.

The ardent thirst for literary fame, which strongly marked the character of Professor Barton through life, rendered him a most indefatigable student from his earliest youth. He read much, wrote a great deal, and contemplated nature with unceasing attention. His numerous publications afford, of themselves, sufficient proofs of an uncommon degree of industry: but besides these, he was long engaged in collecting materials for other works, and preparing some for the press; all of which, it is greatly to be regretted, will now probably be lost to the world.

Amidst his professional avocations, which were numerous—the duties of his station, as a medical teacher, which were arduous—and a considerable portion of his time that was occupied in keeping up an epistolary correspondence with distinguished men of science, as well in the old world as in his own country—amidst all these occupations, it is a matter of surprise, that he could have found a sufficiency of leisure for his multitudinous pursuits in literature and science: and the more especially when it is taken into view, that he was frequently impeded in these pursuits by the privation of health.

Natural history and botany were his favourite studies, and in his investigation of these branches of science, he made a conspicuous figure. He employed much research, respecting the origin of the tribes and nations of America, on which subject he has, I am

persuaded, left many valuable manuscript materials. He was fond of investigating what may be termed the *antiquities* of this country; and particularly interested in zoological inquiries.

He was a skeptick in matters of science, depending on human testimony—in fact, his incredulity was astonishing. He upheld the value of skepticism in his lectures—and in one of his publications he thus expresses himself: “Credulity is the most injurious feature in the character of the naturalist, as well as of the historian. Its influence, in one individual, is often felt and propagated through many ages. Unfortunately, too, it has been the vice of naturalists, or those who have touched on questions relative to natural history.”

The genius of Dr. Barton was of the highest grade: it was rapid, comprehensive, and brilliant in the extreme. He was well aware of the inefficacy and fruitlessness however, of its unaided efforts—he did not rely therefore on the native powers of his mind alone, great as they were, but applied himself closely to the avocations of the closet. He was not only a man of extraordinary industry, but of quick perception, and various information. His genius prompted him to conceive with celerity all the varied and diverse relations of those subjects, to which the bent of his mind more particularly attached him—he was therefore, a rapid writer. He possessed a memory remarkably, nay extraordinarily tenacious and faithful, particularly with respect to facts and chronological events. He never forgot what he once determined to remember, hence he read with great advantage; and though his reading was always desultory, irregular, and to all appearance hasty—he was able to make the most profitable use of it. He possessed a good judgment, much imagination, and a taste for the fine arts. He was indeed a man of uncommon genius and excellent professional talents.

As a medical teacher, he was eloquent, instructive, and when occasion called for it, quite pathetick. His voice was good, though attenuated, penetrating, and sometimes rather sharp—his enunciation clear and distinct—his pronunciation constrained, and his emphasis, owing to his remarkable kind of punctuation, and a desire to be perspicuously understood, was studied, forced, and often inappropriate. In his lectures, his diction was cacophonous and unpleasant.

As a writer, he is ingenious, rich in facts, profound in research, and always abounding in useful information. He wanted, however, in a great degree, a talent for generalizing. Hence his various works are characterized by an egregious want of method, or perspicuous arrangement. His style, it must be confessed, is always diffuse, inelegant, and frequently tautological. As he never corrected what he once wrote, or at least but rarely, these defects in his composition were the natural consequences of his vehemence in writing. His punctuation is truly remarkable, and, for a man of his discernment and extensive reading, singularly incorrect.

As a physician, he discovered a mind quick in discriminating diseases, skilful in the application of appropriate remedies, though he certainly was a very cautious if not timid practitioner. No man read more extensively on the subject of diseases—in fact he was deeply versed in pathological knowledge, derived from books. As however his medical practice was never very extensive, his practical observations delivered in his lectures were strikingly marked with the evidences of overweening caution. Hence he recommended to his pupils, and always employed himself, unusually small doses of medicine. He was however in the main, an observing and intelligent practitioner, and was remarkably assiduous in his attentions, and soothing in his behaviour to his patients.

In figure he was tall, and exceedingly well formed; in middle life he might be considered as having been handsome. His physiognomy was strongly expressive of intelligence, and his eye was remarkably fine and penetrating.

In temperament he was irritable and even cholerick. His spirits were irregular, his manners consequently variable, impetuous, vehement. These repeated vacillations between equanimity and depression, were generally owing to the sudden and repeated attacks of his continual earthly companion—irregular gout.

In familiar conversation he was often elegant, remarkably facetious, but never witty.

As a parent, he was kind, tender and indulgent, to a fault.

He possessed some high virtues; among the most elevated of them, was his unaffected love of country. Indeed, his patriotick feelings were not only strong, but frequently expressed with unreserved warmth. He always spoke with extreme impatience of

the arrogance of pretending foreigners of the literary grade, too many of whom resort to our country, being nothing in their own, and perpetually insult us by their vain and insufferable denunciations of our claims to national genius, talents and learning.

Such, gentlemen, was the late Professor Barton! May not such a man be truly called great? Before he had completed the fiftieth year of his age, the world was deprived of his talents—his country, more particularly, of his usefulness, and his family of a kind and affectionate protector. While the exit of so ardent a lover of the pursuits of science has given serious occasion to its remaining votaries to deplore his loss, may we not hope that they will emulate his talents and his worth!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FIRST OF APRIL, OR ALL FOOL'S DAY.

While April morn her Folly's throne exalts;
While Dob calls Nell, and laughs because she halts;
While Nell meets Tom, and says his tail is loose,
And laughs in turn and calls poor Tom a goose;
Let us, my Muse, through Folly's harvest range,
And glean some moral into Wisdom's grange.

Verses on Several Occasions, London, 1792.

A custom, says "The Spectator," prevails every where among us on the first of April, when every body strives to make as many fools as he can. The wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called *sleeveless errands*, for the *History of Eve's Mother*, for *pidgeon's milk*, with similar ridiculous errands. He takes no notice of the rise of this singular kind of anniversary.

The French too have their All Fool's Day, and call the person imposed upon, an *April fish*, "poison d'Avril." Bellenger, in his French proverbs, endeavours at the following explanation of this custom: the word *poison*, he contends, is corrupted through the ignorance of the people from "passion;" and length of time has almost totally defaced the original intention, which was to commemorate the passion of our Saviour. That took place about this

time of the year, and as the Jews sent the son of man backwards and forwards to mock and torment him, *i. e.* from Annas to Caia-phas, from him to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and thence again to Pilate, this ridiculous or rather impious custom took its rise, by which we send about from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule. Such is Bellenger's explanation.

There is nothing, hardly, says the author of the essay to retrieve the ancient Celtic, that will bear a clearer demonstration, than that the primitive christians, by way of conciliating the pagans to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of the gospel doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their possession, and to secure their tenure: an admirable expedient, and extremely fit in those barbarous times to prevent the people from returning to their old religion. Among these, in imitation of the Roman Saturnalia, was the *Festum Fatuorum*, when part of the jollity of the season was a burlesque election of a mock pope, mock cardinals, mock bishops, attended with a thousand ridiculous and indecent ceremonies, gambols, and antics, such as singing and dancing in the churches, in lewd attitudes, to ridiculous anthems, all allusively to the exploded pretensions of the Druids, whom these sports were calculated to expose to scorn and derision.

This feast of fools, he continues, had its designed effect; and contributed, perhaps, more to the extermination of those heathens than all the collateral aid of fire and sword, neither of which were spared in the persecution of them. The continuance of customs, especially droll ones, which suit the gross taste of the multitude, after the original cause of them has ceased, is a great, but no uncommon absurdity.

The epithet *old fools* (in the northern and old English *auld*) does not ill accord with the pictures of Druids which have been transmitted to us. The united appearance of wisdom, age, and sanctity, which these ancient priests assumed, doubtless contributed in no small degree to the deception of the people. The christian teachers, in their labours to undeceive the fettered multitudes, would probably spare no pains to pull off the masks from these

venerable hypocrites, and point out to their converts that age was not always synonymous with wisdom; that youth was not the peculiar period of folly; and that together with young, there were *old fools*.

Should the above be considered as a forced interpretation, it can be offered in apology that, in joining the scattered fragments that survive the mutilation of ancient customs, we must be forgiven if all the parts are not found closely to agree. Little of the means of conjecture has been transmitted to us; and that little can only be eked out by conjecture.

In poor Robin's almanac for 1760 there is a metrical description of the modern fooleries on the first of April, with an open avowal of ignorance as to the origin:

The first of April some do say,
Is set apart for *all-fools day*;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment;
And though the day is known before,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these forgetfuls to be found,
Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round*,
And, having tried each shop and stall,
And disappointed at them all,
At last some tells them of the cheat,
Then they return from the pursuit,
And straightway home with shame they run,
And others laugh at what is done.
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent.

In Ward's "War of the Elements," London 1706, in his epitaph on the French prophet, who was to make his resurrection on the 25th of May, he says,

O' th' first of April had the scene been laid,
I should have laugh'd to've seen the living made
Such April fools and blockheads by the dead.

Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, speaks of rustics who showed their wit on the 1st of April.

So, in "The First of April, or Triumphs of Folly," London, 1797:

'Twas on the morn when April doth appear,
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;
'Twas on the morn when *laughing Folly rules*,
And calls her sons around and *dubs them fools*,
Bids them be bold, some untried path explore,
And do such deeds as fools ne'er did before.—

See the *World* No. 10, for some pleasant remarks on this subject, supposed to be from the pen of lord Orford. See a forced conjecture on the origin of this custom, which is scarcely worth copying, in the fifty-third *Gentleman's Magazine*, for July 1783. There is another vague guess in the *British Apollo*, London, 1708, which is ridiculed in a subsequent part of the same work; but I dare not transcribe either.

T. Row, which is well known as the *nom de guerre* of the venerable Dr. Pegge, accounts for it in this way. The year formerly began as to some purposes, and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the incarnation of our Lord; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed a high festival. Now great festivals were usually attended with an octave (*Gent. Mag.* 1762. p. 568.) that is, they were wont to continue eight days, of which the first and last were the principal; and you will find the first of April is the octave of the 25th March, and the close or ending, consequently, of that feast, which was both the festival of the annunciation and of the new year. Hence as I take it, it became a day of extraordinary mirth and festivity, especially among the lower sorts, who are apt to pervert and make bad use of institutions, which at first might be very laudable in themselves.

The custom prevails in Sweden, as we learn from Toreen's voyage to China. In Lisbon, as we are informed by Mr. Southey (*Letters from Spain and Portugal* p. 497) they play the fool on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER—No. 502.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

UPON returning to my study, after my initiation into the confederacy of men of letters, who have united for the purpose of amusing the lovers of polite literature, the nature of the pledge of co-operation which I had just given, led me into a train of reflections, on the different writers who have successively adorned the English language by periodical papers. The ready finger of memory pointed to the illustrious names of Steele, Addison, Johnson, and others, whose performances are the models of our infant and the companions of our riper years. While I was pursuing this interesting train of recollections, I insensibly found myself within a spacious edifice, divided into apartments, which seemed to be occupied by a multitude of inhabitants.

Upon entering the first apartment which presented itself, I discovered a person who was busily employed in painting. The productions of his fertile pencil were numerous and diversified. He seemed to draw from nature only; and so far as I could form an opinion from his first essays, he began without the advantage of precedent or instruction. The style and colouring of these was irregular, and in the disposition or grouping of his different objects there was an appearance of irregularity and confusion. The manners of the times, satire, politics, wars, and gallantry were all mingled together in the composition of a single piece. But he gradually became more perfect, and his later works were much more finished and unique. His appearance displayed a genius to invent and a capacity to execute, without much preparation: but his works showed rudeness and haste, and I was of opinion, that he would have succeeded much better, had he lived after those who pursued the same track as himself.

Leaving this person, I passed into an adjoining apartment, where I found another, engaged in a similar employment. I was informed, that the door between the two rooms always stood open, and that the friendly artists maintained an uninterrupted intercourse, consulting each other on their labours, and sometimes assisting in the same picture.

The room was light and airy: it was built in the attic taste, and remarkable for the simplicity and neatness of its decorations. It was hung round with numerous specimens of the skill of the artist: in them were displayed many different subjects: but his chief object seemed to be to delineate the manners of the age in which he lived. There was a light gayety in his manner, mingled with a decorum and chasteness which increased the pleasure of the beholder, the longer he viewed the pictures. I was not, at first, surprised or delighted; but the calm soberness of the shades insensibly stole over my mind, and I felt, that the oftener I inspected them, the more their fascination increased. In short, they seemed to possess that magical charm which bids defiance to the powers of description or imitation, but which irresistibly rivets the attention, and raps the beholder in a pleasing and tranquil admiration.

It was with difficulty that I tore myself from the contemplation of these enchanting pieces, to survey the master. He was engaged in a small piece, similar in size to many others which were hung round the room. His pencil moved with ease and rapidity, and it seemed that he did but copy from an abundance of distinct images with which his mind was stored. The first strokes of his pencil were so vivid and faithful to the design, that he seldom retouched his lights and shades, and when he did, I thought that his corrections were not improvements. What he gained in polish he lost in animation, and, if possible, the hues of the original draft were the richest and most captivating.

In his features I beheld the sober dignity of the philosopher mingled with the cheerful graces of the courtier. He appeared to be qualified to teach wisdom to princes, while the charms of his manner rendered the most solemn advice agreeable to the unlearned and the ignoble. Devoid of all affectation or reserve, he made his pictures more pleasing by throwing into them many little tints of his own character and thoughts; and he had the peculiar art of making that egotism which we condemn in others, a source of new pleasure and fascination.

I left these enchanting scenes with regret, which was increased by a despair of finding others so delightful. Through a long corridor, which was directly opposite, I discovered another chamber, to which I immediately repaired.

This was, in every respect, different from that which I had just quitted. The ornaments of the room, though chiselled and polished, with the most classical taste, exhibited a Gothic magnificence which inspired the mind with sensations of awe and reverence. The pictures partook of the same character. Their subjects were gloomy, and the master seemed to have aimed at showing his power in depicting scenes of melancholy and darkness. They were, however, wrought with such inimitable force and correctness, that the most prying connoisseur could not detect a fault. I admired the splendid genius of the painter, and the vast extent, boldness, and grandeur of his pencil, which left nothing, scarcely, untouched, and which ornamented whatever it did touch: yet I could not avoid being overcome with a gloominess of mind, a sadness of soul, according with the views before me; and I felt myself disposed to sit down and weep over the miseries of humanity.

My attention, however, was withdrawn from this contemplation by the remarkable appearance of their author, who was clothed in a suit of sable velvet. With a stern countenance he was taking from his gloomy pallet a shade of deep black, for the picture before him. His face wore an air of grandeur, tinctured with melancholy: but it was overcast with a magisterial severity, which made me hesitate to approach him. In strongly marked lines I saw wisdom, learning, and sage counsels written on his brow, but accompanied with a forbidding mien, which repressed my curiosity, and inspired repugnance and fear.

Ah! I exclaimed, here are fit resorts for those who despond in spirit, and seek companions in melancholy—for the misanthrope who wants arguments to justify his hatred of mankind, and for those who are too happy, if any such exist; whose joy requires to be checked in its fleeting career—but virtue may certainly venture to wear a more attractive garb; and I prefer courting her when her countenance is irradiated by the smiles of cheerfulness, and decent pleasures attend her footsteps.

His room was filled with a train of sycophants, both male and female. Some of them were flattering his vanity, in strains of fulsome adulation, which he sometimes repressed with indignant contempt, and again received with eager attention; while others were gratifying the curiosity of his visitors by narrating the events

of his life. As soon as he received any money for his pictures, I observed that it was instantly distributed among the blind and the needy, and that when this resource was exhausted, he gave them sketches of designs, to exchange for food. His mind appeared to be enlarged and invigorated by long habits of contemplation and inquiry. His vigorous intellect and insatiable curiosity had supplied him with an abundant store of knowledge, which he freely imparted to younger painters, who listened to him with that undiminished attention which is due to the precepts of oracular wisdom. His conversation with these persons alternately displayed the most brilliant scintillations of wit, the habitual piety of the religious, the gloomy superstition of the weak, and the awful dread of death of the wicked. His studies, I understood, were desultory and irregular, and from the rapidity with which his hand passed over the canvass, it was evident that he could ramble with ease from images the most near and familiar to the display of objects the most remote and profound. Owing to his habits of close attention, his eye-sight was imperfect, but his hand was so accurate, that he scarcely ever retouched his pictures.

Quitting a scene which agitated my mind with emotions the most various and conflicting, I passed through many other rooms which were filled with inferior artists, who were sedulously employed in the same manner as those whom I have described: but the impressions which their labours made upon my mind were too feeble and indistinct to enable me to recollect their peculiar characters. Their works, in general, were but imitations of the great men whose rooms I had visited.

The fate of these performances was different. Some of them occasionally approached the originality and ease of the first artist whom I have described, the magic neatness and perspicuity of the second, and the force and correctness of the third; and their colours possessed a durability, which seemed to promise an equal immortality to their ambition. The pictures of others were brilliant and glowing at first, but they faded after a time, and at length vanished so entirely, that no trace of the outline remained upon the canvass.—Fired with the example of the great artists before me, and enraptured by the prospect of the perennial fame which they had acquired, I exclaimed with enthusiastic fervour,

AND I ALSO WILL BE A PAINTER!

Instantly seizing a pallet and brush, I proceeded to fill up a vacant canvass which stood before me. I completed the picture, and was attentively waiting to see the effects of time upon my colours, when the rays of the morning sun darted through my curtains, and dissipated the illusions of slumber.

I am delighted to recognise, in the ensuing epistle, the pen of an old associate. Our cousin and ally, *Oliver the Fourth*, must derive no slight degree of confidence from the alacrity which the friends of his ancestor have displayed, in the transmission of their *adhesions*.

Fie on't! Oh, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.—SHAKESPEARE.

“What a miserable world is this!” is an exclamation of such every day occurrence, that while there are few whose acquaintance with the unhappiness of others is so limited as to exempt them from the necessity of often hearing it, there are, perhaps, still fewer whose condition is so enviable as to dispose them always to dispute its truth. Though frequently the disgusting offspring of morbid sentiment, querulous discontent, or whining affectation, it is sometimes known to escape the lips of those who are wise enough to know, that “man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards,” and virtuous enough to be sensible that it is their duty to sustain the calamities of the world with the fortitude that becomes “a brave man struggling with the storms of fate.” It is so true, too, that “Misery loves company,” that even the best of us will sometimes derive consolation from the reflection, that this is indeed “a miserable world,” in which even the happiest children of prosperity know their moments of ennui, grief, or despondency, when they will feel disposed to confess, with Solomon, that “all is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

It is remarkable that these truths, whose force the experience of almost every one renders it impossible to escape, should not have a greater influence than they are known to have, upon many of the vices with which the world abounds.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,

Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick, with every day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
 He does not feel for man."

So sang the melancholy author of the Task, and not without reason. The miseries, however, of which Cowper complains, are not those which now engage our attention, so much as those more domestic vices, and particularly that kind of selfishness so common in the world, that makes most of us, so long as we ourselves are comfortable, indifferent to the unhappiness of those around us; even of those whose connection with us by the ties of *blood*, *friendship*, or *humanity*, creates a peculiar claim upon our sympathy, and our insensibility to which almost compels us to believe, that

The nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

Amidst the greater miseries to which the poet alludes, there is yet something to be found of consolation to the nobler feelings of our nature. Even amidst the "death-shade" of those momentous vices which generate contentions and wars between the nations of the earth, we are gratified by the spectacle of one heart and soul pervading so many thousands of beings, and urging them, in despite of every minor consideration, and in contempt of all personal dangers and sufferings, to one great, common, and glorious object. In the picture of nations contending for their glory, honour, or salvation, the slighter shades of human littleness are sunk in the dazzling brightness of the loftiest feelings that swell the heart. The holy enthusiasm of patriotic devotion, the ardent aspirations after fame, and "longings after immortality," are then predominant emotions, while deeds of chivalry and high renown are the only actions that engage attention.

But, when "War has smoothed his wrinkled front," in the stillness of peace and tranquillity, and civil life, when, no longer intent upon a common interest, and animated only by the desire of individual advantage, we are left at leisure to contemplate each other's condition, it is then that the "miseries of the world," of which we

now complain, and among which selfishness has so conspicuous an agency, are most seen and felt. The narrow sphere of domestic pursuits, in which each individual, occupied only by the paltry round of his own gratifications, becomes a sort of little potentate in himself, actuated by all the vulgar interests, without the nobler views that sway a nation's conduct—this constitutes a picture, which, wanting the relief of the more elevated feelings of our nature, leaves us but too much at liberty to repose on those traits that “make the world the wilderness it is.” Then, “charity” is seen not only “beginning,” but too often ending “at home;” “and what is friendship but a name.” Generosity “is still an emptier sound,” and “sympathy for another’s wo,” is reserved to bedew the pages of fictitious sorrow, or “stream at theatre;” while the duties of that religion, which commands us to “love the Lord our God, with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind,” and “our neighbour as ourself,” and informs us, that “on these two commandments hang all the law, and the prophets,” are supposed to be so abundantly complied with, as certainly to insure us a place in heaven, “when we shall be under the absolute necessity of going there,” by the wretched, reluctant, formal contribution of our Sunday’s contingent to God and man.

Now we have no doubt that all this will shock the tender sensibility, or excite the wrath, of many a “lady fair,” or “gentle knight,” since we believe that, though our state of society may not teem with the many-coloured follies of London or Paris, yet that it is old enough in vice, for these discourteous remarks to find many a reader of either sex, whose self-complacency will be insufficient to prevent their impertinent consciences from whispering to them, “the emperor means me.” We, however, most solemnly disclaim all intention of personality, in any thing we have said, or may hereafter say, though, according to the prescriptive right of all Spectators, Idlers, Ramblers, Loungers, &c. &c. to “catch the manners living as they rise,” “shoot folly as it flies,” and “cleanse the foul body of the infected world,” we have no sort of objection to go so far, since “’tis our vocation,” as to say to all the world, “Qui capit, ille facit.”

We have heretofore condemned the *habit* of complaining of the miseries of the world, because of its inefficacy, as we have

also all those complaints which proceed from mere affectation, discontent, or a too refined sensibility, because of their injustice; nor do we indulge the hope, that those which spring from a better foundation will so far reform the world, as to banish from it the selfishness with which it abounds. Our own experience, however, satisfies us that the exclamation which constitutes the ground-work of these remarks, may sometimes be the honest expression of the sufferings of a noble heart, in no culpable way accessory to its own misfortunes. In such cases it is neither the fruit of "envy, hatred, malice or uncharitableness" towards others, but merely the occasional, irrepressible effusion of real anguish of heart, as "sighs and tears by nature grow on pain." To turn a deaf ear to such complaints, or to attempt to silence them by our authority, would be to furnish evidence against ourselves, of a worse opinion of the world, than even such accusations import. Bad as the world is, we are satisfied there are yet some noble hearts in it, that have many of God's attributes stamped upon them; and should the attention of such be drawn by our feeble voice, towards the sufferings of many a kindred soul, we shall not have reason to lament either our credulity in believing in the existence of "merit in distress," or our charity in supposing that there are many in "the world," whose sympathy for their kind, is yet sufficient to redeem them from the charge of selfishness.

CLARENDEL.

 FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE, IN THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Extract from the journal of one of the officers of the army, engaged in the late expedition against Algiers.

—THIS morning I set out in company with Mr. — and a young American gentleman residing at Gibraltar, to visit St. Michael's cave, which is on the southern end of the rock. The day was excessively hot; and we had to ascend, as we had done the day before, by steep and rugged paths. When we had accomplished about half our journey, we came to a place of burial belonging to the Jews—the grave-stones in which were cut in

singular shapes and inscribed with Hebrew characters. After an arduous ascent of an hour and a half we reached the mouth of the cave, which is about 1100 feet above the level of the sea. We sat down for a few moments to cool ourselves before we ventured into its damp atmosphere, and to enjoy the extensive prospect which the immense heights we had reached afforded us. We then entered the cave, by an aperture of about 8 or 10 feet in diameter, descending at an angle of about 45 degrees. As we proceeded, we found the passage gradually opening until it increased to a cavern of an immense size, and a most hideous appearance. The vault is hung with corruscations resembling icicles, of various sizes, and of a thousand fantastic shapes. At the distance of about 30 or 40 paces from the entrance, several passages present themselves, branching off in different directions. They are all rugged, difficult and dangerous; sometimes rising abruptly, at others descending; in some places impeded by steep declivities, and at others crossed by caverns of unfathomable depth. We explored one of these passages for a short distance, but being unfortunately not provided with lights, it soon became so dark that it was impracticable to proceed further. Some years ago a British officer explored the cave to a distance (he says) of 300 yards, which was further than any other person had yet ventured. He left his watch and sword at the furthest limit of his discoveries, to be the prize of any one who would venture to bring them out.

The inhabitants of Gibraltar have an idea, which by tradition appears to be of long standing, that the cave extends under the bed of the sea to the Barbary shore, where it has a vent, and believe that the monkies which are very numerous on the upper part of the rock, first migrated thence through this passage, and still frequently use it for the purpose of visiting their mother country. They attempt to support this idea by a variety of stories and circumstances. Among others they relate a story of a monkey who was cropped and marked in a particular manner, set at liberty on the rock of Gibraltar, and afterwards caught on Ape's Hill in Africa. Be this as it may, I am assured from a respectable source, that it is a fact, that these animals which at some seasons are very numerous, at others entirely disappear; and as there is no other outlet by which they could leave the rock, with-

out a pass from the commanding officer, they must either be hidden in some of its cavities, or have gone for purposes best known to themselves, to the other continent.

After leaving the cave we ascended the rock until we reached its highest and most southern pinnacle. This peak is so narrow and the declivity of the rock so steep, that you may look down on either side to its base. A flat surface of about 20 feet has been levelled at the very summit, where there is a tower, called "O'Hara's Folly," from general O'Hara, by whom it was erected, part of which has been thrown down by a stroke of lightning.

Here we enjoyed an extensive and sublime prospect. We saw at once, the straits of Calpe, the Mediterranean sea, the coast of Barbary, and the mountains of Grenada and Andalusia, "lands of the dark eyed maid and dusky Moor." One of the *pillars of Hercules* was beneath our feet, and the other arrested the eye, and recalled the tales of ancient mythology. Upon a more minute view, as the features of the scene are successively discovered, it becomes highly interesting. Casting the eye below on either side, we discerned "those mortal engines whose rude throats can counterfeit the dread clamours of Jove," and those gigantic bulwarks of nature and art which have been the wonder and admiration of the world; which have been possessed successively by the Moor, the Spaniard, and the Briton, and have cost probably more lives than Alexander expended in conquering half the world—"Such are the effects of the ambition of kings! ten dervises shall sleep upon a single carpet in peace, while two kings shall quarrel though they have oceans to divide them!"

The town of Gibraltar appeared also, as it were in miniature, so directly under us, that with the assistance of Le Sage's friendly devil to unroof the houses, we could have penetrated at one glance into them all. The bay, covered with the ships of all nations, was not the least interesting feature. Stretching the eye across it in a northwesterly direction, we discovered the town of Algeziras, and a league to the northward of it the village of St. Roche. Near this are the hills on which the Spanish batteries were erected during the siege of Gibraltar by that nation, in the year 1782; the fields on which their numerous armies encamped; and fort St. Barbe, which formed the right of their lines. This to the soldier

is classic ground! Fancy marshals around him in battle array, the heroes

“ That for a phantasy, and trick of fame,

“ Go to their graves like beds;

he sees in imagination

“ The plumed troop and the big wars,

“ That make ambition virtue;

and he looks with veneration and enthusiasm upon the spot which has been consecrated by the blood of thousands to valour, perseverance and glory! With the help of a glass, the traces of the Spanish works may yet be discerned;—the trenches and epaulments of general Alvarez and a large stone tower called the Tower of the Mill, are still to be seen. A hill also was pointed out to me, upon the summit of which, when Gibraltar was in possession of the Moors, and besieged by the Spanish, the queen of Spain placed her chair of state, vowing that it should be her only throne until the fortress was taken. Her vow and her ambitious hopes were both broken by the repulse of her army. I recollect to have read the anecdote before, but do not remember the name of this amazonian warrior.

Turning from these warlike scenes, and directing the eye along the shores of the Mediterranean, the prospect extends as far as Cape Molerino, a distance of 20 leagues. The intermediate country is beautifully variegated by lofty mountains and fertile valleys, covered with forests and vineyards. The towns of Esteponne and Marabella are also to be seen. On the Barbary shore, Mons Abyla, now called Ape's Hill, and the town of Ceuta may be discerned. The latter is a fortified place, in possession of the Spaniards.

I could not behold these scenes without a mixture of awe and regret. The page of history opened itself to my view, and the tales of chivalry rushed across my recollection. I saw at once the countries of the haughty Spaniard and the daring Moor of other days. The Moor celebrated for his courage, generosity, and nobleness of mind, conqueror of Spain and seated on the throne of its kings, ruled a subjected people with justice and moderation. In an age of barbarity and ignorance, they cultivated the sciences and domestic virtues, and the reigns of the Mohameds and the Abdarharmans became brilliant, from the private virtues

as well as the public qualities of those princes; among whom were poets, philosophers, historians, and great captains, as well as good kings. The libraries and public buildings at Seville and Cordova, still remain as monuments of their taste and munificence.

The Moor civilized Spain, and Spain civilized Europe. A military spirit was kindled in Spain, which proved the downfall of the Moorish dynasty. The spirit of chivalry which first broke forth among her mountains soon spread throughout Europe, softening the manners and correcting the vices of the age. For as generosity, disinterestedness, and all the noblest qualities of the mind accompany courage and military virtue, so, where the latter predominates, the former will ever be found conspicuous.

Of these nations, once rivals in greatness, it is hard to tell which is the most degraded. The high minded and gallant Moors are sunk into untutored, unfeeling savages, the slaves of tyrants, and scarcely numbered on the list of nations. The Spaniards have become proverbial for their ignorance and imbecility, and the lower classes of her people are not a whit behind their African neighbours in their rapid progress towards a state of nature. If "ignorance is bliss," this nation would indeed be supremely happy. *

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER FROM LADY JANE GREY TO DR. AYLMER.

MAD. DE STAEL has published an essay on Suicide, to which she has added a letter of her own composition, but which is supposed to be written by lady Jane Gray, the grand niece of Henry VIII. Of the latter one of our friends has favoured us with the following translation. It is in every respect faithful to the vigour and elegance of the original, and excites a regret that Mad. de Staël had not always been blessed with *so fair* an interpreter. Lady Jane Gray, as we learn from the best of the English historians, possessed the most amiable character, was accomplished by the best education, both in literature and religion; and was every way worthy of a crown. She had attained a familiar knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, besides modern tongues. The learned Roger Ascham, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of

hunting in the park; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gayety. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness towards her husband, who was worthy of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was not agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present; pleaded the preferable title of the two princesses; expressed a dread of the consequences attending an enterprize so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties rather than the reasons of her father and father-in-law, and above all of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her party was not strong enough to support her. After the vain pageantry of wearing a crown during ten days, Mary ascended the throne, and the lady Jane, returned to a private life with more satisfaction than she felt when the royalty was tendered to her. She and lord Guilford, her husband, were brought to trial, and sentence was pronounced against them, but without any present intention of putting it in execution. The youth and innocence of the persons, neither of whom had reached their seventeenth year, pleaded sufficiently in their favour.

But in the following year, the duke of Suffolk having excited a rebellion, his guilt was imputed to lady Jane, and the queen, incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was accordingly given to her to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. On the scaffold she made a speech to the by-standers; in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the whole of the blame on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy: that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey: that she willingly received death as the only satisfaction she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she should show by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others: and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a serene countenance submitted herself to the executioner.

We shall only add to this brief abridgment of her mournful story, that the fact of poison being offered to her by her tutor, is, like the whole epistle, a

fiction of Mad. de Stael. It is true that, during her imprisonment, she addressed a letter in the Greek language to her sister, in which she defended her religion by all the topics then in use: but Ascham would have been among the last to recommend self-destruction. That he was a pious man we have the testimony of his friends and the evidence of his writings. This explanation we deem an act of justice, to a favourite author.

The following letter may have been written in the month of February 1554; this much is certain, that at that epoch, which is that of the death of lady Jane, she maintained, from her prison, a constant correspondence with her friends and relations; and to her last moment her philosophical spirit and religious firmness never forsook her.

Lady Jane Grey to Doctor Aylmer.

It is to you, my worthy friend, I owe that religious instruction, that life of faith which alone can endure for ever: my last thoughts are addressed to you in the solemn trial to which I am condemned. Three months have elapsed since the sentence of death, which the queen caused to be pronounced against my husband and myself, as a punishment for that unhappy reign of nine days, for that crown of thorns, which rested on my head, only to mark it for destruction. I believed, I avow to you, that the intention of Mary was, to intimidate me by this sentence, but I did not imagine that she wished to shed my blood, which is also hers. It appeared to me my youth would have been sufficient to excuse me, when it should be proved, that for a long time I resisted the melancholy honours with which I was menaced, and that my deference to the wishes of the duke of Northumberland, my father-in-law, was alone able to mislead me to the fault I have committed; but it is not to accuse my enemies, I write to you; they are the instruments of the will of God, like every other event of this world, and I ought to reflect but upon my own emotions. Enclosed in this tower, I live upon my thoughts, and my moral and religious conduct consists only in conflicts within myself.

Yesterday, our friend Ascham came to see me, and the sight of him at first gave me a lively pleasure; it recalled to my mind the recollection of the delightful and profitable hours I have passed with him in the study of the ancients. I wished to converse with him only on those illustrious deaths, the descriptions of which have opened to me, a train of reflections without end. Ascham, you know, is serious and calm; he leans upon old age as a support against the evils of existence; in fact, the old age of a reflecting being is not feeble; experience and faith fortify it, and when the space which remains, is so short, a last effort is sufficient to bear us over it; the goal is yet nearer to me than to an old man, but the sufferings accumulated upon my last days will be bitter.

Ascham announced to me that the queen permitted me to breathe the air in the garden of my prison, and I cannot express the joy I felt at it; it was such that our poor friend had not at first the courage to disturb it. We descended together, and he permitted me to enjoy for some time that nature, of which I

had been, for several months, deprived; it was one of those days at the close of Winter, which announces Spring. I know not if that beautiful season itself would so much have affected my imagination as this presentiment of its return; the trees turned their still leafless branches towards the sun; the grass was already green, a few premature flowers seemed by their perfume, to form a prelude to the melody of nature, when she should re-appear in all her magnificence! The air was of an undefinable softness; it seemed as if I heard the voice of God, in the invisible and all-powerful breath which at every moment, restored me again to life—To life! What have I said! I have thought until this day, that it was my right, and now I receive its last benefits as the adieu of a friend.

I advanced with Ascham towards the borders of the Thames, and we seated ourselves in the yet leafless wood, which was soon to be clothed with verdure; the waves seemed to sparkle with the reflection of the light of heaven; but although this spectacle was brilliant as a festival, there is always something melancholy in the course of the waves, and no one can long contemplate them, without yielding to those reveries whose charm consists, above every thing, in a sort of detachment from ourselves. Ascham perceived the direction of my thoughts, and suddenly seizing my hand, and bathing it with tears, "O thou," said he, "who art ever my sovereign, is it for me to acquaint you with the fate which menaces you? Your father has assembled your partisans to oppose Mary, and this queen, justly detested, charges you with all the love your name has excited." His sobs interrupted him.—"Continue," said I to him, "Oh, my friend, remember those contemplative beings, who, with a firm countenance, have looked upon the deaths even of those who were dear to them; they knew whence we came, and whither we go, that is enough." "Well," said he, "your sentence is to be executed, but I bring that succour, which has delivered so many illustrious men from the proscription of tyrants." This old man, the friend of my youth, then tremblingly offered me the poison, with which he would have saved me, at the peril of his life. I remembered how often we had together admired certain voluntary deaths among the ancients, and I fell into profound reflection, as if the lights of christianity were suddenly extinguished in me, and I was abandoned to that indecision, from which, even man, in the most simple occurrences, finds so much difficulty in extricating himself. Ascham fell on his knees before me; his gray head was bowed down in my presence, and covering his eyes with one hand, with the other he presented me the fatal resource he had prepared. I gently repulsed his hand; and renovating myself through prayer, found power to answer him, as follows—

Ascham, said I, you know with what delight I read with you the philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome; the masculine beauties of their language, the simple energy of their minds, will for ever remain incomparable. Society, such as it is constituted in our days, has filled most minds with frivolity and vanity, and we are not ashamed to live without reflection, without endeavouring to understand the wonders of the world, which are created to instruct man, by brilliant and durable symbols. The ancients have gone much beyond us, in this re-

spect, because they made themselves; but what revelation has planted in the soul of a christian, is greater than man. From the ideal of the arts, even to the rules of conduct, every thing should have relation to religious faith, since life has no other end than to teach immortality. If I fly from the signal misfortune to which I am destined, I should not fortify by my example, the hope of those on whom my fate ought to have an influence. The ancients elevated their souls by the contemplation of their own powers—christians have a witness before whom they must live, and die; the ancients sought to glorify human nature; christians consider themselves but as the manifestation of God upon earth; the ancients placed in the first rank of virtues, that death which freed them from the power of their oppressors—christians prefer that devotion, which subjects us to the will of Providence. Activity and patience have their time by turns; we must make use of our will as long as we may thus serve others, and perfect ourselves; but when destiny is, in a manner, face to face with us, our courage consists in awaiting it; and to look steadily on our fate is more noble than to turn from it. The soul thus concentrating itself in its own mysteries, every external action becomes more terrestrial than resignation. "I will not seek," said Ascham, "to dispute with you, opinions whose unshaken firmness may be necessary to you; I am troubled only on account of the sufferings to which your fate condemns you; will you be able to support them? And this expectation of a mortal stroke, of a fixed hour, will it not be beyond your strength? If you should terminate your fate yourself, would it not be less cruel?" "We must," replied I, "let the divine spirit take back what he has given. Immortality commences on this side the tomb, when by our own will we break off with life; in this situation, the internal impressions of the soul are more delightful than you can imagine. The source of enthusiasm becomes altogether independent of the objects which surround us, and God alone then constitutes all our destiny, in the most inward sanctuary of our souls." "But," replied Ascham, "why give to your enemies, to the cruel queen, to a worthless crowd, the unworthy spectacle ——"

He could not proceed.

"If I should free myself," said I, "even by death from the fury of the queen, I should irritate her pride, and should not serve as the instrument of her repentance. Who knows how far the example I shall give, may do good to my fellow-creatures? How can I judge of the place my remembrance shall occupy in the chain of the events of history? By destroying myself, what shall I teach man, but the just horror inspired by a violent outrage, and the sentiment of pride, which leads us to avoid it? But, in supporting this terrible fate by the firmness which religion imparts to me, I inspire vessels, beaten, like myself, by the storm, with a greater confidence in the anchor of faith, which has sustained me."

"The people," said Ascham, "believe all those guilty who perish as criminals." "Falsehood," replied I, "may deceive individuals for a while, but nations and time always make truth triumphant: there is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue, and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet we may have been, during our life."

"No, I shall not blush to submit to the punishment of the guilty, for it is my innocence itself calls me to it, and I should impair this sentiment of innocence, by perpetrating an act of violence; we cannot accomplish it ourselves, without disturbing the serenity the soul should feel on its approach towards heaven—" "Oh! what is there more violent," cried our friend, "than this bloody death?" "Is not the blood of martyrs," replied I, "a balm for the wounds of the unfortunate?" "This death," answered he, "inflicted by man, by the murderous axe, that a ruffian shall dare to raise over your royal head!" "My friend," said I, "if my last moments were encompassed with respect, they would not the less inspire me with dread; does death bear a diadem on his pale front? Is he not always armed with the same terrors? If it were to *nothing* he conducted us, would it be worth while to dispute with this shadow? If it is the call of God through this veil of darkness, then day is behind this night, and heaven is concealed from us only by vain phantoms."

"What!" said our friend, with a still agitated voice, and whom, at all other times, I had seen so calm, "are you aware that this punishment may be grievous, that it may be protracted, that an unskilful hand—" "Stop," said I, "I know it, but this will not be." "Whence comes this confidence?" "From my own weakness," replied I. "I have always dreaded physical suffering, and my efforts to acquire courage to brave it, have been vain. I believe, therefore, I shall be always spared it; for there is much secret protection extended towards christians, even when they seem most miserable, and what we feel to be above our strength, scarcely ever happens to us. We generally know only the exterior of man's character; what passes within himself, may still afford new hints during thousands of ages. Irreligion has rendered the mind superficial; we are captivated by the external appearance of things, by circumstance, by fortune; the true treasures of thought, as well as of imagination, are the relations of the human heart with its Creator; there are to be found presentiments, there prodigies, there oracles, and all that the ancients believed they saw in nature, was but the reflection of what they experienced within themselves, without their knowledge."

Ascham and I were silent for some time; an uneasiness pervaded me, and I dared not express it, so much did it trouble me.—"Have you seen my husband?" said I. "Yes," replied Ascham. "Did you consult him on the offer you were about to make me?" "Yes," answered he again.—"Finish, I pray you," said I. "If Guildford and my conscience do not agree, which of these two powers should be imperative on me?" "Lord Guildford," said he, "did not express an opinion on the part you ought to take, but, as to him, his resolution to perish on the scaffold is immovable."—"Oh, my friend," cried I, "how I thank you for having left me the merit of a choice; if I had sooner known of the resolution of Guildford, I should not even have deliberated, and love would have been sufficient to animate me to what religion commands. Should I not share the fate of such a husband? Should I spare myself a single one of his sufferings? And does not every step of his towards death, mark my path also?"

Ascham then perceiving my resolution not to be shaken, departed from me, sad and pensive, promising to see me again.

Doctor Feckenham, chaplain to the queen, came a few hours after, to announce to me, that the day of my death was fixed for the next Friday, from which five days still separated me. I acknowledge to you, it seemed as if I were prepared for nothing, so much did the designation of a day appal me. I tried to conceal my emotion, but Feckenham undoubtedly perceived it, for he hastened to avail himself of my trouble, to offer me life, if I would change my religion. You see, my worthy friend, that God came to my assistance at that moment, for the necessity of repulsing an offer so unworthy of me, restored to me the strength I had lost.

Doctor Feckenham wished to enter into controversy with me, which I prevented, by observing to him, "that my understanding being necessarily obscured by the situation in which I was placed, I should not, dying as I was, discuss truths of which I had been convinced when my mind was in all its strength."—He endeavoured to intimidate me, by saying that he should see me no more, neither in this world nor in heaven, from which my religious belief had excluded me.—"You would occasion me more alarm than my executioners," replied I, "if I could believe you; but the religion to which we sacrifice life, is always the true one for the heart. The light of reason is very vacillating in questions of such moment, and I cling to the principle of sacrifice; of that I can have no doubt."

This conversation with doctor Feckenham revived my dejected soul; Providence had just granted what Ascham desired for me, a voluntary death; I did not destroy myself, but I refused to live, and the scaffold, accepted by my will, seemed no longer but as the altar chosen by the victim. To renounce life when we can purchase it but at the price of conscience, is the only kind of suicide which should be permitted to a virtuous being.

Convinced I had done my duty, I dared to count upon my courage; but soon again my attachment to existence, with which I had sometimes reproached myself, in the days of my felicity, revived in my feeble heart. Ascham came again the next day, and we visited once more the borders of the Thames, the pride of our delightful country. I endeavoured to resume my habitual subjects of conversation. I recited some passages from the beautiful poetry of the *Iliad* and from Virgil, that we had studied together; but poetry serves above all, to penetrate us with a tender enthusiasm for existence; the seductive mixture of thoughts and images, of nature and the soul, of harmony, of language, and of the emotions it retraces, intoxicates us with the power of feeling and admiring; and these pleasures no longer exist for me! I then turned the conversation to the more severe writings of the philosophers. Ascham considers Plato as a soul predestined to christianity; but even he, and the greater part of the ancients, are too proud of the intellectual strength of the human mind; they enjoy so much of the faculty of thought, that their desires do not lead them towards another life; they believe they can produce an evocation of it in themselves, by

the energy of contemplation: I also once derived the purest delight from meditating upon heaven, genius, and nature. At the remembrance of this, a senseless regret of life took possession of me. I represented it to myself in colours compared with which, the world to come appeared no more than an abstraction destitute of charms. "How," said I to myself, "will the eternal duration of sentiment be equal to this succession of hope and fear, which renews in so lively a manner the tenderest affections? Will the knowledge of the mysteries of the universe ever equal the inexpressible attraction of the veil which covers them? Will certainty have the flattering illusion of doubt? Will the brilliancy of truth ever afford as much enjoyment, as the research and the discovery of it? What will youth, hope, memory, affection be, if the course of time is arrested? In fine, can the Supreme Being in all his glory, give to the creature a more enchanting present than love?"

I humbly confess to you, my worthy friend, that these fears were impious. Ascham, who in our conversation the evening before had appeared less religious than myself, at once availed himself of my rebellious grief. "You ought not," said he, "to make use of benefits to cast a doubt upon the power of the benefactor, whose gift is this life that you regret? And if its imperfect enjoyments seem to you so valuable, why should you believe them irreparable? Certainly our imagination itself may conceive of something better than this earth; but, if it be unequal to this, is it for us to consider the Deity merely as a poet, who is unable to produce a second work superior to the first?" This simple reflection restored me to myself, and I blushed at the obliquity into which the dread of death had betrayed me. Oh! my friend! what it costs to fathom this thought! Abysses, still deeper and deeper, open under each other!

In four days I shall no longer exist; that bird which flies through the air will survive me; I have less time to live than he; the inanimate objects which surround me will preserve their form, and nothing of me will remain upon earth, but the remembrance of my friends. Inconceivable mystery of the soul, which foresees its end here below, and yet cannot prevent it. The hand directs the couriers who conduct us: thought cannot obtain a moment's victory over death! Pardon my weakness, oh my father in religion, you, who have so tenderly cherished me; we shall be re-united in heaven; but shall I still hear that affecting voice which revealed to me a God of mercy? Shall these eyes contemplate your venerable features? Oh, Guildford! oh, my husband! you whose noble figure is unceasingly present to my heart, shall I behold you again, such as you are, among the angels whose image you are upon earth? But what do I say? My feeble soul desires nothing beyond the tomb but the actual return of life!—

(Thursday)

My husband has requested to see me to-day for the last time. I have avoided that moment in which joy and despair would be too closely blended. I dreaded the loss of the resignation I now feel. You have seen that my heart has had but too much attachment to happiness, let me not relapse into it again. My father,

do you approve of me? Has not this sacrifice expiated all? I no longer fear that existence will still be dear to me.

(The morning of the execution.)

Oh! my father! I have seen him! he marched to his execution with as firm a step as if he had commanded those by whom he was conducted. Guildford raised his eyes towards my prison, then directed them still higher; I understood him: he continued on his way. At the turn of the road which leads to the place where death is prepared for both of us, he stopped to behold me once more; his last looks blessed her, who was his companion upon the throne and upon the scaffold!

(An hour after;)

They have carried the remains of Guildford under the windows of the Tower; a sheet covered his mutilated corpse;—through this sheet a horrible image presented itself.—If the same stroke were not reserved for me, could earth support the weight of my affliction? My father! how could I regret life so deeply? O holy death! gift of heaven as well as life! thou art now my tutelary angel! thou restorest me to serenity! my sovereign master has disposed of me, but since he will re-unite me to my husband, he has demanded nothing of me surpassing my strength, and I replace my soul without fear into his hands!

HOLLAND'S TRAVELS IN GREECE.

Dr. Henry Holland has lately published an account of his "Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c. during the years 1812 and 1813," from which we have made some extracts. That country has recently been explored by the poets and philosophers of France and England, and the literary world is under great obligations to Messrs. Chateaubriand and Clarke, in particular, for the information which they have collected. But the subject is inexhaustible, as all will confess who peruse the pages of Dr. Holland. They are calculated to enrich the merchant, to enlighten the statesman, and impart a new zest to the fine frenzy of the poet. The admirers of lord Byron will find an interesting sketch of the singular court of Ali-Pacha, the vizier of Albany, the outlines of which are drawn in the stanzas of Childe Harold. This shall appear in our next: in the mean while we content ourselves with the following extracts.

STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

The scenery of the straits of Gibraltar has scarcely had sufficient justice done it in description. Europe and Africa vie with each other in the magnificence of the boundary they give to this extraordinary passage from an ocean to inland seas. The effect of natural grandeur is aided by various impressions which accom-

pany the voyager in his progress between their shores. They are viewed as the entrance to the scene of ancient empire, and as a barrier, at the same time, which stopped the progress of ancient power. The changes of men and nations are suggested in rapid succession to the mind, as vessels are seen urging their way through this channel, which come from the people of a new world; from islands and continents scarcely known even to the imagination of antiquity. Every point on the surrounding shores gives the note of some event which is consecrated to history.

SARDINIA.

It had been my design, when leaving England, to spend some time in this island, hitherto almost a *terra incognita* to the rest of Europe; but I was prevented from executing this plan by various circumstances, which it would be needless to detail. To the mineralogist Sardinia offers many objects of much interest; many also to the lovers of nature, in the great mountain scenery which is spread over its surface. It is a fact not generally known, that the southern portion of the island is in part a volcanic region, and that obsidian, pumice, and compact lava, exist in great abundance in the district of the Capo de Sassari. The specimens in the museum at Cagliari sufficiently attest this fact; and further show the existence of much primitive country in the island, of various metallic ores, and of a formation of coal. Sardinia has been secluded, not only from the observation, but in great part from the progressive improvement of the rest of Europe; and the traveller will find in its peasantry a wildness of garb, manner, and custom, which can scarcely be classed with the usages of civilized life. The miniature court of the king, which was then resident in Cagliari, had not sufficient power to collect all the revenues of the country, still less to change or ameliorate the condition of the people. The recent political events have done nothing for Sardinia; and an island equal to Sicily in extent, still remains a solitary spot on the face of Europe; its most frequent visitors the pirates of the Barbary coast.

NEWSPAPER.

An Italian newspaper formerly existed in Zante. While maintaining this, another was set on foot about two years ago, in the Ro-

maic language, under the title of *Ἐφημερίς τῶν ἰωνικῶν ἐλευθερωμένων Νήσων*, protected by the English, and under the immediate direction of an intelligent young man, of the name of Zerrò, a native of Corfu; this paper is printed once or twice a week, according to the supply of intelligence. The types, which were procured from Venice, are sufficiently good; and the general appearance of the paper, neater and more correct than the Corfiote gazette, under the French influence, to which it was opposed.* The style of the leading article, to employ an English phrase, is usually very good, and less corrupted by foreign idioms than is common in the application of the Romaic to modern European topics. By the suggestion of sir W. Gell, the scheme of the paper has been extended to the report of intelligence from continental Greece; and a direct correspondence established with Athens to supply information as to the pursuits of travellers and progress of discovery; thus giving the publication some value beyond that of a mere journal of passing events.

AN ENGLISH-GREEK REGIMENT.

The Greek regiment afforded a singular spectacle at the time I first visited Zante. Nearly a thousand men, drawn chiefly from the Morea and Albania, many of them from the district of the ancient Lacedæmon, were assembled together in the irnative dresses, somewhat such as I shall hereafter describe, in speaking of the Albanian soldiers. They were marshalled and disciplined according to our tactics; and, though not speaking a word of English, received the word of command in this unknown language. Their officers, three-fourths of which were Albanians or Moriotes, the remainder English, were already habited in a superb dress, copied in various parts from ancient costume. The men did not receive their uniform till some time afterwards, nor did their ap-

* This Corfiote gazette had a French translation appended to the Greek, and was circulated with assiduity through the Levant. A third Greek paper is printed at Vienna, called the *ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΣ Τηλεγραφος* which seems to be conducted with some talent, and obtains circulation from the constant intercourse of the commercial Greeks with the Austrian dominions. A literary journal also has been established at Vienna, called the *Εγμης ο Λογισ* under the direction of Athimus Gazi, a literary Greek of some repute.

pearance gain much by the intermixture it afforded between the English and their own national dress. It is true indeed that red was the military garb of the Spartans in old times, but the resemblance went little further than to the colour of the ill-made jackets which came out from England for this modern Greek regiment. The discipline of the men, when I saw them, was little advanced, and there seemed a singular inaptitude to acquire it; their appearance and movements were in all respects curiously rude and uncouth. The band had made greater advances than their countrymen in the ranks, and already performed our English airs with some degree of skill. The progress of the regiment was certainly much retarded by its vicinity to the Morea; which easily enabled those to desert who became weary of the service, and of a more correct discipline than was accordant with their former habits. Such desertions frequently occurred, and, though the ranks were much replenished from the same source, yet the effect was obviously adverse to the welfare of the regiment.

CEPHALONIA.

Cephalonia is about a hundred miles in circumference. The most striking feature in the general aspect of the island, is the great ridge called the Black Mountain; the height of which I should judge, from the distance at which it is seen, to be little less than four thousand feet. It is the mount *Ænos* of antiquity, mentioned by Strabo, as the loftiest point in the isle; and on its summit once stood an altar dedicated to Jupiter *Ænesius*. I was assured in Cephalonia, that some of the stones of this altar are yet to be found there: and, together with them, the bones of animals which are supposed to have been the victims sacrificed on the spot.

The island in its present state, contains from 55,000 to 60,000 inhabitants. Though the extent of the island greatly exceeds that of Zante, its general fertility is much less, the soil being for the most part scantily spread over the limestone rock, of which the country consists. The property in land, too, is more divided than in the latter isle; the largest proprietor in Cephalonia not having a revenue of more than 800*l.* or 900*l.* per annum; while in Zante there are estates, which are said to be of more than double this value. The tenure of the land is for the most part annual; the tenant, by his agreement, paying to the landlord one-half of the

produce. The commerce of the island is considerable, though much less in proportion than that of Zante. The principal articles of export are currants, wine, and oil; the annual produce of currants being estimated at from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 lbs.; that of oil at a larger proportional amount. A considerable number of sheep and goats feed upon the high grounds of the island; but I heard nothing to corroborate the strange story of Ælian, that in Cephalonia the goats do not drink during six months of the year.

ITHACA.

The extreme length of Ithaca, from north to south, is seventeen miles; its greatest breadth does not exceed four; and at its north extremity, as well as in the centre of the island, where the great port traverses it, does not exceed half a mile. It may be regarded in fact as a single narrow ridge of limestone-rock, everywhere rising into rugged eminences, of which the loftiest are the mountains of Stephano and Neritos, the former in the south part of the isle, and ascending from the shores of the bay of Vathi; the latter on the northern side of the great port. It can scarcely be said that there are an hundred yards of continuous level ground in the island; and the general aspect must be confessed to be one of ruggedness and asperity, warranting the expression of Cicero, that Ulysses loved his country, "*non quia larga, sed quia sua.*" Nevertheless the scenery is rendered striking by the bold and broken outline of mountains, promontories, and bays; and there are points in Ithaca where it is even pleasing, in the cultivated declivity of the ridges, and the opening out of the narrow vallies towards the sea, wooded with olives, orange, and almond trees, or covered with vineyards. The upper part of the bay of Vathi, and a valley at the upper extremity of the port, have this softened character, which belongs also to several other spots in the southern part of the island.

The present population of Ithaca is estimated at between seven and eight thousand; including in this statement the inhabitants of Kalamo, Atako, Kasto, and other small isles near its eastern coast. The principal article of produce is currants, of which nearly 5,000 cwt. forms the average annual export from the island. A small quantity of oil and wine are also exported; the latter being reputed generally the best wine of the isles. It is in appearance and

flavour something intermediate between port and claret; nor is it customary to impregnate it with turpentine, as is done with the wines of continental Greece.

Since Ithaca came into our possession, it has been governed by a company of the Corsican Rangers; and the commandant at this time was a captain of the same regiment, a native, I believe, of Ajaccio, in Corsica. It was a singular combination of circumstances to see a fellow-townsmen of Napoleon representing the English authority in the ancient kingdom of Ulysses. We found at Vathi an English surgeon of the 35th regiment, and his lady, who had been resident here for some months. They complained much of the solitariness and uniformity of the place.

A SCHOOL.

I was interested in walking through the streets of Vathi by the spectacle of an Ithacan school; the preceptor or Didaskalos, a venerable old man, with a long beard, who sat before his door, giving instruction to a circle of fifteen or twenty boys, each with a modern Greek version of the New Testament in his hand. It was amusing to hear sounds familiar to the ear, from the Greek of Homer and Thucydides, shouted out by ragged striplings, many of them not more than seven or eight years of age. The old school-master was pleased with the attention given to himself and his scholars, and endeavoured to rouse them to greater efforts of display; which here, as with boys every where else, had simply the effect of producing more loudness of speech.

LITERATURE.

The Greeks of Ioannina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary habits, and unquestionably merit the repute they have obtained from this source. The literature of the place is intimately connected with, and depending upon, its commercial character. The wealth acquired by many of the inhabitants gives them the means of adopting such pursuits themselves, or encouraging them in others. Their connections in Germany and Italy, and frequent residence in these countries, tend further to create habits of this kind, and at the same time furnish those materials for literary progress, which would be wanting in their own country. At the present time, nearly two-thirds of the modern Greek

publications are translations of European works; and whatever may be said of the powers of undirected genius, it is certainly better that for some time it should continue to be so. Such translations are often both suggested and executed abroad, and the presses at Venice, Vienna, Leipsic, Moscow, and Paris, are all made subservient to the active industry of these people in forwarding the literature of their country. The extensive traffic of the Greeks of Ioannina, is further a means of rendering this city a sort of mart for books, which are brought here from the continent when printed; and from this point diffused over other parts of Greece. At the *dogana* of Arta, I have seen numerous packages of books on their way to Ioannina, and in the city itself there are several shops, which have long been known for their extensive dealings in this branch of business.

There are two academies in the city; at which, in sequel to each other, the greater part of the young Greeks at Ioannina are instructed. The Gymnasium, if such it may be called, of Athanasius Psalida, ranks as the first of these; and has acquired some reputation from the character of the master himself, who is considered as one of the chiefs of the literature of modern Greece. It is true, that there are others who have written more; but Psalida has travelled much, is master of many languages, a good classical scholar, a sharp-sighted critic, a poet, and versed besides in various parts of the literature and science of European nations. His only avowed work, as far as I know, is one entitled, "True Happiness, or the Basis of all Religious Worship," in which a general tone of skeptical opinion is the predominant feature. He is the author also, but anonymously, of a singular compound of prose and poetry, called *Ερωτες Αποτελισματα*, printed at Vienna in 1792; and probably may have partaken in other works with which I am unacquainted. The funds of the academy which Psalida superintends, are lodged in the bank of Moscow. He has a great number of public pupils, whom he instructs not only in the languages, but also in history, geography, and various branches of general philosophy. He has one or two assistants in his labours; but it is the reputation of his own name which maintains the character of the school.

The other academy of Ioannina is one of lower stamp, and devoted to a younger class of scholars. It is conducted at present by an elderly Greek, of the name of Valano, very respectable and industrious, but with less learning than Psalida. The father of Valano, who preceded him in this office, is the author of one or two mathematical works of some eminence in the country. The school is supported in great part by the noble benefactions of the Zosimades, one of the greatest and most wealthy of the modern Greek families. Two of the brothers of Zosima are resident in Italy, a third in Russia. I have learnt that the sums they annually transmit to Ioannina, in the form of books, of funds for the school, and of other literary benefactions, do not fall short of 20,000 piastres. This is a splendid instance of genuine and well-directed patriotism.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

A slight sketch of the manner in which we lived, during our residence in the latter place, may afford the reader a better idea of the domestic and social usages of the modern Greeks, than could be given by any general remarks on this subject. Our host was a man of independent property, and ancient family. His wife, with more vivacity and much beauty, had the same excellent qualities of heart, and their domestic relations were evidently of the most exemplary kind. Their family consisted of two sons, two daughters, and an elderly lady nearly related to our host. The eldest daughter, at this time eleven years old, was a pretty and engaging girl; the boys, Alexius and Stephanos, still younger, and the most perfect models of juvenile beauty I ever recollect to have seen; the Grecian style of countenance already formed in both, and set off by the open forehead, and by the long hair flowing down behind from under the small red cap, which is worn on the top of the head.

The habitation of our host resembled those which are common in the country. Externally to the street, nothing is seen but a high stone wall, with the summit of a small part of the inner building. Large double gates conduct you into an outer area, from which you pass through other gates into an inner square, surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the house. The basement story is constructed of stone, the upper part of the

structure almost entirely of wood. A broad gallery passes along two sides of the area, open in front, and shaded over-head by the roof of the building. To this gallery you ascend by a flight of stairs; the doors which conduct to the different living rooms of the house all going from it. In this country it is uncommon, except with the lower classes, to live upon the ground-floor, which is therefore generally occupied as out-buildings; the first floor being that always inhabited by the family. In the house of our host, there were four or five which might be called living-rooms, furnished with couches, carpets, and looking-glasses, which, with the decorations of the ceiling and walls, may be considered as almost the only appendages to a Grecian apartment. The principal room (or what with us would be the drawing-room) was large, lofty, and decorated with much richness. Its height was sufficient for a double row of windows along three sides of the apartment; all these windows, however, being small, and so situated as merely to admit light, without allowing any external view. The ceiling was profusely ornamented with painting and gilding upon carved wood, the walls divided into pannels, and decorated in the same way, with the addition of several pier-glasses. A couch, or divan, like those described in the Seraglio, passed along three sides of the apartment, and superseded equally the use of chairs and tables, which are but rarely found in a Greek house.

The dining-room was also large, but furnished with less decoration, and the same with the other living-apartments. The kitchen and servants' rooms were connected by a passage with the great gallery; but this gallery itself formed a privileged place to all the members of the family, and it was seldom that some of the domestics might not be seen here partaking in the sports of the children, and using a familiarity with their superiors, which is sufficiently common in the south of Europe, but very unusual in England. Bed-chambers are not to be sought for in Greek or Turkish habitations. The sofas of their living apartments are the place of nightly repose with the higher classes; the floor with those of inferior rank. Upon the sofas are spread their cotton or woollen mattresses, cotton sheets, sometimes with worked muslin trimmings, and ornamented quilts. Neither men nor women take off more than a small part of their dress; and the lower classes sel-

dom make any change whatever before throwing themselves down among the coarse woollen cloaks which form their nightly covering. In this point the oriental customs are greatly more simple than those of civilized Europe.

The separate communication of the rooms with an open gallery, renders the Greek houses very cold in winter, of which I had reason to be convinced during both my residences at Ioannina. The higher class of Greeks seldom use any other means of artificial warmth than a brazier of charcoal placed in the middle of the apartment, trusting to their pelisses and thick clothing for the rest. Sometimes the brazier is set under a table, covered with a thick rug cloth, which falls down nearly to the floor. The heat is thus confined, and the feet of those sitting round the table, acquire soon an agreeable warmth, which is diffused to the rest of the body.

The family of Metzou generally rose before eight o'clock. Their breakfast consisted simply of one or two cups of coffee, served up with a salver of sweetmeats, but without any more substantial food. In consideration to our grosser morning appetites, bread, honey, and rice milk were added to the repast which was set before us. Our host who was always addressed with the epithet of Affendi by his children and domestics, passed much of the morning in smoking, in walking up and down the gallery, or in talking with his friends who called upon him. Not being engaged in commerce, and influenced perhaps by his natural timidity, he rarely quitted the house: and I do not recollect to have seen him more than five or six times beyond the gates of the area of his dwelling. His lady meanwhile was engaged either in directing her household affairs, in working embroidery, or in weaving silk thread. The boys were occupied during a part of the morning in learning to read and write the Romaic with a young man who officiated as pedagogue; the mode of instruction not differing much from that common elsewhere.

The dinner hour of the family was usually between twelve and one, but from compliance to us they delayed it till two o'clock. Summoned to the dining-room, a female domestic, in the usage of the east, presented to each person in succession a large basin with soap, and poured tepid water upon the hands from a brazen ewer.

This finished we seated ourselves at the table, which was simply a circular pewter tray, still called *trapeza*, placed upon a stool, and without cloth or other appendage. The dinner consisted generally of ten or twelve dishes, presented singly at the table by an Albanian servant clad in his national costume. The dishes afforded some, though not great variety; and the enumeration of those at one dinner, may suffice as a general example of the common style of this repast in a Greek family of the higher class:—first a dish of boiled rice flavoured with lemon juice; then a plate of mutton boiled to rags; another plate of mutton cooked with spinach or onions, and rich sauces; a turkish dish composed of force-meat with vegetables, made into balls; another Turkish dish, which appears as a large flat cake, the outside of a rich and greasy paste, the inside composed of eggs and vegetables, with a small quantity of meat: following this, a plate of baked mutton, with raisins and almonds, boiled rice with oil, omelet balls, a dish of thin cakes made of flour, eggs, and honey; or sometimes in lieu of these, small cakes made of flour, coffee, and eggs; and the repast finished by a desert of grapes, raisins, and chesnuts. But for the presence of strangers the family would have eat in common from the dishes successively brought to the table; and, even with separate plates before them, this was frequently done. The thin wine of the country was drunk during the repast; but neither in eating or drinking is it common for the Greeks to indulge in excess.

The dinner-tray removed, the basin and ewer were again carried round,—a practice which is seldom omitted even among the inferior classes in this country. After an interval of a few minutes, a glass of liquor and coffee was handed to us, and a Turkish pipe presented to any one who desired it. In summer a short *siesta* is generally taken at this hour, but now it was not considered necessary. After passing an hour or two on the couches of the apartment, some visitors generally arrived, and the family moved to the larger room before described. These visitors were Greeks of the city, some of them relations, and others friends of the family, who did not come on formal invitation, but in an unreserved way, to pass some part of the evening in conversation. This mode of society is common in Ioannina, and, but that the women take little part in it, might be considered extremely pleasant. When a vi-

visitor enters the apartments, he salutes, and is saluted, by the right hand placed on the heart, a method of address at once simple and dignified. Seated on the couch, sweetmeats, coffee, and a pipe are presented to him; and these form in fact, the only requisitions of the visitors from their hosts. The Greeks are scarcely less fond of smoking than the Turks; the *chibouk*, or long Turkish pipe, is indispensable as one of their daily luxuries; and almost every individual carries about with him a small bag of tobacco, from which to draw its supplies. It must be noticed that the Turkish tobacco in general, and in particular that of Syria, is much less harsh than the American, probably less narcotic also; and in this, as well as in the greater elegance and comfort of the pipe, there are motives to the usage of smoking which we do not in England equally possess.

This evening society at the house of our host, was a source both of pleasure and information to us. The lively and social temper of the Greeks, and their eagerness for intercourse with European travellers, brought a great number to see us, and we formed acquaintance here with many of the principal merchants, and most of the literary characters of the city. And at the head of the latter class was Athanasius Psalida, the master of the academy of Ioannina. The writings and repute of this Greek have before been mentioned, and he does not allow his talents to be hidden from those around him. In Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German or Russ, he is continually pouring out a flood of conversation on every topic that can come before him, but with an obvious predilection for such topics as have relation to the arts, the literature, and the glory of his own country, which he never fails to identify with the ancient Greece. His bias on this point is openly and at once displayed. Scarcely had I been five minutes with him, before he began to complain of the ingratitude of European nations, in not repaying to the Greeks of this day the benefits they had derived from their ancestors. "What should we have been but for the arts, the instruction, the example of the Grecian worthies? The modern descendants of these men had the same capacity for becoming great, and opportunity and some slight aid alone, were wanting to enable them to show their qualities and to take their place among nations. It might happen (and he spoke this with some sarcastic asperity)

that they should one day come to reclaim what had been plundered from them of their ancient treasures." This topic of the ingratitude of civilized Europe towards their country, is a favourite one with every Greek, and they dwell upon it even to tediousness with every stranger who will afford his ear to them.

ROCKS AND MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

Long before we reached the town of Kalabaka, our attention was engaged by the distant view of the extraordinary rocks of the Meteora, which give to the vicinity of this place, a character perfectly unique to the eye, and not less remarkable in the reality of the scene. On this side of the Salympria, and about a mile distant from the river, they rise from the comparatively flat surface of the valley; a group of insulated masses, cones, and pillars of rock of great height, and for the most part so perpendicular in their ascent, that each one of their numerous fronts seem to the eye as a vast wall, formed rather by the art of man, than by the more varied and irregular workings of nature. In the deep and winding recesses which form the intervals between these lofty pinnacles, the thick foliage of trees gives a shade and colouring, which, while they enhance the contrast, do not diminish the effect of the great masses of naked rock impending above. When we approached this spot, the evening was already far advanced, but the setting sun still threw a gleam of light on the summits of these rocky pyramids, and showed us the outline of several Greek monasteries in this extraordinary situation, and seeming as if entirely separated from the reach of the world below.

The following morning was occupied in a very interesting excursion to these rocks and monasteries, which may unquestionably be regarded as a spectacle of an extraordinary and magnificent kind. The group of rocks of Meteora is almost entirely insulated from the adjoining hills, and many of its parts are completely so. Following, for more than a mile, a narrow path, which conducted us below its precipitous front, and amidst other insulated masses of less considerable height, we entered one of the deep vallies or recesses, which lead to the interior of the group, and continued our progress along it, by a gradual ascent through the forest of wood which occupies this intervening space. On each side of us were lofty pinnacles of rock of the most extraordinary kind, some of

them entirely conical, others single pillars of great height, and very small diameter; other masses very nearly rhomboidal in form, and actually inclining over their base; others again perfect squares or oblongs, with perpendicular sides, and level summits.

The Greek monasteries of Meteora are variously situated, either on the summits of these pinnacles, or in caverns, which nature and art have united to form in parts of the rock, that seem inaccessible by the foot of man. Their situation, indeed, is more extraordinary than can be understood from description alone. Four of the monasteries actually occupy the whole summit of the insulated rocks on which they stand; a perpendicular precipice descending from every side of the buildings into the deep-wooded hollows, which intervene between the heights. The only access to these aerial prisons is by ropes, or by ladders fixed firmly to the rock, in those places where its surface affords any points of suspension; and these ladders, in some instances, connected with artificial subterranean tunnels, which give a passage of easier ascent to the buildings above. The monastery called by distinction the Meteora, which is the largest of the number, stands in the remarkable situation just described, and is accessible only in this method. Still more extraordinary is the position of another of these buildings, on the left hand of the approach to the former. It is situated on a narrow rectangular pillar of rock, apparently about 120 feet in height; the summit of which is so limited in extent, that the walls of the monastery seem on every side to have the same plane of elevation as the perpendicular faces of the rock. The number of monasteries at Meteora, is said to have been formerly twenty-four; but at present, owing partly to the wearing away of the rocks on which they stood, partly to the decay of the buildings themselves, only ten of these remain.

Aios Stephanos, which we visited, is among the most extraordinary of the number; its height is upwards of 180 feet. We wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and, looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. Our Tartar shouted loudly to a man who looked

down from above, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order, and our request. At length we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which, we found, was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Yet the ascent had something in it that was formidable, and the impression it made was very different from that of the descent into a mine, where the depth is not seen, and the sides of the shaft give a sort of seeming security against danger. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air, our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, which is 156 feet, in safety, and in less than three minutes. When opposite the door of the wooden shed, several monks and other people appeared, who dragged the net into the apartment; and released us from our cramped and uncomfortable situation. We found, on looking round us, that these men had been employed in working the windlass, which raised us from the ground; and, in observing some of their feeble and decayed figures, it was impossible to suppose that the danger of our ascent had been one of appearance alone. Our servant, Demetrius, meanwhile, had been making a still more difficult progress upwards, by ladders fixed to the ledges of the rock, conducting to a subterraneous passage, which opens out in the middle of the monastery.

The monks received us with civility, and we remained with them more than an hour in their extraordinary habitation. The buildings are spread irregularly over the whole summit of the

rock, enclosing two or three small areas: they have no splendour, either external or internal, and exhibit but the appearances of wretchedness and decay. Nevertheless the monks conducted us through every one of their dark and dilapidated rooms, and seemed to require a tribute of admiration, which, though little due to the objects for which it was sought, might conscientiously be given to the magnificent natural scenery round and beneath their monastery.

We were afterwards conducted into the chapel, a small building, no otherwise remarkable than for those tawdry and tasteless ornaments which are so common in the Greek churches; and of which, though now greatly decayed, our monks appeared not a little proud. I could observe no inscription, or other circumstance, which might furnish a proof of the exact time when the monastery was founded; and my inquiries after books and manuscripts, though made with some earnestness, and varied in different ways, were answered only by showing me a few old volumes of Greek homilies, and some other pieces of ecclesiastical writing, which did not appear to have the smallest value.

Before quitting the monastery, we were conducted by the monks into their refectory, a dark room, without a single article of furniture, where a repast was set before us, consisting of a dish of rice cooked in oil; a Turkish dish composed of flour, eggs, and oil; bread, and thin wine. After making a hasty meal, and offering a compensation for the civility we had received, we bade farewell to the solitary tenants of this ex-mundane abode, were a second time slung in the net, and, after a safe and easy descent of about two minutes, found ourselves again at the foot of this vast rock, where our Tartar had been passing the interval in a profound sleep.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

“I am but a gatherer and dealer in other men’s stuffs.”

THAT we should have fewer original writers among those who fill the high offices of law in our own times, than we find in the earlier ages of our judicature, can occasion no surprise to any one

who reflects on the great difference between the employment of a judge at the present day, and that which Fortescue thus describes in the reign of Henry VI.

“You are to know that the judges do not sit in court to do business above three hours in the day, i. e. from eight in the morning to eleven. After they have taken some refreshment, the method is to spend the rest of the day in the study of the law, reading of the holy scriptures, or else it is taken up in some other innocent amusements: so that it is rather a life of contemplation than of action, free from worldly cares and avocations.”

—

Montesquieu once said in conversation that Spain had produced but one good book. Although there may be some truth in the fact that *Don Quixote* is the only European classic which the literature of Spain supplies, yet it has furnished many works which have deserved to be within the reach, if not the possession of the student.

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The tales of *La Fontaine* have not so high a literary value as his fables. They are prolix and often tiresome. We urge not the objection of the moralist to his lewdness and libertinism, but those of the critic to his superfluity and exorbitancy. The decorous and moral story of *Le Faucon* may be commended; it is one of the best among the tales; yet surely in no other language would such slow, drawling, empty narration be tolerated: mark especially the dialogue at table, while Clitia is dining on the falcon. A Chaucer-like exuberance oozes and trickles through every distich; and the manner of the good old times is copied not only in the antiquated diction, but in the needless garrulity. The ideas, however, are few and eked out with expletives as in a Greek poet.

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In modern times the French have imitated the Greeks, and the English the Romans in the spirit of their funerals. The French are chiefly anxious respecting what shall be said about the dead; they appoint an academician, or the academy advertises a reward for celebrating the services of a deceased friend to science. The English are principally solicitous that men of weight in the community should be seen to accompany the final procession, and are

careful to record the names of those who undertake a delegated mourning in behalf of the country. French literature is consequently rich in funeral orations; and when the ecclesiastical orators have omitted to sound the trumpet of fame over the sepulchre, literary declaimers have been eager to waken the echoes of the tomb.

There are turns of style by means of which any qualities can be described panegyrically. Nero, according to custom, had to ascend the rostrum, on his accession to the empire, and to pronounce a laudation of his predecessor, the lazy and stupid Claudius. "His mind," said the orator, "like the invisible wisdom of nature, by letting every thing alone, kept every thing as it should be." This speech is supposed to have been furnished by Seneca and committed to memory.

Addison, though a graceful writer, ought not now perhaps to be made so repeatedly a model. His style is idiomatic and unaffected, is often trailing and impure: his humour is sometimes feeble, though urbane: his illustrations are elegant and various, but his topics are frequently trifling and effeminate. He has not energy enough for eloquence: his criticism wants precision; and his reasoning is deficient in cogency. Moreover, all the resources of the *Spectator*, however original or meritorious in the first instance, are become, by continual use and repeated application, so very familiar, that readers instinctively lay aside through incuriosity any modern paper which announces itself as framed in one of these well-known moulds.

Few people peruse the *Spectator* now, although, as a sort of national classic it has a place in most libraries; and scarcely any one would think with satisfaction of reading an essay in it every day, with his dish of tea, instead of the morning newspaper.

The French are, perhaps, the best talkers in Europe. No people, it is true, have more refined on amusement and pleasure; and no people have brought the stage to an equal degree of perfection, whether it be considered as a school of dialogue, of grace in gesture

and costume, or of illusion in scenery; but with all this passion for the stage, and with all this *tact* for its refinements, no people can so well dispense with the theatre as this conversable and sprightly nation. A frugal dinner, followed by a walk in the fields with a plain and sensible companion, is to a Frenchman a luxury which supersedes every other. To talk, to enter into the views of another mind, to apprehend quickly, and to discover that he possesses the art of making himself understood is his pride and pleasure. The art of agreeably touching and leaving a subject in conformity with the taste of another, of assenting to another's conceptions without monotony, or differing from them without asperity, of raillery without a sneer, of discussing slippery and dangerous topics without giving or receiving offence, of discussing books without parade, and of fathoming the severer studies, without pedantry—that happy art is exclusively a Frenchman's own.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN WATCHMAN, No. 1

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF you will allow me to avail myself of your interesting miscellany, to address to my fellow citizens a few occasional reflections, I shall, as far as leisure permits, devote some hours, monthly, to the discussion of such subjects as may appear deserving of public attention. Whether I shall do them the justice to which they are entitled, you must decide. For the contents of your work you alone are responsible to your patrons: and I should regret, if motives of friendship or partiality were to induce you to admit any lucubrations calculated to impair its reputation. Should this essay receive your veto, I shall bow down in silence, receive my sentence with due submission, and withdraw from the scene.

The subject of the present number is the lamentable system of parsimony pursued by congress, towards those illustrious citizens, whose talents, bravery, and public spirit, have achieved for us the high rank we possess among the nations of the earth. Every man who has at heart the honour of this rising empire, must deplore this revolting feature in our national character. The

same page of our history that records the heroism which shed a halo of glory around the American name, during our two recent wars, one against the mightiest naval power that ever existed, and the other against those Barbary pirates who have levied tribute, for centuries, upon nearly all the maritime powers of Christendom, will likewise record the chilling neglect, the base ingratitude which that heroism experienced. Over that page remote posterity will sigh for the disgrace of their ancestors.

No nation ever owed more to individual merit than the United States in their recent warfare: and it may be fairly asserted, that few nations have ever made a more inadequate return. There is not, I am persuaded, in our whole history, a single instance of any thing like a substantial or adequate return for great public services.*

Among the constellation of heroes whose names will be dear to posterity, it is invidious to make any discrimination; but justice cannot be done to the subject without selecting a few, for the purpose of exemplification.—

I find myself nearly in the situation of Sterne, when he was about to write his feeling appeal on slavery: in order to make the stronger impression, instead of grouping a number, he brought forward a single captive to view. Without, therefore, the least intention to disparage or depreciate any of their brethren in arms, I shall confine my observations to three—Perry, Macdonough, and Jackson. With what exultation, and rapture, and gratitude, ought we to contemplate their admirable exploits—and the all-important results! Although they were all ably supported, yet their success more immediately depended on their own individual skill and talents than is usual in those brilliant affairs that excite the applause

* This strong censure is intended for the general government. Some of the individual states have nobly rescued their characters from the obloquy due to this wretched system. Massachusetts is entitled to a high meed of praise for her munificence to the hero of Derne. More recently New York has fully acquitted herself of her duty toward commodore Macdonough, who interposed between her frontier and desolation the ægis of his naval skill. When a comparison is made between this conduct and the miserable parsimony of congress, how must the honest cheek of every American, zealous for the honour of his country, be tinged with blushes!

of mankind. Not more than one man in ten thousand, placed in the situation in which Perry stood, at the moment when he determined to abandon the *Lawrence* and go on board the *Niagara*, would have conceived so glorious an idea. Had he not conceived it, or, having conceived it, had he not carried it into instant operation, what a calamitous reverse would our affairs have exhibited! We had been rapidly descending the dreary abysses of disgrace and dishonour, previous to that triumphant day. And at one single effort, Perry not merely arrested our career, but once more placed us on elevated ground.

The fate of an army, and a most important portion of our territory, were at stake, on the eventful eleventh of September, 1814. The British fleet, confident of victory, bore down to destroy the inferior fleet of Macdonough. For a few minutes *Fortune* appeared to crown the attempt with success. Macdonough's vessel was put *hors de combat* on one side. Unappalled, he rapidly whirled her round, overwhelmed his brave enemy, snatched the laurels from his brows, and averted the horrors of desolation, the ravages of an infuriate and merciless soldiery.

Jackson, the immortal Jackson, shall close the scene, as his illustrious exploit terminated the war.

On the importance of New Orleans, in a national point of view, or on the immense wealth that was centered there, I need not descant. These points are well known to the most superficial reader. That we owe the preservation of that important emporium wholly to general Jackson, no man of sense can doubt.—Transcendant as were his talents, they were all indispensable. Were his military skill doubled, New Orleans would have fallen, had he had less energy and decision. Faction and disaffection would have palsied his arm, exposed him almost defenceless to a brave and veteran foe, and given that foe an easy triumph. However great his energy and decision, they would not have availed aught, had they not been equalled by his military skill.

There is one point of view in which this subject may be placed, that will enable the reader to form a pretty accurate estimate of the extent and justice of the claims of our heroes on their country. I take the case of New Orleans as a strong instance. Suppose, after the capture of our gun-boats, and the

battle on the 23d of December, with the gloomy prospect that then presented itself, of defending New Orleans, that the security of the place could have been purchased by pecuniary sacrifices; and suppose that a convention of the wisest and best men in the country had been assembled, for the purpose of making the purchase, would they have hesitated to pay millions to attain it, considering the subject merely as it regarded the national character? Or suppose the arrangement were committed to a convention of the most sordid hucksters that ever strove for popularity, by economising dollars and dimes, would they, regardless of the public honour, and merely considering it as a matter of bargain and sale, refuse to pay an equal amount for its security? I trust not.

Can it be possible, that congress, which holds the purse-strings of the nation, on which devolves the important, the imperious duty of displaying the national gratitude for national services, will be so lost to those claims, so lost to a regard for their own fame, so unmindful of the disgrace that their neglect will insure them, as not to obey the united calls of honour, of gratitude, and of true policy? It cannot be. I fondly cling to the hope that they will, even "at the last hour," resolve "to do their duty." If they do not, shame most assuredly will await them.

"They order these matters better," in England. She holds out, to the whole admiring world, an illustrious example for imitation. Happy, thrice happy, will it be for us, if we have good sense enough to profit by her sound policy in this respect. Great services are there sure of great rewards. Thus, to the motives arising from ambition and love of glory she adds the strong stimulus of self-interest. On this point she supereminently soars beyond all the nations of the earth. This single trait in her national character would be sufficient to atone for a large portion of the errors and vices of her government.

To secure myself against the charge of extravagance or enthusiasm—to prove that the applause I so freely bestow is richly earned, I submit to the reader a few extracts from a recent and highly valuable publication, called "The Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire." By P. Colquhoun.

Pensions and Donations decreed by parliament, for eminent services:

Heirs of the late duke of Schomberg, a pension of	£.4000
Duke of Marlborough	5000
Representatives of the late lord Heathfield	1500
Do. of lord Rodney	2923
Lady Dorchester, widow of lord Dorchester	1000
Representatives of the late lord Amherst	3000
Earl St. Vincent	2000
Representatives of the late lord Duncan	2000
Sir W. Sydney Smith	1000
Baroness Abercrombie, widow of sir Ralph Abercrombie	2000
Lord Hutchinson	2000
Sir James Saumarez, Bart.	1200
Sir Richard Strahan, bart.	1000
Admiral lord viscount Nelson, as a mark of the gratitude of his country, for his early services . . .	2000
For services performed in Egypt, a peerage.	
For services in the Baltic—a higher peerage.	
To his family, for his brilliant victory of Trafalgar, where he gloriously fell, in the service of his country, viz.	
Lady viscountess Nelson, his widow	: 2000
Earl Nelson his brother, a representative—a peerage and pension	5000
And for the purchase of an estate, including ten thousand pounds, for enabling him to form an establishment suitable to his dignity—a donation . .	100,000
Mrs. Susanna Bolton and Mrs. Catherine Matcham his sisters, ten thousand pounds each—a donation	20,000
To the officers and seamen, who served in the battle of Trafalgar—a donation	300,000
Lady Collingwood, widow of lord Collingwood . . .	1000
Honourable Sarah Collingwood	500
Honourable Mary Patience Collingwood	500
Sir John Thomas Duckworth	1000

Sir John Stewart, knt.	1000
Representatives of lord Lake	2000
Marquis Wellington, for distinguished public services—a peerage and pension	4000
And for the purchase of an estate—a donation	100,000
Interest on the same—a donation	2280

N. B. In the above table the sums which are not stated to be donations, are annual pensions.

Sums voted for the erection of Monuments:

Captain Faulkner in 1801	£.4440
— Burgess	5544
— Harvey and Hull	3336
— James Montague in 1813	3889
— Wescott	4441
— Moss and Riou	4441
Admiral earl Howe (2 instalments)	4432
Right hon. sir Ralph Abercrombie (2 instalment) 1813	6648
Major-general Dundas (2 instalments) in 1804	2225
Marquis Cornwallis (2 instalments) in 1808	4434
Capt. George Duff (1st. instalment)	561
Lord viscount Nelson (1st. instalment)	2217
Captain John Cooke (1st instalment)	561
Right hon. William Pitt (1st. instalment)	2217
Captain Harding (1st. instalment) in 1811	538
Sir John Moore (1st. instalment)	1444
Total	£.51,368

What an example for imitation! What a laudable pride must every Englishman feel on the review of such munificence! How much to be regretted must our parsimony appear on the mortifying comparison!

AMERICANUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO —REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

And do you think there any who are influenced by this?

Oh lud! yes, sir;—the number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed. SHERIDAN'S CRITIC.

Letter to Albert Gallatin, esq. on the Doctrine of Gold and Silver, and the evils of the present Banking System, in effect and tendency. By Publicola. New York, 1815.

An appeal to the public on the conduct of the Banks in the city of New York. By a Citizen. New York, Dec. 1815.

Plan of an Improved System of the Money Concerns of the Union. By Erick Bollman, M. D. Philadelphia, January, 1816.

THESE are the only pamphlets which have appeared on the important subject of our national currency since our editorial labours commenced: a subject that is discussed with so much want of knowledge in congress, and is viewed with so much indifference by the public at large, that it becomes a double duty to treat it at some length. But reflecting men would not wish to be considered as indifferent to a state of things, on which the present and future welfare of the community so materially depends. We have no national currency—we have 200 millions in paper, and 15 millions in specie—we have 260 independant banking institutions, whose paper does not circulate, on an average, above 30 miles from the bank that issues it—no man can leave his home and travel two days' journey without having the paper refused, with which he started—no man can come from the western country to any of our seaport towns without being obliged to suffer a loss upon his paper, to the full amount of half a profit on the goods he wishes to purchase—every body complains, nobody can find the remedy—the jarring interests and views of those who act from pure, and those who oppose them from selfish motives, seem to threaten a permanency to the disgraceful system of swindling speculation, which taints so many of our banking institutions.

So far then from complaining of the “inundation of pamphlets” on the bank question, like one of the southern representatives in the present congress, we should be glad to see the ground still more trodden, until after diligent exploring we should feel satisfied that we were travelling on a certain and safe path.

In looking over the letter to Albert Gallatin, the first thing that strikes us, is, that there are ninety-four pages of close printing, without a single marginal note, chapter, division, or breathing place: no pause, no division of subjects, no mechanical assistance to the memory, no vantage ground, from which the reader may survey the surrounding country, and calculate the amount of his gains after suffering the smooth monotony of the road he has passed.

The next general remark obtruding itself, is, that all the sentences are well rounded, and the current of composition flows on with a measured, and even course, but without producing any distinct impression, excepting that sense is sacrificed to sound, and that the author has more command of words than of ideas. His style is stately without energy, and smooth without being lucid.

Another general remark, impossible to be avoided in perusing this book, is the boyish introduction of metaphysics into the discussion of a practical question, and bringing forward to the reader's acquaintance the "gigantic minds" of Locke, Newton, Stewart, Montesquieu, Hume, Smith, and Hamilton, and giving consequence to his own "pigmy conceptions," by mounting on the shoulders of these giants: for these are the author's own expressions, and he must not complain if we should adopt them. This ostentatious display of extensive reading, of high-sounding names, and exaggerated epithets, is a common fault among youthful authors every where, and particularly in our own country.

The writer agrees (p. 5) that the diseased condition of the circulating medium is not to be ascribed to the stoppage of specie payments by the banks. This is very true. There were many channels by which money flowed out of the United States during the war, which we shall notice hereafter, but few or none by which it entered. In addition to these circumstances, the want of a general circulating medium in the country rendered it impossible for the government to collect taxes or receive loans except in the paper current at the respective places where their demands were payable. Government therefore must have become possessed of notes of almost all the banks of the Union, with which it was obliged to make payments in sections of the country where these notes had not usually circulated, and would not pass. These

were bought up at a discount, and sent on to the banks that issued them, with a demand for specie in return. Moreover, the daily decrease of specie, and the disturbance of the usual circulation by the disbursements of government during the war, was among the most operative causes of the suspension of specie payments; which does not appear to have been occasioned, in any perceptible degree, by over-issues of the banks, or want of public confidence in them.

Had there been but one national bank in the United States, whose paper should be the foundation of all other bank issues, a suspension of specie payments might have been avoided. But under existing circumstances, the banks were compelled into the measure; and the blame must be imputed to the want of knowledge and energy in congress which permitted this state of things, rather than any want of confidence in the public, as to the solvency of the banks whose notes were in circulation.

Neither could the banks since, with any prudence, have called in their paper, so as to enable them to pay specie: such a reduction of their paper issues would have occasioned intolerable distress among their customers, and would have injured the credit of the banks as much as the credit of the trading public. Nor can specie payments be resumed, till the quantity of specie in the country be increased by commerce with those countries which supply it. These ideas however do not seem to have been contemplated by this author with any steady view: he speaks of the conduct of the banks with timidity: the subject is difficult—some are of one opinion, some of another—much may be said on both sides, and we are left in the same state of uncertainty in which he finds us; an uncertainty, not diminished by the strange difficulties he throws in the way, which would not easily have occurred to any other writer.

For instance, to probe this evil to the root (p. 7) we must inquire why banks possess the power of "suspending specie payments, and by what means they can with impunity wield that power, and overstep their chartered rights. To determine the ultimate causes of depreciation, and the scarcity of specie, we must analyse doctrines the most intricate in the range of political economy." He then goes on to enumerate those intricate doctrines, and brings

in review the writers already mentioned, whose opinions, as he says, were divided on this subject. This really appears somewhat like an elaborate inquiry, why a man, who is walking, possesses the power of standing still.

The author proceeds (p. 8) to investigate the divisions and the properties of *mind* and of *matter* as connected with this subject. Of mind, as divided into the social intellect and the warlike intellect: of matter, as divided into population and physical power; money being a part of this last division; and then follow some common-place remarks from Montesquieu, Hume, Stewart, William Pitt, and colonel Hamilton, apparently, as it should seem, to prove that if a man buys more than he sells, the balance of dealing will be against him. This position that reminds us of another great man, lord Monboddo, who in his "ancient metaphysics" tells us, that when a man opines, he opines something, and therefore the subject of an opinion is not nothing. But like a careful nurse, afraid of venturing his baby opinion into the world alone, he gives the management of the leading strings to Aristotle, and some other wisecracks among the ancient Greeks, under whose authority he shelters himself, like Teucer behind the shield of Ajax.

At page 13, we came to a passage of such profound and hidden meaning, that it strongly reminded us of the lucubrations of the teutonic theosopher, Jacob Behmen, the expositor of mystico-metaphysic theology. We transcribe it faithfully: "But although the natural state of things is impeded, it incessantly gravitates. Every thing commercial, is constantly tending to its natural station, to its intrinsic level; and the tendency is most rapid and uniform, when social intellect is least cramped. The United States form an unparalleled illustration; and the gigantic expansion of Great Britain affords another, though in a minor ratio. Hence that nation in which social intellect and population are most expanded, physical capacity most improved, and gold and silver most abundant, has approached most nearly to its actual station, and possesses the least comparative expansibility; and *vice versa*."

This *may be* a result and a specimen of extensive knowledge and profound research, like one of Hoyle's games of whist, or one of Dr. Vince's mathematical papers: to us, however, whose intellects are not commensurate with the depth of these observations,

and who are at a loss to conceive how any thing can *approach to its actual station*, they seemed perfectly enigmatical; and reminded us most forcibly of the plays of our childhood, when we inquired, "riddle my riddle my ree; I pray you unriddle what this may be."

This author has yet to learn, that to trace and discuss a subject through its remotest causes and minutest ramifications, is as useless as it would be endless; for in this world, all things are connected. In truth, there is seldom occasion for such a farrago of hard words as Publicola delights in, or for new fangled doctrines, and numerous quotations of ill-digested passages from authors of repute, who could not have foreseen the existence or the causes of the present state of things. If a man's head be fractured by a heavy blow with a club, and colonel Hamilton were asked why is this man dead, he would answer because his scull has been fractured by a heavy blow, and the world would understand him. Not so Publicola: he would be aware of the difficulties involved in the question: he would inquire why the man was knocked down—when he was knocked down—what wood the club was made of—whether he rose again after being knocked down—what were the symptoms of his death—with a discussion of the doctrines of weight, velocity, and momentum, and the anatomical structure of the parts that suffered lesion—this might lead to the more important inquiries as to the social intellect, the warlike intellect, intellectual expansibility, and Dr. Gall's craniography, with the sentiments of all the gigantic minds who have treated these abstruse investigations. This indeed might serve for an illustration of the old remark, that the longest way about is the shortest road home, but his readers would hardly thank him for the labour taken by himself or imposed upon them.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of p. 47, among other passages liable to similar animadversion: here, after stating the remedies which he recommends for this national disease, viz. the erecting a specie bank of 30 millions, and a loan office for loans on improved estates, he proceeds to discuss the doctrine of interest. This he makes to depend on the play of affinities of his favourite elements, social intellect, warlike intellect, population, physical capacity, and particularly money: to which he joins stable govern-

ment and wholesome jurisprudence. Probably all he says on this subject, we should find excellent, if we fully comprehended it; but as that is not the case, we must refer the reader to the passage, who probably will be able to discover the hidden treasure of good sense which has escaped our research. For the present we must be content with our own less complicated view of the subject.

In fact, nothing can be more simple than the question of interest, which is the price paid for the use of money lent. On what does this PRICE depend? On the value of money. On what does its value depend? Like all other value, on supply and demand. On what depends SUPPLY? If the money be *coin*, and the nation has no mines, on the briskness of commercial intercourse with nations abounding in coin. If *paper*, on the readiness with which it is furnished by government and by banks. On what depends DEMAND? On the opportunities of employing advantageously the money borrowed. All the circumstances therefore which influence commerce and credit, and principally those which affect the *security* of commercial transactions, must affect the rate of interest. These circumstances are too numerous to admit of detail here, but so obvious to every thinking man, as not to need it.

The mode of curing the present diseased state of our currency proposed by Publicola, is a specie bank, with a capital of 30 millions, and a loan office. The one to be a commercial bank, the other to lend money on the security of deposits and landed estates. As to the first, where is the specie to come from? How is it to be permanently supplied while the majority of our 260 banks are unable to pay in specie? And how is this bank to cure the disorder? Our author has not told us, and we know not. In fact, all loan offices must produce or increase the evil of inordinate issues. They lend for long terms: and if their notes are convertible into specie, they will soon stop: if not convertible into specie, they add to the causes of depreciation, whatever those causes may be. This author would do well to remember, that on practical subjects, clear ideas expressed briefly in plain language, is the perfection of fine writing.

The second pamphlet is not of sufficient importance to dwell upon in a review which we have already extended beyond common

bounds, because the subject is of more than common moment. It appeared, originally, in the *New York Courier*; and the author accuses *Mr. Calhoun* of having used it pretty freely in forming a speech recently delivered in congress. These two circumstances have made it so well known, that we shall be pardoned for passing it by: as we feel very much in the mood of the German who was impatient to hear "Dr. Johnson speak." We hasten therefore to the third, which is entitled, in our opinion, to great consideration, because it is short and clear, and discusses, in an intelligible manner, all the most important views of the question.

Dr. Bollman is already well known as a political economist, by his letter to Mr. Baring in Mr. Walsh's review, by his Paragraphs on Banks, and by his letter to judge Cooper in the *Emporium*. The character of this pamphlet, like Dr. Bollman's other writings on the same subject, is that of plain good sense, delivered in perspicuous language, without any mixture whatever of unnecessary prolixity or ostentation in the style and manner. But the truths delivered, though obvious and elementary, are not the less important, nor the less needed in the present state of public knowledge.

The leading ideas of this writer, are in substance these:

Until lately, money or coin has been considered as the only efficient medium of commerce, from its comparative durability, its regularity of supply in proportion to consumption, and its general adoption for this purpose in every commercial country; so that payment can be made with it every where.

But bullion, of which coin is made, is also an article of commerce itself, and in this character its value is liable to great fluctuation, owing to the fluctuation in its quantity general or local, and fluctuation in the demand for it: it is liable to wear and tear, and is ill adapted for large payments, and for transportation. It wants therefore the character which a circulating medium ought to possess to be perfect, viz. that it shall answer the purpose of a circulating medium alone, without being itself a fluctuating article of commerce independent of its use as a circulating medium.

Of late years, in the commercial countries of Europe and in this country, by means of banks, paper money (bank notes) has been substituted for coin, and as the representative of coin: and

they are now the representatives not merely of coin, but of credit. Paper money facilitates in a very high degree all the operations of commerce; it is of small bulk; it is easily transferable; it has no intrinsic value to impress on it a double character. From being in the first instance a representative of coin, it has now gradually become the representative of credit, and of property. A character, which general use has gradually bestowed upon it.

The facility of manufacturing this paper medium of commerce, and of throwing it into circulation, has a tendency to depreciate the value of coin, and to enhance the value of every other commodity: for while paper serves in lieu of coin, the latter becomes less necessary, and while that which is given for commodities can be easily produced, the commodities themselves will increase in value. If money could be multiplied with the same ease as paper, the effect would be the same; that is, commodities would rise in value. If there be in the market 100 dollars and 100 bushels of corn, the corn will be a dollar per bushel; if there be 200 dollars and 100 bushels of corn, the latter will be two dollars per bushel. Hence, too great an abundance of *circulating medium*, whether it be coin or paper, produces its own depreciation. This depreciation, when it steadily continues, gives rise to all the speculations of brokerage, and has a bad effect on the morals of the community: but in its progress it operates, however, as a stimulus to industry; for it gives the appearance, often fallacious, of high compensation to successful industry and adventure. It requires some time for the public to discover, that high prices are not always synonymous with great gains. This state of things therefore is more advantageous than a gradually increasing want of money, which paralyses industrious effort, and operates chiefly against the poor. A medium between these situations ought to be aimed at.

Chap. 2. On the advantages of bank money over specie, as well as over treasury notes, and other paper currency issued by government.

Paper money, from the facility with which it is thrown into circulation and kept there, is more apt to produce depreciation than coin: the latter can be hoarded, can be exported, can be worked up by jewellers and other manufacturers: coin is more

apt to produce scarcity, from these causes, than paper; and this is the greater evil of the two.

Money also in the form of coin, is so much dead capital: but its value can be brought into circulation by means of its representative, paper.

In the United States, paper currency is peculiarly necessary, from the greater increase of active population in the same periods than in the old countries; requiring a greater and proportionally steady increase of circulating medium. This can be certainly furnished by paper money, not so certainly by means of coin. Paper therefore adapts itself more easily to the exigencies of the times. The fluctuation in the quantity and value of coin, before the general introduction of paper money, was often found to be a great evil. The great use of paper money in time of war, and the great evils it prevents in a country overrun by an enemy, often has been felt. Coin can and will be plundered: paper will not. Formerly, treasure was carried out of a country by a conquering army; at present it remains. In this way a country with a paper currency suffers least, as was exemplified during the last war in Austria which had, and in Prussia which had not a paper medium.

The use of a bank and of bank notes, is, *to make business itself become productive of the means of its transaction, viz. money: and again, to cause the diminution of business to produce its absorption.* This cannot be done with *metals*. Whether produced in a country or not, the accumulation, importation and transportation are not easily regulated. Neither can it be done with *government paper*, whose issues do not depend on the wants of commerce, but on the wants of the government: nor can an excessive issue of this kind of paper be absorbed by commerce.

Nothing can effect the beneficial purpose and uses of paper money, but the notes of a bank, which are never called into existence till the trade of the community demands them. So that the supply to the public will be proportionate only to the public wants: and, generally speaking, none will be called for, but on the reasonable expectation that after being repaid with bank interest, they will afford a profit to the trader who calls for them. This is a character of bank paper, which government paper cannot possess.

(It is true, occasionally the issues may be more than prudence requires: they may be lent to imprudent expense, or wild speculation: but this is always soon checked by the interest that indorsers have in checking it, and by the watchful eye of bank directors. There can be no excessive issues, therefore, from a bank managed with common honesty and prudence. Nor has there been any depreciation of paper compared with money, in this country, owing to such excessive issues. The scarcity can be well accounted for, from, 1st. Exportation as an article of commerce to Europe, where coin bore a premium. 2d. Exportation to Europe to purchase goods that were wanted, where we had no articles to sell. 3d. Purchase of British government bills during the war. 4th. Exportation to the East Indies. 5th. Hoarding. 6th. Specie payments for smuggled goods. 7th. The dispersion of coin in military payments on the frontiers. 8th. Unfavourable balances abroad requiring specie payments. The only imprudent issues have been in the country, on protracted loans and mortgages, which do not furnish the means of reproduction; farming will not bear bank interest; and in this respect, country banks are not desirable. But this evil is not of great magnitude. Reviewer.)

As a general rule, therefore, loans of bank paper will not be demanded, but on the expectation of making money by them; nor will they be generally granted, unless upon the strength of real transactions, or prudent speculation. Hence, when the state of commerce does not require bank issues, the notes will be returned to the banks and absorbed.

To produce these good effects, the management of all banks should be in the persons who are interested to make them productive; i. e. in the stockholders principally, rather than in the government of the country.

Chap. 3. On the actual state of the money concerns in this country, and its injurious tendency.

There exist at present in the United States 150 banks, with about 2000 directors, (there are 260 banks. Reviewer.) who, since August, 1814, have not paid in specie, yet the difference between their notes and specie can be well accounted for from the increased value of the latter, owing to circumstances already enumerated: and the greater price of the necessaries of life from in-

creased duties and taxes. The present evil consists in the want of due security against future depreciation, and the want of a national currency. The present directors proceed in the cautious trammels of past habits, but what *new men* may do, cannot be foreseen. They may diverge from practices sanctioned by experience, and the possibility of it, produces a feeling of insecurity.

The want of a national medium, is the cause that almost every town has its own currency, and this varies in value from the balance of trade, and the more or less prudence with which notes have been issued. This evil may increase till a want of confidence produces depreciation which may extend indefinitely. Hence the embarrassments of domestic trade, the tax upon the fair dealer, the inequality of imposts and duties, which treasury notes have not remedied. Hence the temptation to defraud the revenue, and the complication of public accounts from the various values of notes received and issued.

Chap. 4. On the best method of preventing further and future depreciation of bank paper.

For this purpose there must be a general, a national currency. Shall this be coin or paper? It cannot be coin, for the necessary quantity does not exist in the Union. (Mr. Calhoun, the chairman of the committee on the national bank bill, states 230 millions of paper, and 15 millions of cash dollars as the present proportion. Reviewer.) If all banks are compelled to pay in specie, that specie will be drawn out in a short time, and exported for mercantile purposes, or hoarded by those on whom past events have preduced a fear of the future. Less than one third the amount in specie of the notes in circulation will hardly be sufficient to restore full confidence, but where is it to be procured? At home it does not exist in sufficient quantity. (And while the balance of trade is against us, it must necessarily be exported as a means of payment, where our commodities are not in demand, and our paper will not pass. Rev.)

But if we could introduce specie payments at the present moment, is it expedient to do so? (Suppose the specie payments into the intended national bank as subscriptions, would enable that bank to go on steadily in paying specie for their notes when demanded, could the other banks do so? If not, they must stop; and

a scene of confusion and bankruptcy would be the result, which cannot be too maturely weighed. Rev.)

Chap. 5. On the most advantageous practicable organization of a national bank.

If specie payments cannot be made, national paper must be issued. This ought not to be any kind of merely governmental paper, such as treasury notes, for they are not within the control of the directors—not regulated by the demands of commerce, and contain no principle of reproduction.

The desirable object is, to bring again all bank notes to an uniform value, and to provide an effectual check against their being issued in excess. (Of which there may be danger if they are exchanged in too great quantity for governmental paper. The directors of the bank of England were well aware of this truth, and repeatedly refused bank accommodation to Mr. Pitt. Rev.)

To attain this object, we must endeavour to make all other bank notes convertible into national paper, as is done in England. (It cannot be too much insisted on, that the conduct of that wise nation in her banking concerns, founded on very long and very extensive experience, deserves great consideration before it be rejected. Rev.)

But if the bank issues be circumscribed by the amount of specie in the vaults, the remedy proposed for existing evils will be so slow as to prove nearly inefficient; and therefore a national specie currency is on *this* account unadvisable.

The author therefore proposes a middle course: *viz. that the notes of the national bank should be rendered payable on demand, either in coin or in six per cent. stock at par, at the option of the institution: and that the interest of the national debt should be paid in coin.*

The whole sum of specie required for the payment of the interest of the national debt will be about eight millions, wanted only at known periodical instalments. As many of the holders of government securities will not want specie, their demands will be carried, in many instances, to the credit of their accounts, and therefore a much less sum than eight millions may answer. This specie payment of interest, will stamp a specie value on the principal. Hence the option given to the institution will amount, in

fact, to payment in specie, or an equivalent to specie. This will prevent the government securities from being excessively issued, for in this case they will be returned upon the bank, and the evil will correct itself. This plan will relieve the bank from the difficulty of circumscribing its issues, for it will give a specie value to the stock thus paid out.

Such stock cannot fall much *below* par, for in that case the bank would buy in. Nor will it go *above* par, for it can be had at par at the bank itself. Nor, while interest is at six per cent. will any body purchase government paper, unless on some extraordinary occasion, when it affords less. Should government stock be wanted for foreign speculation, the bank can maintain the equilibrium by making specie payments.

This plan once in execution, the interest of the country banks will be to pay their notes in bank paper; if they do not, the respective states can compel them. But it will be the interest of the national bank to establish a connection with *state banks* only, and the minor banks may make their arrangement with the state banks: preserving in this respect the federal principle of our political institution.

Then follow some illustrations of this plan; and a proposal to substitute platina tokens for gold and silver coin, which would prevent counterfeiting and exportation, in Dr. Bollman's opinion: and his remarks in this respect deserve much consideration.

Such is the outline of the ideas offered to the public in this unostentatious, but important pamphlet; on which we have dwelled longer than an octavo publication of 52 pages may seem to demand, but not longer than its merits require. Before we proceed to state our own observations, it will be proper to say that the plan of bank payments proposed by Dr. Bollman has been adopted from the remarks of judge Workman on the same subject in the *Analectic review*, as Dr. Bollman acknowledges, and whose plan and recommendatory remarks, in some measure varying, though generally agreeing with the reasons in favour of it assigned by Dr. Bollman, well deserve a separate publication in the form they are given in the *True American*, of Philadelphia, Jan. 24, 1816: for the subject, as we venture to prophesy, will continue to excite increasing interest, until some truly efficient plan be adopted.

which is not likely to be the case yet. In the meantime, we submit the following observations, suggested by the perusal of this pamphlet, in conjunction with the strange debates now taking place in congress on the bank question.

1st. It will be impossible for a specie bank to be established, if there be, as its advocate, Mr. Calhoun, states, 170 millions of bank paper actually drawing interest in the nation, issued on the credit of fifteen millions of coin*.

2d. For the reasons assigned by Dr. Bollman, a paper currency is preferable to a specie currency. Its value is single, as a medium of commerce only: it is easily transportable: it facilitates commercial contracts: it renders a dormant specie capital in the banks needless: it is not so liable to fluctuation: it is equally a representation of property and of credit.

3d. The only paper medium ought to be that which furnishes the means of its own reproduction: viz. bank notes issued on commercial transactions, and borrowed for temporary expedience with a view to make a profit on their use.

4th. The directors ought to be stockholders, and appointed by stockholders: but as government may also become a stockholder, partly by right of bonus for the monopoly granted, and partly by right of actual subscription, government should be represented in the direction, in the proportion of stock held in the name of the executive, and no more.

5th. To inspire public confidence, such a bank must be founded on its use to commerce, on the facilities which it gives to the trade and manufactures of the country, and in the reasonable profit thence derived to the stockholders. Such a bank is likely to

* We are well aware that the *principal* banks in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore can resume specie payments, if they will sell their six per cent stock, as they ought to do, and call in the notes which they issued on the purchase of such stock. But they are not inclined to do this, while they can draw interest from the *government* for their stock, and from the *public* for their notes. Still this capacity will not be general among banks: specie exists, so far as we know, but in very small proportion to the paper issued: it does not relate to the batch of banks, which our legislative financiers in Pennsylvania have erected. In Pennsylvania, upon the average, the coin exists in banks in the proportion of one-tenth of the notes issued.

be conducted with prudence, and its notes will obtain credit. Government, like individuals, will be entitled to accommodation in proportion to the quantum of profitable business it transacts with the bank, but no more. Let the idea once go abroad that it is merely a government engine, and established or conducted with a principal view to afford facilities to governmental operations by loans in support of political measures, and the public confidence in its security will be destroyed, at least among intelligent men. For there will be no guard in this case against excessive issues, in as much as the bank has no control over the operations of government be they wise or not, and in as much as government paper has no commercial character, is not reproductive; it does not, like bank paper, supply the means of repayment and of profit.

6th. Such a bank can only succeed in a large commercial town: it might as well be placed on the waters of Lake Erie as at Washington. Its directors must be men habituated to commercial transactions. At the seat of government it would be,—or what is the same thing, the public would believe it to be,—under the control of politicians instead of merchants.

7th. Government however ought to have an important share in, and a superintending eye over such an establishment, and demand annual statements of its concerns. This would contribute to strengthen confidence, while the great object of the institution would still remain as before, viz. a reasonable profit to the stockholders derived from prudent loans.

We object to judge Workman's and Dr. Bollman's optional plan of payment,

1st. Because the bank cannot control the issues of treasury paper, and therefore cannot prevent depreciation under circumstances of governmental imprudence. If it *could* control government issues, it would be in effect the government.

2d. The bank proposed will not be able at all times to buy up government paper when it is falling; as the commissioners of the British sinking fund support the stocks.

3d. The public will lose confidence in a stock-jobbing bank.

4th. The treasury paper is not founded on commercial wants, and has not the principle of reproduction in it; nor can over issues be readily absorbed by commercial transactions.

5th. All such governmental paper would bring on issues of bank paper beyond the demands of commerce.

6th. If I wish to send 500 dollars to Europe, will a treasury note answer my purpose?

These are our objections to the scheme proposed by these ingenious men, which our readers will appreciate as they deserve.

C.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Maret, Duke of Bassano, now in Germany, has published memoirs of his life.

Mr. Eastburn, of New York, has just published "The Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, by a French traveller. With remarks on the country, its arts, literature and politics; and on the manners and customs of its inhabitants." This is said to be the most intelligent, most copious and impartial account that any foreigner has ever given of Great Britain. It is the production of a French gentleman, who left his own country many years ago, and resided a long time in the United States.

W. B. Gilley, New York, proposes to print a six-sheet map of the United States and the contiguous British and Spanish possessions.

Mr. Carey, Philadelphia, has published the *Paris Spectator*, which we lately announced.

Anthony Finley has published "Engravings of the Bones, Muscles and Joints. By John Bell, Surgeon. Part Second. Containing engravings of the muscles and of the joints." 4to. price \$6. The name of Bell is so well known to the medical world, that we need say nothing in favour of this book. Of this first American edition, it is only necessary to state that the plates are faithfully executed. 4to. \$6.

Dr. Barton has announced his intention of continuing the *Flora Virginica: sive plantarum, præcipue indiginarum Virginiae*

Historia inchoata, which was commenced by his deceased kinsman, the late professor Barton.

Recently published by Deane and Myer, New Brunswick, N. J. A comprehensive view of the leading and most important principles of Natural and Revealed Religion. By Samuel S. Smith, D. D. L. L. D. late president of the college of New Jersey. 8vo. pp. 550.—A second edition of this work will shortly be put to press.

Essays on the Church of God and Infant Baptism. By John M. Mason, D. D. L. L. D., provost of Columbia College. pp. 212, 18mo., second edition.

In press, *Familiar Letters* on a variety of seasonable and important subjects in Religion. By Jonathan Dickinson, formerly president of the college of New Jersey. pp. 350, 12mo.

Mr. Nicklin, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for printing *THE INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION*, by *John Calvin*, translated from the original Latin, and collated with the author's last edition in French, by *John Allen*. Honest old bishop *Hall* accounts this writer among the best expositors of scripture, since the apostles left the earth. He was approved by *Saunderson*, the bishop of Lincoln,—extolled in the *Ecclesiastical Polity* of the eloquent Hooker, and his memory was cherished with "high veneration" by bishop Horsley, as he himself informs us. For these reasons we readily assent to the opinion which has been published in our papers, that "the learning and piety exhibited in these institutes will continue to demand, and **MUST HAVE**, not only the attention of theological students, but the serious regard of the intelligent and well disposed of all denominations of protestants." This is the language of our own countryman, Dr. J. P. Wilson, to whose judgment we are as willing to submit as to that of any prelate that has ever been distinguished by the crozier or the mitre.

Mr. Riley, New York, has in the press the *Marrow of the Church*—16th East's Reports, and a new novel by Joseph Bonaparte. He has also published the 2 Digest American Reports—

4. Taunton's Reports—Law of Liens—Law of Carriers—the Post Captain—Walker's School Dictionary—Clan-Albin, and John de Castro. We wish him the most ample success, because, in his dealings with writers, he acts promptly and pays liberally. Our essayists may spare themselves the trouble of making profound researches into the cause of the slow progress of American literature. From the observation of some years, we can assure them, that there is no want of ability, but a most lamentable deficiency of patronage in this country. If they will add to this circumstance, the proverbial narrowness of booksellers in their negotiations with authors,—for they do not blush to require the labour of years as the equivalent of the risk and the expenditure of a few hundred dollars for a few months—there will be no difficulty in accounting for the present state of letters.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE JOYS OF WINTER; OR, A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

NO. I.

Now Fashion waves her ever varying wand,
In conscious triumph o'er her motley band:
Beauty and Youth all other bonds disown,
And smiling bow before her gilded throne,
Old Age itself the genial transport greets,
Springs thro' the dance, and totters thro' the streets.

Strange, that man's never tiring, fickle breast,
Should not repose when Nature is at rest;
But ever fluttering—ever on the wing,
Should seek itself to form a spurious spring!
Strange, that the pilgrim in this vale of strife,
Should mark no Winter to his fleeting life!
Knows he, when sporting in the Summer's breeze,
That Winter's blasts his curdling veins shall freeze:
Heeds he—when Spring the manly ardour gave,
That falling Autumn leads but to the grave!

The joys of Winter, and the Fair, I sing;
 Mirth in the soul, and "pleasure on the wing"—
 Yet should my song, in sudden mood, be fraught
 With some uncouth, some moralizing thought;
 Swerve from the path of Fashion, and lament
 Some new misfortune to a fellow sent—
 Nay more—(should wo in some sad garb appear)
 Breathe the heart's sigh and drop the briny tear,
 Forgive the bard, and spare the threaten'd sneer.

Joy to the BEAU, whose summer-jaunts but save
 Decrepid boyhood from an early grave,
 Or serve to warm the relics of his frame,
 With one faint glimmering of a manly flame,
 To light the round of Winter's giddy joys,
 Where men are puppets—women, merely toys;
 Far be the joyless heart that never beats,
 One throb responsive to Religion's sweets;
 Fool!—thus to waste what bounteous nature gave,
 Delusion's votary—irreligion's slave—
 Patron of vice, possess'd of regal power,
 To rule the orgies of the midnight hour,
 Where men, with breasts as dark and drear as thine,
 Pass the lewd jest and pour the lecherous wine,
 Where all is sin, and every son of Mirth
 Is but a mass of "animated earth,"
 Nor aught within, nor aught without can tell,
 In such a form, a soul would deign to dwell.

Joy to the matron, whose maternal heart,
 Has taught her daughter all the wiles of art,
 And mov'd the clock-work of the fair machine,
 From tender infancy to ripe sixteen;
 Fix'd with a glance and palsied with a frown,
 That future actress on that stage—the Town.
 The tardy Winter greets the promis'd age,
 And custom welcomes Ellen on the stage;
 The happy maiden springs from home's dark night,
 To live, 'mid Fashion, in a blaze of light;

Teach her brown curl that long has wav'd in vain,
Unrivall'd queen, o'er other curls to reign;
Play off the bright "artillery" of her eyes,
And o'er her band of Strephons tyrannize;
Kill with a frown or ravish with a smile,
Queen of the throng and leader of the style,
Freak, flirt and flutter through her gilded day,
And like her predecessor—pass away.

Joy to that greater portion of mankind,
Whose breasts the silken chains of Fashion bind;
Now muslinet o'er finer limbs display'd
Bids the gay mill'ner drive her varied trade;
Some newer flounce, its sister flounce outvies,
And gowns o'er gowns in rapid progress rise:
Now fox-skin tippets bear away the belle,
But swans'-down capes proclaim their parting knell;
Now shaggy bear-skin muffs usurp the sway,
But fall, to dog-skin gloves, an easy prey;
Morocco boots to pink-kid slippers yield,
While fur-lin'd moccasins usurp the field:
White satin slips, beneath rose-colour'd gauze,
Sport thro' the ball-room, loaded with applause,
While "evening-primrose-colour'd ribbons" shine
Amid the lace—and madam looks divine!
But now the gauze surrenders to blue crape,
And "grass-green-azure" shows the teeming shape;
With "byas folds" of satin, virgin white,
Outshines the first—and madam is a fright!
Wellington-hats pronounce the awful doom
Of hat-Anglesey, with their ostrich plume:
Waterloo turbans next in triumph soar,
And even Wellingtons are seen no more!
The brilliant "*negligé* of pearls" outshines
The wealth of Indian or Peruvian mines,
'Till the *tiara* with its diamonds bright,
Darken its splendour by a purer light—

And now the Fop begins to breathe once more,
The gloomy reign of stupid Summer o'er,
Like the forced flow'r, that owes its sickly bloom
To pent up vapours in a hot-house room:
The muslin folds that circle 'round his throat,
Cream-colour'd small-clothes, and the Watson coat—
The fair-top boots, whose glossy surface greets
The very puppies that infest the streets—
The small rim'd hat, whose equilibrium just
The slightest breath would tumble to the dust;
The Marseilles vest, whose pure, unsullied white,
No envious dust has ventur'd yet to blight—
The neat bamboo on either finger twirl'd,
The disgrac'd produce of a distant world—
The ponderous load of gorgeous seals and keys,
Gilt, gold or brass—as envious rivals please—
The quizzing-glass by sable ribbon strung—
The drawling affectation of the tongue,
Which hardly seems possess'd enough of force,
To urge a passage for the frequent curse—
The snail-like pace that leads his Chinese feet,
Along the tonish walks of Chesnut-street,
The apish habits of his person show,
The “bit of blood,” and the accomplish'd beau:
The pimpled fruits of last night's orgies raise
Their crater'd heads, and little Etnas blaze;
Flesh-colour'd court plaister their summits hides,
And checks the progress of the nauseous tides.
The parch'd up lip, the saffron-tinctur'd cheek,
The trembling hand, unnaturally weak,
And ruby halos 'round the blood-shot eye,
The nightly round of godless joys imply.

Oh! Dissipation! boundless power is thine
To draw frail nature to thy dazzling shrine:
Fed but with tears—and pamper'd but with sighs,
All earth thy altar—man thy sacrifice!
Thy specious smile deceives th' unwary youth,
And leads his footsteps from the paths of truth;

Sways his young heart, and bends his canker'd soul
To Satan's sceptre, and to sin's control:
Thy hollow wiles the favourite son entice,
To gambling haunts of infamy and vice,
Bring down the parent, who his child would save,
In heart-struck sorrow to the silent grave!
'Thy festering hands prepare the artful snare
To draw the husband and the father there;
"Sharpen the dagger"—"mix the poison'd bowl,"
And hurl eternal torments on the soul!
Accurs'd destroyer of domestic bliss,
'Tis thou who guid'st him to the dark abyss,
Points to despair, the self-destroying road,
And drives the suicide before his God.

Joy to the Maiden, whose unspotted heart
Yields not fair Nature at the shrine of Art;
Amid the dimples of her glowing cheek,
Content and health their kindred mansions seek,
And Virtue rears her purest, proudest crest,
Within the temple of her godlike breast:
No foreign curls—no foreign tints are there,
But all is open—all is heavenly fair—
She claims no sceptre—owns no subterfuge—
No dread cosmetic—no deceiving rouge:
No pretty airs—no lisping nonsense knows,
Seeks not to grace her train with graceless beaux:
No studied drawl hangs on her silver tongue,
But all is Nature's sweetest, softest song:
Her eyes on all alike their radiance roll,
Cheat not the senses, but entrance the soul—
Her words are Friendship—universal theme,
Unlike the fantasies of Love's sweet dream;
No dazzling meteor of the troubled brain,
To guide the quivering shafts of piercing pain,
But one soft source of general delight,
One steady beam of universal light.

FREDERICK.

(To be continued.)

WE have been so much in the habit of turning away from the disgusting trash, which has loaded the press, of late years, in the shape of odes and elegiac stanzas, and above all, biographical memoirs, in commemoration of our military and naval officers, that the following verses would have escaped our attention, but for the kindness of a friend. They are from the pen of a very young gentleman of the city of New York, and are highly honourable to his feelings and his taste. They abound with ideas: and are not indebted to mere words for their beauty.

ON THE FATE OF THE UNITED STATES' SLOOP L'EPERVIER.

BEFORE the stars of liberty
 The crescent hid her head,
 The thunders of their victory,
 She heard afar with dread;
 And when the foe she dar'd was near,
 In tame submission quell'd her fear.

But where is that brave bark that bore
 The tidings of success?
 She left behind the failing shore
 On ocean fathomless—
 Joy bade the welcome breezes blow,
 And Rapture sat upon the prow.

The wheels of time have ceaseless roll'd
 That mock the dreams of man,
 Majestic as in days of old,
 When erst their march began—
 Why does that gallant bark yet stay;
 Why stops she on her gladsome way?

Days, weeks and months have fled, to join
 The years beyond the flood,
 Nor mortal might, nor power divine,
 Can call them where they stood.
 That gallant bark has heard her doom,
 She comes not—and she may not come!

Thou who hast seen, when in the hour,
 That tried the dauntless brave,
 That mock'd the boast of human power,
 All impotent to save,

The sailor cast a hopeless eye,
To threat'ning waves and frowning sky!
The ties of friendship—nature—love—
All, all have own'd thy might,
They cried aloud, but could not move,
And sunk in one dark night.
Despair around her mantle flung,
Their dirge, the storms that whelm'd them, sung.
For them, no dear and honour'd hand
Shall close the failing ball,
When gath'ring round, the gloomy band
Of death, the soul appal;
Nor earth by Christian footsteps hallow'd,
Receive the corse the deep has swallow'd.
In caves, dark, desolate and drear,
The gallant and the gay,
The forms so lov'd and cherish'd here,
Are rav'ning monsters' prey.
Each bond of love and sorrow burst,
Yes tyrant! thou hast done thy worst!
Yet is thy power almighty then,
Omnipotent on earth?
Destroyer of the sons of men,
Of beauty and of worth?
And shall Oblivion's sable cloud
That hid their fate, their memory shroud?
O no! the gem that in the beds
Where slumber all the brave,
In vain its mellow lustre sheds
Upon the envious wave,
Transplanted to a royal shrine,
With brighter lustre ne'er shall shine.
Brave bird! thy wings have fail'd to soar,
Thine eyes were closed for e'er,
The shades of death came black'ning o'er,
And horror brooded near—
But she whose pinions never tire,
Shall bear thee on her wings of fire! **TYRO.**

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN turning over the pages of this journal for the month of September 1814, we found the anecdote of lady Jane Grey related at length, to which we have alluded in a former article in this number. It is contained in a communication from the present editor to his predecessor.

One of the Paris papers informs us, that a celebrated Italian physician, EUSEBE VALLI, who went to Constantinople for the purpose of taking *the plague*, in order to ascertain the nature of that disease, is about to come to this country to study our *yellow fever* in the same manner. We feel great respect for the philanthropy of this gentleman, but *we hope he will not get what he comes for.*

The poet who asks for a good motto to an epithalamium is referred to *Psalms*: "*Let there be abundance of peace while the MOON endureth.*"

The recent war with Great Britain has been so fully treated in this journal, that we commenced our editorial labours with a determination not to administer in the remotest manner, to the detestable spirit of rancour which some of our writers are striving to infuse into the minds of the people of this country, against a nation with which we are at peace. If the essay of "*Americanus*," conduced to this purpose, it should have been rejected. But the sentiments which it inculcates are those which every generous mind is willing to cherish.

In this country and in England, we reverence the same Bible, and converse in the same tongue. Dryden and Shakspeare, and Junius and Blackstone belong to us as much as they do to our ancestors. But we have the same right to boast of our renown that all nations have exercised in every age: and the surest way to preserve and increase that reputation, is to distinguish the men by whom it has been achieved. Let honours ennoble them, and opulence open her coffers to excite the emulation of cotemporary or succeeding ambition. Let the historian record their deeds, and their names become the burden of every song. Let them be extolled by genius and admired by beauty. But while we are lavish of

all that gratitude can give to the leader, let us not forget the poor soldiers who stand "to be popped at like pigeons for sixpence a day," nor the tar, who "perched in the high and giddy mast" soars in the whirlwind and contends with the storm. There is, moreover, a vast difference between the merits of a seamen and a soldier, which ought to be regarded in the disposition of their pecuniary rewards. The naval officer is always well fed, well clad, well paid, and well housed. The soldier is very generally without these comforts, which must have no small influence upon physical power and mental resolution. It is often their fate to pass the night on the cold ground, under a sheet of snow instead of Russia duck and rose blankets: the next day they trudge through the mire "many a weary mile" without food, and half clad; and at night they are summoned from the indulgence of almost exhausted nature, to gird on their swords and give battle to the foe. The seaman is also enriched by the plunder of his adversary, while the soldier would be branded with infamy, if he were to touch the purse of the subdued or the slain.

Our correspondent is a gentleman whose pen was employed in the service of his country, when the editor was "puling in the nurse's arms." Without much personal acquaintance with him, we are quite familiar with his writings; and we therefore perused with not more surprise than pleasure his well-merited applause of the munificence of a glorious empire. Our political opinions differ very widely, but we shall always be ready to coincide with him when he applauds the gratitude of the liberal to the memory of the brave.

As "Silvio" calls himself a poet, we shall answer him in rhyme:

Your poetry I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet might mend—
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

"Arcadius" possesses neither the silver sounds nor the sweet witchery of Fancy's spells: sharp winter begins to disappear, and our fields will soon be fanned by the balmy wing of Favonius.

Instead of the hoarse strains of "Arcadius," we would welcome the approach of the vernal season in lively lays.

The editor returns his thanks to the author of an inaugural dissertation, which was submitted to the examination of a learned faculty in New York. Reviews of such publications are not embraced by the plan of this journal.

The poem entitled "Palestine," inserted in our number for January, was in the hands of the printer before the present editor commenced his labours. Of that number he is answerable only for the articles at p. 42 and p. 48, which had been in the possession of his predecessor a long time,—and the Literary Intelligence p. 92. The poem in question excited our suspicions at the time, because it displayed so much more learning and good taste than is to be found, generally, in the productions of domestic manufacture. After some little research it was ascertained that it had been published in the *Poetical Register* for 1802. While we were deliberating on the manner of noticing so impudent an imposition, a letter from a correspondent, referred us to "La Belle Assemblée" for Feb. 1807, as "the local habitation" of this production. It was written by Mr. REGINALD HEBER of Brazen-nose college, Oxford. Our predecessor assures us that it came from England in MS.

EPIGRAMS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE EVER-BLOOM.

In peril or pleasure or wo,
 Rosa's cheeks are like blooming rose-buds,
 No change to the pallid they know,
 Save at morn, when the maid's in the suds.

PISTOL.

On the merits of Willy Shakspeare,
 Learn'd Madame de Stael has enlarged,
 But says it to her doth appear,
 His "Pistol is quite overcharged."

QUEVEDO.



JOSEPH DENNIE ESQ.

*Engraved for the Port Folio Published by Harrison Hall
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THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER ODLSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

MARMONTEL and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the fine and the useful arts, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, *roused and fostered infant Genius in the cradle.*
DENNIE.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1816.

NO. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

It has long been our desire to present to the friends of the Port Folio, a brief, though faithful memorial of the lamented DENNIE. The performance of this duty, which Plutarch justly ranks among the most important of life, and the most pleasing of friendship, has been delayed from motives of deference to one whose qualifications and whose rights are superior to ours. But his incessant engagements in the pursuit of a toilsome profession compel him to resign the melancholy office to our care; and we shall endeavour to discharge it with fidelity to ourselves, and justice to the subject.

He was the parent of this journal;—for a long period its brightest ornament, and the zealous and honest friend of genius. It seems therefore peculiarly incumbent on one of his successors, who mourns alike the fascinating friend and the public teacher, that he should endeavour to inscribe his name on the tablet of biography. By honouring the dead, we excite the emulation of

VOL. I.

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those who survive; and no one is better entitled to this tribute than a writer who has contributed so much to the stock of social happiness. Gifted with genius and talents, which, in any other pursuit, would have been potent like the touch of Midas, Dennie sacrificed every thing to his passion for books. With an intrepidity which deserved a better reward, and an honourable confidence in his own strength, he entered the fields of knowledge. He cast away the scabbard, and brandished the faulchion against ignorance and impiety, prejudice and ridicule. He was cheered by the hope that his efforts and his example might increase the fund of literature, and he expected his reward when our nation should assume her rank in the great republic of letters. Whatever was his success, his exertions have surely deserved the warm applause of his countrymen: and while this journal has laboured to perpetuate the renown of our heroes, to illustrate the wisdom of our statesmen, and to vindicate the pretensions of American science, we should be guilty of unpardonable neglect, if we should forget the merits of one to whom we are all so much indebted.

We therefore exhort the early associates of Dennie to unite with us in this service. The auxiliary efforts of a few of his friends, might enable us to offer some memoirs of the deceased, which, while they should do justice to his genius, would also show the severe loss which the country has sustained by his premature removal from the scene in which he was so useful an actor. It would indeed delight us, if those who knew our lamented friend in his native state, his friends and companions during those early years of study, in which he was silently preparing to shine in that brilliant sphere which was subsequently illuminated by the splendour of his genius, would communicate such anecdotes, letters, or other writings, as they may possess. To the lovers of literature, who sought his society, he was always accessible; with them he loved to hold communion; and it was in such circles that he poured out the treasures of an exuberant mind, with copious and careless profusion. Every one who heard him became his debtor, and the voice of literature now summons them to pay to his memory what has long been due.

Dennie died in 1812, at the age of about forty-six. For more than half of that period his writings delighted and instructed

the readers of our country, and in no country are the readers so numerous. His Lay Preachers, which were first heard in a hamlet, soon seduced a crowd of listeners from the giddy rounds of fashion and frivolity: and he opened his Port Folio in this metropolis on the first of January, 1800. For the various pursuits of an editor of a literary and political journal no man was better fitted. Nature had endowed him with almost every attribute of genius, and her gifts were cultivated with eager enthusiasm and ardent application. He was, to adopt the language of his well-known motto, studious of change, and fond of novelty. With a sound judgment, he united a pure taste and a lively imagination. It was therefore expected that he should be, as he was, the ornament of every circle. Upon every topic of discourse he had something to offer; and we may apply to him, without exaggeration, the character which Johnson has drawn of *Gilbert Walmsley*, the friend of his youth:

“His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship.”

But the talents of Dennie, splendid and various as they were, formed but a part of the bright side of his character. His heart, his tongue, and his purse, were always at the service of his friends, and he considered every man as his friend, who required his aid. He was a man of letters, by profession. With no other occupation than his pen, and inheriting no patrimony, he had but little wealth; but what he had, he shared with others cheerfully. Indeed he never seemed to toil for money. He was impelled by feelings of a more lofty nature. His ruling passion was the literature of his native soil. If he was paid what he had earned, he received it as his right: but if his claims were neglected, they served but to point a period, and then were forgotten. Although he was frequently assailed by the malice of faction in the journals of the day, and had his share of the injuries of life, he was perhaps never known to utter a harsh expression of any one. He would

censure *sects* and parties with the keen indignation of an honest man: he would lash, with all the severity of satire, a whole people, *in the aggregate*, but the individual was never molested by his language or his pen.

Of this temper, a striking proof is displayed in one of his letters, which is now before us. After inveighing in all the bitterness of invective against the conduct of certain persons, by whom he had been ill treated, he thus addresses his correspondent:

“ Pardon, my dear friend, the severity of sentiment which pervades a part of this epistle. My heart is wrung with anguish and resentment, when I reflect upon the past. In the ardour of passion, I sometimes, to use the poet’s expression, *speak daggers*, when at the same time I should abhor to use them Over those expressions which you think too rancorous, invoke that Charity which thinketh no evil, to draw her veil and conceal every sentiment unworthy of

Your friend and brother,

DENNIE.”

This letter is dated at Groton, in the year 1790. His classmates will understand the allusions: and they can advise us how to treat the matter in a biographical memoir.

But it is time to stop. We did not sit down to write his character, but have been beguiled into this brief memorial by a fond remembrance of a man whom we loved; the instructive writer and the captivating companion. Justice demands that his friends should bear testimony to the splendour of his acquirements and the excellence of his heart. We hope that this appeal to them will not be perused with indifference, but that they will unlock their stores of information, and enable us to publish *THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.* in a manner that shall not dishonour the dead, nor offend the living.

. It is proposed to publish this work in two crown octavo volumes, in the finest style of typography. The impression will be limited to a very small number of copies. The first volume will contain the life of Mr. Dennie, and his Lay Preachers; in the

second, we shall make a selection from his Farrago, An Author's Evenings, The American Lounger, &c. &c.

The silhouette which accompanies this number of the Port Folio is as good a likeness as could be obtained from a mere profile. It is the most accurate likeness extant.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the Port Folio for March, one of your correspondents inquires, "By what means was Mark enabled to convey to us in his gospel, c. 14, v. 39, the exact words of our Saviour's prayer in the garden, when the three disciples had fallen asleep, and himself had previously gone to a distance from them?"

A little attention to this and the parallel passages in Matthew and Luke, will show that there is no difficulty in the explanation.

Matthew says: Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder. And he took with him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee.—And he went a *little farther*, and prayed, &c.—And he cometh and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What! could ye not watch with me one *hour*?—The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, &c. And he came and found them asleep again, *for their eyes were heavy*.

Mark says: And he went forward a *little*, &c. And he cometh and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou! couldst thou not watch *one hour*? The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. And when he returned again, he found them asleep again, *for their eyes were heavy*, &c.

Luke says: And he was withdrawn from them *about a stone's cast*, and kneeled down and prayed. And when he rose up from prayer, he found them *sleeping for sorrow*.

The evangelist John does not particularly mention the circumstance. From the account of the other three it appears, that the Saviour was removed at the time that he uttered the words in

question, "about a stone's cast" "forward a little"—a "little farther." The distance then might not at all preclude their hearing—especially as it is said, "He was in an agony," and prayed "earnestly."

But the objection alleged is—the disciples were asleep. Now it is not said that they slept the whole *hour* of the Saviour's absence. It was night, the usual time of repose—they "watched with him" as long as they were able, as their compassionate master testifies. "The spirit was willing," but their eyes were heavy with sorrow—and before he returned they had fallen asleep. The words in question were probably pronounced before they were thus overcome; and if but indistinctly heard at that time, they were more clearly recalled to their memories, when they had received that Spirit of Truth, whom, on the same night, he had told them he would send to them, "to bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever he had said to them."

MARTHA.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARRIAGE CONTRACTS.—Dr. GIBSON, in his *Codex*, observes that persons contracted to one another, are prohibited by the law of God from marrying against such precontract. Thus we find in Deut. xxiii. 23, 24, persons in that situation are called *husband* and *wife*: and in Matt. i. 18, 20, the Holy Virgin is called Joseph's wife, though she was only betrothed to him.

Hence if we consult the antiquities of the Christian Church, we shall find the ecclesiastical law exceedingly severe against all perfidiousness and breach of espousal contracts. The council of Eliberis orders, that if either the man or the woman, who were espoused, broke the faith of their espousals, they should, for their crime, be kept back from the communion three years; *Conc. Elib. Can. 54*. And the council of *Trullo* determines it to be downright adultery, for a man to marry a woman that was betrothed to another, during the life of him who had espoused her. *Conc. Trull. Can. 98*. Indeed, it is upon the supposition of adultery only, that the injured person may lawfully marry another. It is certain that in the reign of Edward VI. unless there was a voluntary release of each person, it was esteemed adultery for either of them to marry any

body else, and the ecclesiastical judges were empowered to give sentence in favour of the precontract, and to require that matrimony be solemnized and consummated between the persons contracted, though one of them may be actually married to, and have issue by another person. 2 *Ed.* 6.

The modern practice in England gives the party aggrieved an action of damages against the recusant. In our courts of justice I have never known an instance of such an action, where the parties belonged to the better classes of society. Instead of appealing to a jury to heal a wound which no money can cure, the injured lover buries his feelings in his own bosom, and consigns the inconstant fair to that contempt or detestation which her fickleness or her perfidy deserves. To our American notions it seems quite impossible that a generous lover could ever consent to "minister to a mind diseased" by bringing his faithless mistress to a bar of justice. What! to hear the soft breathings of passion re-echoed by the vociferous lungs of an advocate; to summon witnesses to prove interviews, sighs suppressed, or tender looks exchanged; to issue a subpœna *duces tecum*, to Cupid's chancellor, the bearer or the faithful depository of letters, in order to prove that the half reluctant word had once been lisped: to read to those "fat and greasy citizens" who are so courteously styled the *gentlemen* of the jury, the impassioned language of ardent affection! The idea is intolerable, to any but a surly, revengeful mercenary. Him no lactescent fountain ever nourished: his cradle was a butt, and in the fumes of heavy port or drowsy malt, the lullaby of his infant years was sung.

—
THE STUDENT'S DREAM:—A CANTATA.

Recitative.

In sleep young Corydon repos'd,
Free from the force of love and wine;
When Morpheus to his view expos'd
Apollo, and the tuneful Nine.
A lovely Muse began the vocal scene,
While Phœbus thus accompanied the strain!

SONG.

Oh! youth, to us devote thy days;
The gay, the happy and the young

Forever shall repeat thy lays,
 And Beauty shall reward thy song.
 The sordid cares which life molest
 All taste of happiness expel:
 But joys eternal fill the breast
 Where poetry and music dwell.

2nd Recitative.

While Fancy thus his mind surprises,
 Behold an awful form arises.
 His coif, his ruff, his thoughtful look,
 Announce the form of learned COKE.
 While Phœbus and his tuneful choir withdraw,
 Thus thunders forth the oracle of law.

SONG.

YOUNG MAN! be wise in time, submit
 To learned law, your love of wit;
 Honour attends Astrea's bar,
 And riches will reward thy care.
 Protest the weak, the wrong control,
 This fills with manly joy the soul:
 To this all other arts unite,
 Be *useful* first and then *polite*.

LUCRETIUS.—A summary of that part of the system of Lucretius, in which he describes man emerging from barbarity, acquiring the use of language, and the knowledge of various useful and polite arts, is comprised in a few lines of a satire of Horace, L. 1. Sat 3. v. 97. It has been ingeniously paraphrased by Dr. Beattie.

When men out of the earth of old,
 A dumb and beastly vermin crawl'd,
 For acorns first and holes of shelter,
 They tooth and nail and helter-skelter
 Fought fist to fist; then with a club,
 Each learned his brother brute to drub;
 Till more experienced grown, these cattle
 Forged fit accoutrements for battle.
 At last (Lucretius says, and Creech)
 They set their wits to work on speech;
 And that their thoughts might all have marks
 To make them known, these learned clerks
 Left off the trade of cracking crowns,
 And manufactured verbs and nouns.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—IMPOSTURES OF HISTORY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To the splenetic man who derives gratification from comparing the infirmities of his fellow creatures with the comfortable estimate he has made of his own endowments—to the satirist who feeds upon the exposure of human foibles, as the worm does on putrid flesh, the inordinate encomiums which candidates for fame in political science have pronounced on the uses of history, and the mighty consequence which some—and those not inconsiderable—statesmen, annex to the study of it, may perhaps afford matter of triumph. He, however, who sincerely cultivates the interests of letters, while he urges the perusal of history as a liberal exercise for the mind, will season his recommendation with such reflections as may occur to him that have a tendency to guard readers against an implicit faith in even the most authentic history, as a source of instruction, or a direction to practical conduct in the management of human affairs.

Man is a creature of so nice and complicated a texture—his dispositions and desires are so infinitely varied and capricious—his habits so subject to change—the circumstances and situations in which he may be placed, are often so entirely independent of antecedent events, and the accidents to which he may be exposed so little to be foreseen, and so unsusceptible of being comprehended within any one act of generalization, that the rule of conduct deduced from the experience of yesterday may to-day be inapplicable, and the experience of to-day prove but a very fallacious light for the guidance of the morrow. This is more especially the case in political matters, respecting which he who should shape his conduct by historical analogies, would have little more chance of success than a painter who should attempt to draw a likeness of a child from a perfect intimacy with the physiognomical lineaments of its father and the mother;—a certain remote resemblance might, perhaps, exist, as is found to preside more or less in all families; but if the picture were even a tolerably good likeness, the painter might be said to have performed a miracle. In a word, history may furnish illustrations, and well-written works of fiction; novels, for instance, may do the same: but natural sagacity sharp-

ened and guided by experience in the ways of men, and quick as intuition to avail itself of every advantage that arises, can alone make the statesman, and this the knowledge of all the histories in the world cannot supply; though a too great reliance upon the information they impart, might thwart and defeat its operations. Not all the magnificent train of volumes from Herodotus to Gillies could have made a Ximenes, a Cromwell, a Richelieu or a Perigord. On the contrary, it would be difficult to find a series of transactions in the whole, by the imitation of which, as furnishing rules for their conduct, those sagacious politicians would not have defeated and utterly ruined their own projects. I should be obliged to the historical book-worm who would point out any thing in the records of the earth, bearing even a distant analogy to the French revolutions, within the last two-and-twenty years, or even to our own more familiar and less complicated condition at the period that we live in. How idle—how mischievous then must it not be for mere closet-formed, book-read politicians to trust to their own shallow pedantry in tampering with affairs of state.

These truths are suggested upon the hypothesis that histories are good authority for all they assert: but how much stronger are they when it can be made appear that in that circumstantial detail, in which alone they can be supposed to furnish instruction, they are not at all, and especially ancient histories, to be depended on. We know that even in times which comparatively may be called recent, facts have been very differently represented. We know that some of the most enlightened writers, living on the spot, furnished with all the documents that can be obtained, interested by honourable principles of zeal in the investigation of truth—indeed, many of them, the most learned men in Scotland, the seat of erudition, essentially differ in their opinions and representation of one solitary unfortunate woman—Mary, queen of Scots. We know that two historians, cotemporaries of each other and of the times on which they write—Bisset and Belsham—disagree; and we know that two men taken from our parties in this country, will give so very opposite an account of the passing events of the day, that a stranger might well suppose they were adverting to two different eras—to two different classes of persons—and, indeed, to the affairs of two distinct commonwealths and governments.

A work of considerable utility to young readers in particular, who are naturally bribed into credulity by their love of the marvellous, was written I believe some time in the sixteenth century, in the Italian language, and published by the abbé Lancelotti, a philosopher, an historian, and a critic of the first eminence. It went to expose in, perhaps, too minute detail, the falsehoods of history. In the beginning of the last century it was translated into French by the abbé Oliva, well known by his connexion with the celebrated Montesquieu. It contains a view of various historical impostures, from which I have selected a few that are well calculated to afford at once entertainment and instruction to the reading part of our community.

"Zaleucus," says the abbé, "the prince and legislator of the Locrians, made a law that those who were convicted of adultery should have their eyes put out. His son was the first criminal, and he chose that he should suffer the rigour of the law: but the nobility and people in general solicited him so earnestly in the young man's favour, that he was unable to maintain his resolution. However, he found out an expedient to satisfy and support the dignity of the law. He gave up one of his own eyes, and took away one of his son's."

The abbé's remarks on this story are too puerile to be noticed. The story, however, is certainly an imposture. It is taken from Valerius Maximus. Heraclides, of Pontus, tells us that this was the Locrian punishment of robbers, and *Cicero doubts the very existence of Zaleucus.*

"Such is the reputation of Democritus," says the abbé again, "that almost all the world is persuaded he put his eyes out upon moral and honourable principles. Aulus Gellius assures us that he took this resolution, in order to concentrate his ideas, and to enable him more effectually to contemplate those mysteries of nature into which his eyes did not suffer him to penetrate. He quotes the verses of Laberius, wherein he says that Democritus lost his sight by looking too steadfastly on the sun. But, according to that philosopher, Democritus had a different view in parting with his sight, which he suffered, in order that he might not be mortified with looking on vicious men. Plutarch, who had mentioned this before Aulus Gellius, considers it as an imposture. The as-

sertion, says he, that Democritus deprived himself of sight by looking on a burning-glass, is certainly false; yet it is true that those who accustom themselves to mental labour, find the senses rather troublesome than useful. For this reason the retreats of study, and the temples of the muses, are generally in solitudes; and, probably, it is for the same reason that the Greeks call the night ΕΥΗΡΟΝΑ, that is, "the good thinker," because the time that is least subject to dissipation and variety is most favourable to thought. Thus Plutarch is persuaded that the man who cannot see has a considerable advantage in point of meditation; and it was undoubtedly under this idea that Pythagoras shut himself up a whole winter in a subterranean cave.

"Lactantius, on the other hand, says that the mind discerns the object through the medium of the eye, as through a window. It is so essentially there, that through the same medium you may read what passes in it.

"Upon the whole," says the abbé, "it is evident that this story of Democritus is a mere imposture. How could he possibly think of putting out his eyes, when those organs are the medium by which knowledge passes to the understanding. Might he not, with Pythagoras, have shut himself up in darkness. If his aversion to the sight of vicious men made him destroy his eyes, it was indeed very extraordinary. Tertullian, however, tells a different story;" which may be conjectured by those who have read of the sacrifice of Origen, or remember why Dr. Johnson abstained from going behind the scenes of Drury-lane theatre.

"It certainly was a most unphilosophical proceeding on all parts, if we take the facts from Tertullian; since though the eyes were put out, the imagination was still alive. Cicero greatly doubts this passage in history. *Cur hæc eadem Democritus, qui, vere falso nequeremus dicitur oculis se privasse.*

"Here then is a fact stated of a man by a very high historian, denied by others, by Cicero, Plutarch, and Valerius Maximus; and by Diogenes Laertius, who wrote the man's life, not even alluded to.

"If," continues the abbé, "we were to credit all said about him by high historians, we cannot be astonished at the cruelties and follies of XERXES, and at the same time believe him to be the

pink of humanity and of every heroic excellence. Seneca in his noble piece *DE IRA*, informs us that an old man, named Pythius, had five sons whom Xerxes ordered to the wars. The father begged one for the support of his age. The monarch gave him his choice; but immediately commanded the son who was selected to be cut asunder, and the parts to be laid on each side of the high way, for the expiation of his army. So much for the barbarity of the man: now for his folly. He commanded the sea to be beaten with rods, and cauterized with hot irons; and he wrote a letter to Mount Athos. Such are the tales and contemptible incongruities foisted upon mankind under the name of history—read in the first universities in the world; noted, illustrated, and commented upon by the learned, and, with most simple faith, credited by many.—There are many other stories about this noise-making personage, Xerxes—such as his army drinking up rivers, leaving the Lissus, the Chidorus, and even the Scamander dry—and, above all, the story related of the cattle of the prodigious army of this prodigious king, being so numerous, that they exhausted a lake of five miles in circumference. YET THIS IS HISTORY!!!”

In some cases the gravity with which our honest abbé reasons upon these monstrous absurdities, is as ridiculous as the stories are incredible. An instance or two may be given by way of amusement:

Cicero (says the abbé) speaking of the music of the spheres, says that the reason why we do not hear it, is owing partly to its continuance, and partly to its loudness—“Thus, says he, the people who live near the cataracts of the Nile hear nothing at all.”—Here the good abbé seems angry:—“Hear nothing! (says he very gravely)—Why the d—l should they choose to live in such a place? How could the business of commerce and government be carried on? Did they converse by signs?” *Utrum Horum?* Of the ancient fool or the modern, the writer of the text or the commentator, which is more ridiculous?

VALERIUS MAXIMUS records a story of a young man of Tuscany, named Spurina, who was so singularly beautiful that the Tuscan ladies, even to a woman, were dying for love of him. The youth, however, disfigured his face in such a manner as to render himself as much an object of aversion, as he had before been of love

and admiration. The historian alleges that he took this method to preserve his morals, the reputation of which he preferred to that of beauty and love. "There is not a syllable of truth in this story (says the abbé) and St. Ambrose has said so before me."

Another imposture of history is the story of Hezeqias, whose eloquence is said by his historians to be so powerful, that when he spoke of the evils of life, his audience voluntarily put themselves to death. Less impossible, but still very like impostures, are the stories related of the assassins sent to murder Mark Antony and Marius, being overpowered by the eloquence of the former and the dignity of the latter.

Ælian relates that the Celts looked upon flight as, in every instance, so insupportably disgraceful, that they would not fly from a house that threatened an immediate fall, or that would in a few minutes perish in the flames. "Pliny (says the abbé) tells us that the rats and spiders will leave a house that is about to fall. What a contemptible opinion must the Celts have entertained of those pusillanimous creatures.

"Pliny's accounts of the Thrasymenian lake being on fire, and of Anaxarchus's biting off his own tongue—deserve no quarter.

"Herodotus, Athenæus, and Nicholas Damascenus, tell incredible stories of the excessive flattery of courtiers, who, to ingratiate themselves with princes, have imitated them in their greatest absurdities. If the prince was lame his whole court was lame—if *he broke a limb, they underwent the same punishment.*"—The incredulous abbé disbelieves this; but we are far from thinking it improbable.

Pliny and Arrian mention a tree that spread its shade over five acres of ground.

So far, Mr. Oldschool, I have gone along with the abbé Lancelotti, in his exposure of the impostures of history; and now I would fain have an answer from some of your correspondents to this question—"Is it true that Hannibal cut his way across the Alps, as historians relate, **WITH FIRE, IRON, AND VINEGAR**—and if so, how did he apply the vinegar?"

C. R.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

[From the *Edinburgh Annual Register*.]

Mr. Fox began his oratorical career, not without success, but certainly with little promise of a fame so splendid as that which he afterwards attained. "It was," as Mr. Sheridan is said to have declared, "it was by slow degrees that he rose to be the most accomplished debater the world ever saw." And, but for the word "*accomplished*," which we conceive inapplicable to Mr. Fox, we should think the panegyric perfectly just. Mr. Fox was in truth an unrivalled debater, but not a polished rhetorician. The *accomplishments* of his art seem to have been precisely what he wanted. His arrangement, his language, his tones, and his gestures, were often in a remarkable degree slovenly and unskilful. His admirers have numbered it among his merits, that he was never at the pains of assisting his recollection by a systematic distribution of his subject, the natural tenacity of his memory enabling him to bring all his conceptions into action without artificial resources. What is thus extolled as a merit, seems to us a material defect. If an orator spoke only for men like himself, this "admired disorder" might be of no moment; but since he has to deal with many hearers of memories less powerful than his own, it becomes a part of his duty to dispose his arguments in such a form as may enable a common mind most readily to apprehend and retain them. Mr. Fox, of all debaters, needed unjust panegyric the least, inasmuch as he had the largest endowment of those qualities, for which an enthusiastic applause might have been deservedly bestowed. The praise, however, which we would pay to his great abilities, is certainly not that of judicious method, nor of graceful phraseology. His words rather burst, than flowed from him, the impetuous eagerness with which he pressed forward to the enunciation of a thought, precluding the possibility of an elegant selection of terms. But what he wanted in grace, he nobly compensated in force. No man had ever a more complete command of those energetic words and phrases, which, at one blow, drive a sentiment home to the hearer's understanding, and infix it, like a thunderbolt in the earth.

The objects of a *rhetorician* have been variously classed and defined. There are two, which a debater in the British parliament seems to keep almost exclusively before his eyes. These are, first, to establish certain strong and simple rallying points for his own argument: and, secondly, by all possible means, within the fair license of discussion, to annoy, expose, and discredit his adversaries. In both these operations Mr. Fox was transcendently successful; and to these he, for the most part, confined himself, regardless of ornament and unambitious of display. The common fault of orators is to think too much of themselves, and too little of their subject. They exhibit themselves, like horse-vaulters, in a thousand attitudes, managing and turning their subject in numberless ways, jumping along, and across, and over, and under it, but never getting astride into the saddle. Mr. Fox was always too much in earnest to indulge in such antics. He laboured to concentrate his light, not upon himself, but upon

his arguments; and it was reflected back upon himself with a tenfold lustre. It will therefore be readily conceived that he lengthened no discourse for the vanity of engrossing attention; that he introduced no pleonastic synonyme for the reputation of fluency; that he spun no interstice in his argument, to interpolate a metaphor or a joke. He seemed to say what he said simply because he thought it, and to think it, simply because it was true. To this air of earnest sincerity, an air not counterfeited for the sake of deeper deception, but natural, genuine, and privately as well as publicly habitual to him, he was indebted for much of the powerful effect which his oratory produced upon the house of commons. In an assembly where so much talking must necessarily be endured, it naturally happens that talking for talking's sake, hollow, showy affectation, is decidedly discouraged. Men of very inferior ability, who say what they think, are more readily tolerated than the cleverest of those intellectual posture-masters who are for ever thinking what they shall say; for the house disdains to be used for practice, for profit, or for vanity. When Mr. Fox, therefore, was found to unite both the sincerity of the one class of speakers, and the ability of the other, he rose rapidly into the favour and confidence of his hearers; and the mind was the more easily led away, because the heart was so powerfully prepossessed. His feeling, when it became warmed by exertion, swept along with a vehemence unequalled and almost inimitable. It was that sort of feeling which has been not unaptly defined, a quick reasoning; and though this quickness was now and then slurred into a hurry, which betrayed him too far for the concurrence of more moderate tempers, his wildness had an air of grandeur and noble honesty, that redeemed his accidental indiscretions, and seemed almost to sanctify his very faults.

Of the two talents, which we have pointed out as the favourite weapons of a moderate debater, namely, the art of establishing certain simple and fundamental axioms as a basis of discussion, and the faculty of disconcerting the opposite partisans, the former is obviously the higher and more respectable power. Mr Fox's method of establishing his axioms was severely analytical. After a long and intricate debate,—after the doublings and redoublings of adversaries, incomparably skilful in baffling and entangling their pursuers, he was ever able to retread the mighty maze by a master-clue of his own, and to place his cause before his judges, in its plain and original simplicity. He was fond of reducing all things to first principles: he despised the presumption of fools, and abhorred the sophistry of knaves; and he attacked with acrimony whatever had the appearance either of clumsy conceit, or of colourable contrivance. A favourite argument, he seldom laid by, till he had turned it in all directions, and ventilated it on every side. The necessary consequence was, that his speeches abounded with repetitions of the same sentiment in different forms. But he justified this practice upon system: for he said that he had observed many men remaining unconvinced by an argument in one shape, and yet converted by the same argument in another; and, as his object was to effect conviction rather

than to acquire applause, he willingly waved the reputation of elegance for the consciousness of utility.

Such were his methods of strengthening his own positions. In the secondary object, of disconcerting the plans of his antagonists, his favourite resource was the "*reductio ad absurdum*." There was scarcely any species of argument which he could not weaken, either by making it appear to involve an inconsistency in itself, or by drawing out its consequences till they seemed to terminate, in an absurdity. Those who understand the power of strong ridicule in a popular assembly, will easily conceive how formidable this talent must have rendered Mr. Fox to talkers who were in the habit of relying, rather on the "pomp and circumstance" of their speeches, than on any solid basis of close reason. And his ridicule was the more tremendous, because it was seldom a jocular display, of which the effect might have evaporated in a laugh:—it was an irony deep, caustic, and destructive: it seemed to be generated not by levity, but by cordial indignation; it excited against the adversary's argument, not so much of fanciful merriment, as of moral contempt.

The following passage will serve to show by how slender an inadvertence he could profit, when it was his object to throw his opponents into disorder. Mr. Pitt had said that it was advisable for us to *pause*, and wait for some earnest of good faith from Buonaparte, before we should consent to trust ourselves unconditionally to his mercy, by concluding a pacification with France. In answer to this counsel, Mr. Fox exclaimed,

"So that we're called upon to go on merely as a speculation!—We must keep Buonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of probation! Gracious God! sir, is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Is your vigilance, your policy, your common power of observation, to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings? "But we must pause!" What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasure wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, oh that you would put yourselves, in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite! In former wars, a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict. If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim, for instance, and had inquired the motive of the battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings:—they were fighting to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarque. But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"fighting!" would be the answer; "they are not fighting, they are pausing." Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury? The answer must be, "you are quite wrong, sir—you deceive yourself—they are not

fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely pausing—this man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only pausing: Lord help you, sir, they are not angry with one another—they have now no cause of quarrel—but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever:—it is nothing more than a political pause:—it is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Buonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore—and, in the mean time, we have agreed to a pause in pure friendship.” And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle, in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.”—*Speech on the refusal of ministers to treat with France, February 4th, 1800.*

The genius of Mr. Fox, and that of Mr. Pitt, were of characters widely distinct.

Our readers are probably aware, that, in each of the two legislative assemblies, there is usually a member of the cabinet, selected for his oratorical abilities, who, in the parliamentary phrase, is denominated, “*the leader of the house.*” On his competency to the duties of his situation, the interests of his whole party will always materially depend. For he has several subordinate chiefs acting under his command, as generals of divisions: and their utility is of course augmented or diminished, by the greater or less degree of skill with which he chalks out the plan of the battle. It should be his care, privately to furnish them, before the debate begins, with a complete view of the ground on which the ministry mean to rely, in order that no straggler, by unwarily cutting across the main design, may rashly commit his colleagues, or lay open the weak points of their position. Thus instructed, they go into the field, each with an accurate knowledge of the particular service expected from him, and each especially vigilant upon the particular points entrusted to his guardianship. Unforeseen contingencies may indeed derange the plan; but the greater probability there may be of such an inconvenience, the greater is the necessity that each of the generals shall know precisely the object of his commander-in-chief, in order that, if he be driven from the ground which it is the most desirable to secure, he may occupy that which shall afford the next best chance of accomplishing the main ends, and keeping the trains of argument distinct and compact. When they have performed the services allotted to them, the leader should finish the chain of operations, by a general summing up: presenting a clear statement of the case on the part of ministers, bringing back the debate where it has wandered from the preconceived course, reconciling those difficulties or inconsistencies with which accident or misfortune may have embarrassed him, and deducing and arranging the results intended to be established, in such a manner, as to leave upon the minds of the house a clear and entire impression of the end con-

tended for, of the chief reasons relied on by government, and of the order, connection, and importance which those reasons may bear with relation to one another.

For leader of the house of commons, in this view of the character, Mr. Pitt, was most eminently qualified. The ministerial speakers, under his direction, exhibited a degree of skill and discipline, of readiness and aptitude for their several tasks, which has seldom, if ever, been equalled. Of his own eloquence it is difficult to offer a decided and discriminating character. It would require talents congenial to his own to do justice to the unrivalled oratory of this great statesman. The pen of Burke and of Grattan was employed to describe the eloquence of the father; the eloquence of the son furnishes a theme equally noble. We can only speak of the occasions on which it was called forth, the collisions by which it was elicited and improved, the effects of which it was productive, and some of the more prominent features by which it was distinguished.

If ever an occasion occurred the best fitted to call forth the highest talents into the most vigorous exercise, it was the dark and troubled scene in which it was his lot to live and to act. The enterprises of Philip, and the criminal ambition of Catiline and Mark Antony, did not furnish a nobler scope for the eloquence of the two great orators of antiquity, than the frenzy and anarchy of revolutionary France yielded to the modern advocate of freedom, and humanity. We surely do no injustice to Eschines and Hortensius when we say that they were inferior to the illustrious opponents of Pitt, viz. Fox, Sheridan, and Burke: and, making due allowance for the character of the assemblies addressed, the severity of modern taste, and the comparative insensibility of the inhabitants of a higher latitude, the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, in respect of the effects which it produced, need not shrink from a comparison with that of any other statesman, whether ancient or modern.

From one of the most illustrious individuals which this land of freedom has produced, Mr. Pitt inherited, as his birthright, a lofty boldness of spirit, a high-toned, disinterested mind, inextinguishable love of glory, an intellect uncommonly acute and powerful, and all those aptitudes with which nature casts, in her happiest mould, the consummate orator. Thus originally gifted, he enjoyed all the advantages of the earliest and most successful instruction, the encouraging voice, the anxious superintendence, the paternal care and guidance of the first of orators and statesmen: and from the success of the experiment, we cannot doubt that if Cicero had been blessed with such a son as heaven gave to Chatham, Grecian must have yielded the palm to Roman eloquence. The second William Pitt had been taught the true principles of the British constitution, the grand interests of the nation as connected with the policy of Europe; and the permanent objects which it is the duty of the British statesman to pursue. He was intimately acquainted with the history and the state of parties, understood the course they were likely to steer on the occurrence of great events, and was taught to make his choice of his ground and coadjutors. He was prepared to

discern, as it were intuitively, what was due to the character, the interests, and glory of Britain; his time, his talents, his whole soul, were devoted to the service of his country, and his eloquence was employed in unfolding and recommending the measures which he thought most likely to promote its safety or aggrandisement. The power of making vigorous efforts of instantaneous inventions, calling up long trains of connected thought, and clothing them in the happiest language, constitutes that species of eloquence which, from its ease, freedom, and interest, is best fitted for influencing the minds of men, and directing the course of events. By singular copiousness and felicity of thought and language, by an intuitive perception of the weak and vulnerable parts of his antagonist's speech, by matchless skill and power in answering objections, unravelling what had been purposely perplexed, exposing sophistry by strength of argument, crushing petulance by the edge and potency of sarcasm, placing the opinions which he wished to enforce in the most imposing light, Mr. Pitt ruled in debate, and stood unrivalled in reply. But he possessed higher powers; patient, profound thinking, various extensive political and moral knowledge, prompt and vigorous invention, a lively imagination, and a kindling glowing mind, all under the guidance of a soundness of judgment and clearness of intellect, which acknowledged no superior. Chaste in the use of ornament, careful in avoiding digression, skilful in arrangement, grave, vehement; the distinctness of his articulation, the fullness of his tones, the lofty dignity of his carriage, the majesty of his action, the boldness of his spirit, his force in attack, the severity of invective, which, while it seemed to cost him nothing, cut down his antagonist, his grandeur in amplification—all gave to his eloquence a power and a fascination of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception. It was a stream of impassioned argument, which flowed with all the majesty of a mighty river, filling the mind with boundless admiration, and conveying the impression of overwhelming force.

To original constitution and early habits Mr. Pitt was indebted for a copiousness, magnificence, and force of diction, which struck the hearer with astonishment. The eloquence of Mr. Fox, particularly at the outset, was injured by an obvious want of fluency; and, as he warmed, its effects were obstructed by a precipitancy arising from a superabundance of ideas, that seemed to crowd into his mind, and to struggle together for utterance; while the majestic march of his great rival's eloquence, indicating boundless extent of thought and unlimited command of expression, filled and captivated the mind, often triumphing over the strongest prejudices and the most firmly rooted opinions.* No speci-

* Some striking anecdotes of the power of Mr. Pitt's eloquence are in general circulation. In the gallery of the house of commons, two gentlemen entered into conversation on the question that was to be discussed. One of them was a stranger in London, the other was intimately acquainted with the characters and talents of the speakers, and the mode in which parliamentary business is conducted. The latter held an opinion the opposite to that which Mr. Pitt was expected to maintain, and seemed to be completely fortified against conviction. From the moment Mr. Pitt opened his mouth, this man's attention was arrested: as the speech proceeded

men from the recorded speeches of Mr. Pitt, however, can convey an adequate conception of the effect which they produced, when, in the fervour of debate, and amidst the applauses of a listening senate, he himself poured them forth. We might as well hope—(to use the language of an Indian chief to the person who was interpreting the speech he had just made) we might as well hope to preserve the grandeur and sublimity of the torrent of Niagara, by letting the waters of the Erie fall drop by drop. The difficulty of exhibiting in this manner the extraordinary power and energy of Mr. Pitt's eloquence is increased by another circumstance, viz. that his speeches were never composed; they were intended solely for the ear, and these lengthened periods, which, when supported by the voice and gesture of the speaker, were not only perfectly intelligible, but produced great effects, seem sometimes heavy and involved when they are read; those lofty magnificent amplifications which in a popular assembly, have often the effect of impressing the subject more deeply on the mind, are felt in print to be wanting in precision and force. The following may, perhaps, be considered as no unfair specimen of the eloquence of Mr. Pitt; though we shall have occasion to exclaim with Eschines, when he read to his admiring pupils a speech of Demosthenes, "and what would you have said, if you had heard himself!"

Mr. Pitt, in a short speech, had moved, "that the sum of 825,000*l.* be granted to his majesty, to enable his majesty to fulfil his engagements with Russia, in such a manner as may be best adapted to the exigencies of the case." Mr. Tierney opposed the motion on the ground of its object being undefined, and contending, amongst other things, that we were called upon by ministers to prosecute the war, until the existing government of France should be overthrown. Mr. Pitt rose in reply. "Sir, I cannot agree to the interpretation the honourable gentleman has thought proper to give to parts of my speech. He has supposed that I said, we persevere in the war, and increase our activity, and extend our alliances, to impose a government on another country, and to restore monarchy to France. I never once uttered any such intention. What

his attention increased, and he kept leaning farther and farther forward over the front of the gallery, until at length, completely overcome by the eloquence of the minister, he threw himself back on his seat, and, lifting up his hands and his eyes, in a transport of admiration, he exclaimed—"Good God! what a man!"

Three gentlemen, eminent for learning and talents, and not unknown to the world by their literary productions, were sitting in the gallery of the house of commons till three or four in the morning, in expectation of a speech from Mr. Pitt on the slave trade. Two of these gentlemen were his determined opponents in political principles, and accused him of insincerity in his profession in favour of the great cause. One of the two was particularly sceptical on this point. Both had fallen asleep before Mr. Pitt rose. The gentleman who remained awake, when the splendour of the minister's eloquence began to burst forth, awakened the sleeper that lay nearest to him. After listening for some time he awakened the more decided sceptic. "Rise up, and listen to the most magnificent declamation you ever heard in your life." The sceptic roused himself with a growl of surly incredulity; but, after he did so, and after standing for some minutes in the attitude of profound attention, he exclaimed, with a look and gesture expressive of the deepest emotion, "By G—d! the rascal is sincere."

I said was, and the house must be in the recollection of it, that the France which now exists affords no promise of security against aggression and injustice in peace, and is destitute of all justice and integrity in war. I observed also, and I think the honourable gentleman must agree with me when I repeat it, that the character and conduct of that government must enter into the calculation of security to other governments against wrong, and for the due and liberal observance of political engagements. The honourable gentleman says, that he has too much good sense, and that every man must have too much good sense, to suppose that territorial limits can of themselves be made to constitute the security of states. He does well to add his sanction to a doctrine that is as old as political society itself. In the civilized and regular community, states find their mutual security against wrong, not in territory only, they have the guarantee of fleets, of armies, of acknowledged integrity and tried good faith; it is to be judged of by the character, the talents, and the virtues of the men who guide the councils of states, who are the advisers of princes: but what is there in the situation of the French republic on which can be founded a confidence which is to be in itself some proof, that she can afford security against wrong? She has territory, she has the remains of a navy, she has armies; but what is her character as a moral being? Who is there to testify her integrity? The Swiss nation!—Who bears testimony to her good faith? The states she has plundered under the delusive but captivating masks of deliverers from tyranny! What is the character of her advisers? What the aspect of her counsels? They are the authors of all that misery, the fountain head of all those calamities, which, marching by the side of an unblushing tyranny, have saddened and obscured the fairest and the gayest portions of Europe; which have deformed the face of nature wherever their pestiferous genius has acquired any ascendancy. In fine, we are to look for security from a government which is constantly making professions of different kinds of sentiments, and is constantly receding from every thing it professes;—a government that has professed, and its conduct still manifests, enmity to every institution and state in Europe, and particularly to this country, the best regulated in its government, the happiest in itself, of all the empires that form that great community. Having said so much on these matters, I shall now shortly notice a continued confusion in the honourable gentleman's ideas. On another occasion, he could not understand what I meant by the deliverance of Europe; and in the second effort of his inquisitive mind he is not more happy. He tells us, he cannot see any thing in the present principles of France but mere abstract metaphysical dogmas. What are those principles that guided the arms of France in their unprincipled attack on the independence of Switzerland, which the honourable gentleman has reprobated? Was the degradation without trial of the members of the assemblies of France,—were, in short, those excesses and that wickedness, in the contemplation of which the honourable gentleman says, he first learnt to regard France as an odious tyranny—will he class the principles which could lead to all these things

with the mere metaphysical abstractions of heated over-zealous theorists? He will still persist, at least he has given the promise of considerable resistance to all arguments to the contrary, in saying that we have an intention to wage war against opinion. It is not so. We are not in arms against the opinions of the closet, nor the speculations of the school; we are at war with armed opinions; we are at war with those opinions which the sword of audacious, unprincipled, and impious innovation seeks to propagate amidst the ruin of empires, the demolition of the altars of all religion, the destruction of every venerable, and good, and liberal institution, under whatever form of polity they have been raised; and this in spite of the dissenting reason of men, in contempt of that lawful authority which, in established society, superior talents and superior virtues attain, crying out to them not to enter upon holy ground, nor to pollute the stream of eternal justice; admonishing them of their danger;—whilst, like the genius of evil, they mimic their voice, and, having succeeded in drawing upon them the ridicule of the vulgar, close their day of wickedness and savage triumph with the massacre and waste of whatever is amiable, learned, and pious, in the districts they have overrun. Whilst the principles avowed by France, and acted upon so wildly, held their legitimate place, confined to the circles of a few ingenious and learned men,—whilst these men continued to occupy those heights which vulgar minds could not mount,—whilst they contented themselves with abstract inquiries concerning the laws of matter or the progress of mind, it was pleasing to regard them with respect; for while the simplicity of the man of genius is preserved untouched, if we will not pay homage to his eccentricities, there is, at least, much in it to be admired. Whilst these principles were confined in that way, and had not yet bounded over the common sense and reason of mankind, we saw nothing in them to alarm, nothing to terrify; but their appearance in arms changed their character. We will not leave the monster to prowl the world unopposed. He must cease to annoy the abode of peaceful men. If he retire into the cell, whether of solitude or repentance, thither we will not pursue him; but we cannot leave him in the throne of power.”

[*To be continued.*]

NOTICE OF ALI PASHA.

[*From Dr. Holland's Travels in Greece.*]

Ali Pasha was born, as I believe, about the year 1750, or 1751, at Tepeleni, a small town of Albania, seventy-five miles to the north of Ioannina. His father, Veli Pasha, resided at this place as the governor of the adjacent district; but his territory was small, and his power inconsiderable. He died when his son Ali Bey was not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, but left him a protector in his mother, who appears to have been a woman of undaunted resolution and above the reach of those prejudices of custom, which in Turkey enfeeble all the faculties and powers of action in the female sex. The mother of

Ali, indeed, was of Albanian birth, and she lived in a country, the hardy and warlike population of which was perpetually exercised in internal feuds. In the mountainous districts of Albania, more particularly, the sovereign authority of the Porte was scarcely even known as a name; and the hardy natives of Suli, and of the mountains of Chimarra, maintained a freedom which history might have celebrated, had they not sullied it by a predatory manner of life, which compels us to class them rather as mountain-banditti, than communities of independent people.

It required all the resolution of the mother of Ali to maintain her son's rights, in a country thus lawless and turbulent. His father's death left him with feeble means of defence, and exposed to the attacks of the neighbouring chieftains, who wished to avail themselves of his youth to dispossess him of his territory.

It is difficult to connect the several occurrences in this part of Ali's life, but it would appear, that, having contrived to re-assemble some Albanian troops, he obtained advantages over the enemies of his house, and regained possession of Tepeleni.

He still, however, continued only a petty Albanian leader, till a sudden and successful enterprize against Ioannina, which at this time was feebly governed by its Pasha, gave name and character to his dominion. He was recognized by the Porte as Pasha of this city and district, and he made a vigorous use of the new means it afforded him of extending his power. He gained possession, without much difficulty of the Pashalik of Arta, which increased his resources by its productive plains, and the access it afforded to the sea. Many of the Albanian tribes and districts successively yielded to him, either subdued by force, or influenced by money, of which he never spared the use. His territory, however, at this time, and indeed until within the last few years, was of the most irregular kind. Acquired progressively, by detached portions, and with different titles, it was scarcely even continuous in extent, but rather an assemblage of separate districts, cities, and towns, submitted, some with more, others with less freedom, to the power of their new master.

His authority continued to extend and confirm itself progressively on every side. Various large cantons of Macedonia were submitted to his power, and in his office of Derveni-Pasha, his Albanian troops were stationed almost on the very frontiers of the ancient Attica. The last event of importance, previously to our arrival at Ioannina, had been a second war with Ibrahim Pasha; protracted for a long time, but finally ended by the discomfiture of Ibrahim, who was himself made prisoner, and the whole of his extensive and fertile Pashalik transferred to the power of Ali Pasha.

Mahomet Pasha, of Delvino, had been an ally of Ibrahim. The downfall of one was connected with that of the other, and Ali possessed himself of the fine country between Argyro-Kastro, and Tepeleni, and the coast of the Adriatic. The large city of Argyro-Kastro fell into his hands nearly at the same time; Gar-

diki was subdued and annihilated as a city, and various other towns were added to his dominion in the adjoining district of country. The Pashas of Berat and Delvino, were conveyed to Ioannina, and imprisoned there: little was known of their circumstances or fate. These events, which might be considered as adding a population of from 200,000 to 300,000 souls to the dominion of the Vizier, had been terminated only in the spring of 1812.

Defining this extent of territory according to the classical divisions of antiquity, it may be said to comprehend the whole of Epirus, the southern part of Illyricum, a large portion of Macedonia, nearly the whole of Thessaly, Acarnania, Ætolia, Phocis, and a considerable part of ancient Bœotia.

The tenure on which the Vizier of Albania holds his dominions, may be understood in part from the preceding narrative of his life. In its details, it is one which could scarcely exist but under the motley and irregular outline of the Turkish empire. On the part of the Porte, his titles are recognized as having been derived from the Sultan; and much also of the authority which he has connected with these titles, has been nominally confirmed to him after the possession was already obtained. On the other side, Ali Pasha makes a *pro forma* recognition of the authority of the Porte, in receiving the annual firman of the Sultan; and sends very considerable sums to Constantinople, as the payment of the Karach, or christian capitation tax, and as the rents of imposts, which are farmed for certain parts of his dominions: but beyond this, the relation between sovereign and subject disappears. In the internal government of his dominions, and in his connexion with foreign states, Ali Pasha possesses and exercises a perfect independence. He levies or disbands his armies, makes wars or alliances with the neighbouring governments, regulates the taxes and commercial duties of his dominions, and governs, in his judicial capacity, without the possibility of appeal. He maintains at Constantinople a number of agents, Greeks as well as Turks, who support his influence in the Divan, and forward the progress of his political views. Residents from England, France, and Russia, are established at his own court; and he is engaged in a regular and independent political correspondence with these and others of the powers of Europe and Africa. He is said, but I know not with what truth, to have had an agent at Tilsit, when the treaty between Russia and France was in progress of transaction there. His political information is generally of the most exact kind, and obtained with so much promptitude, that Ioannina often becomes the channel through which both Constantinople and the Ionian Isles are informed of events taking place in the centre of Europe.

The most populous portions of his territory are unquestionably some of the districts in Albania to the north of Ioannina. In Thessaly, and the country southwards to the gulf of Corinth, the population is less considerable; in the ancient Acarnania and Ætolia, the country is very thinly peopled, and there are no towns of any importance. M. Pouquéville, the French minister at Ioannina, has stated to me his opinion, that the whole dominions of Ali Pasha do not

contain a population of more than a million and a half, and, though various reasons incline me to believe that this is below the truth, yet any estimate which should exceed 2,000,000, would probably be as much in the other extreme.

The morning of the 1st of November was made interesting to us, by our introduction to this extraordinary man. At ten o'clock, Colovo again called, to say that the Vizier was prepared to give us audience; and shortly afterwards, two white horses, of beautiful figure, and superbly caparisoned in the Turkish manner, were brought to us from the Seraglio; conducted by two Albanese soldiers, likewise richly attired and armed. Mounting these horses, and a Turkish officer of the palace preceding us, with an ornamented staff in his hand, we proceeded slowly, and with much state, through the city, to the great Seraglio.

Passing through the almost savage pomp of the outer area of the Seraglio, we entered an inner court, and dismounted at the foot of a dark stone staircase. On the first landing-place stood one of the Vizier's carriages; an old and awkward vehicle, of German manufacture, and such as might have been supposed to have travelled a dozen times from Hamburgh to Trieste. At the top of the staircase, we entered into a wide gallery or hall, the windows of which command a noble view of the lake of Ioannina, and the mountains of Pindus; the walls are painted, and numerous doors conduct from it to different parts of the palace. This hall, like the area below, was filled with a multitude of people; and the living scenery became yet more various and interesting as we proceeded. We now saw, besides Turkish, Albanese, and Moorish soldiers, the Turkish officers, and ministers of the Vizier; Greek and Jewish secretaries, Greek merchants, Tartar couriers, the pages and black slaves of the Seraglio, petitioners seeking to obtain audience, and numerous other figures, which give to the court and palace of Ali Pasha a character all its own.

A curtain was thrown aside, and we entered the apartment of Ali Pasha. He was sitting in the Turkish manner, with his legs crossed under him, on a couch immediately beyond the fire, somewhat more elevated than the rest, and richer in its decorations. On his head he wore a high round cap, the colour of the deepest mazareen blue, and bordered with gold lace. His exterior robe was of yellow cloth, likewise richly embroidered, two inner garments striped of various colours, and flowing down loosely from the neck to the feet, confined only about the waist by an embroidered belt in which were fixed a pistol and dagger, of beautiful and delicate workmanship. The hilts of these arms were covered with diamonds and pearls, and emeralds of great size and beauty were set in the heads of each. On his fingers the Vizier wore many large diamond rings, and the mouth-piece of his long and flexible pipe was equally decorated with various kinds of jewelry.

Yet more than his dress, however, the countenance of Ali Pasha at this time engaged our earnest observation. It is difficult to describe features, either in their detail or general effect, so as to convey any distinct impression to the

mind of the reader. Were I to attempt a description of those of Ali, I should speak of his face as large and full; the forehead remarkably broad and open, and traced by many deep furrows; the eye penetrating, yet not expressive of ferocity; the nose handsome and well formed; the mouth and lower part of the face concealed, except when speaking, by his mustachios and the long beard which flows over his breast. His complexion is somewhat lighter than that usual among the Turks, and his general appearance does not indicate more than his actual age, of sixty or sixty-one years, except perhaps that his beard is whiter than is customary at this time of life. The neck is short and thick, the figure corpulent and unweildy; his stature I had afterwards the means of ascertaining to be about five feet nine inches. The general character and expression of the countenance are unquestionably fine, and the forehead especially, is a striking and majestic feature.

He inquired how long it was since we had left England? where we had travelled in the interval? when we had arrived in Albania? whether we were pleased with what we had yet seen of this country? how we liked the appearance of Ioannina? whether we had experienced any obstruction in reaching this city? Soon after the conversation commenced, a pipe was brought to each of us by the attendants, the mouth-pieces, of amber, set round with small diamonds; and shortly afterwards coffee of the finest quality was handed to us in china cups, within golden ones. The Vizier himself drank coffee and smoked at intervals, during the progress of the conversation.

The inquiries he made respecting our journey to Ioannina, gave us the opportunity of complimenting him on the excellent police of his dominions, and the attention he has given to the state of the roads. I mentioned to him generally, lord Byron's poetical description of Albania, the interest it had excited in England, and Mr. Hobhouse's intended publication of his travels in the same country. He seemed pleased with these circumstances, and stated his recollection of lord Byron. He then spoke of the present state of Europe; inquired what was our latest intelligence of the advance of the French armies in Russia, and what was the progress of affairs in Spain. On the former point, it was evident that the information we gave was not new to him, though he did not expressly say this; his manner, however, evinced the strong interest he felt in the subject, and he seemed as if he were seeking indirectly to obtain our opinions upon it.

The next subject of conversation was prefaced by his asking us, whether we had seen at Santa-Maura, one of his armed corvettes, which had been seized and carried thither by an English frigate. In bringing forward the subject during our interview with him, the Vizier spoke with animation, or even a slight warmth of manner. He complained of the injustice done to him in the capture of his vessel, denied the right of capture in this particular case, and alleged his various good offices towards our government as well as to individuals of the English nation, as what ought to have secured him against such acts of

hostility. We answered, that as mere travellers we could not venture to give a reply that might be deemed official, but that we doubted not, from our knowledge of the dispositions of the English government, that when the affair was properly explained, its final arrangement would be both just and satisfactory to his highness. This of course meant little, and the Vizier doubtless understood it as such. He added only a few words, and then, with a loud laugh, expressed his desire of changing the subject.*

Before audience concluded, he mentioned his having been informed that I was a physician, and asked whether I had studied medicine in England? Replying to this in the affirmative, he expressed his wish to consult me on his own complaints before we should quit Ioannina, a proposition to which I bowed assent, though not without apprehensions of difficulty in prescribing for the case of such a patient. He dismissed us very graciously, after we had been with him about half an hour.

The manner of the Vizier in this interview was courteous and polite, without any want of the dignity which befits his situation. There is not, either in his countenance or speech, that formal and unyielding apathy, which is the characteristic of the Turks as a people; but more vivacity, humour, and change of expression. His laugh is very peculiar, and its deep tone, approaching to a growl, might almost startle an ear unaccustomed to it.

A day or two afterwards he again sent for us to the Seraglio, and, some general conversation having taken place, he asked several questions which evidently had relation to his health, and formed a sort of exercise of his judgment upon me. •

After this preamble, he entered upon a narrative of his complaints, which, though I could only distantly follow it in his own language, yet was evidently marked by good precision and force in the manner of relation. He continued speaking for about fifteen minutes, and afforded me during this time a fine occasion of marking the feature of his countenance and manner. The narrative was translated to me with little abridgment, and much seeming accuracy, by the *dragoman* Colovo. In its substance, I may remark generally, that there was a good deal of credulity and prejudice displayed on some points; on others, more soundness of judgment than is common to the Turks as a nation. For various reasons, I do not feel myself at liberty to give the particulars of this narrative, nor would they afford any thing new to the medical reader. It may suffice to say, that at this time he was suffering under no acute disorder; that his symptoms were chiefly of a chronic nature, depending partly upon his age, partly upon circumstances in his former life, with other symptoms that I learnt more from my own observation than his report, which required the use of preventive means, to obviate eventual danger.

* The corvette in question was eventually given up to Ali Pasha, less from any doubts of the legality of the prize, than from the nature of our political relations with him at the time.

In those interviews, however, which were very frequent during the last week of our stay at Ioannina, the conversation was not confined to medical matters alone, but went into other topics of a more familiar kind. Situated as I now was with him, I could feel perfectly at ease in this intercourse, which every circumstance contributed to render highly interesting. He usually sent for me to the Seraglio in the afternoon or evening; sometimes alone, or occasionally with my friend, when he had nothing to say about his complaints. At whatever time it was, the approaches to the Seraglio were always crowded with the singular groups already described. The Vizier was rarely to be found in the same room on two successive days; and during my present stay at Ioannina, I was with him in eight different apartments. His dress was not greatly varied; and only on one occasion I saw him with a turban instead of the blue cap, which he wore at the time of our first interview. His attitude also was very uniform, according to the Turkish habit. I seldom saw him rise from his couch, though once he did so, while explaining to me the decline of his bodily powers, striding firmly at the same time across the chamber, as if to show that still much of energy was left. His manner of reception was always polite and dignified. There was evidently more form intended, when many persons were present, and his manner became more easy and familiar when we were alone.

The most frequent topics introduced by the Vizier in conversation, were those relating to general politics; and in these it was evident that he was more interested than in any other. The conversation was usually carried on by question and reply; and his inquiries, though often showing the characteristic ignorance of the Turks in matters of common knowledge, yet often also were pertinent and well conceived, and made up by acuteness what they wanted of instruction. Some of these questions, which I noted down, may serve as specimens of their style. We were talking about England. He inquired the population of the country; and whether I thought it as populous as those parts of Albania I had seen? The answer to this question led him to describe briefly the northern parts of Albania, as being much better inhabited than those to the south of Ioannina. He then pursued the former subject; asked what was the size and population of London; and expressed surprise when informed of its magnitude. He inquired the number of our ships of war; the comparison of their size with the frigates he had seen on his coast; and where they were all employed.

He inquired the distance of America from England and France; its extent; and to whom it belonged. He asked respecting its population and the longevity of its inhabitants, and dwelt especially on the latter point, to which I observed him always to attach a peculiar interest. He remarked, that he had heard that the Indians and Chinese live to a great age, and asked whether I knew this to be the case, or was acquainted with any particular means they used for the purpose. Seeing him inclined to follow this topic, I stated the remarkable instances of longevity in our own countrymen, Parr and Jenkins; at which he expressed

surprise, and much desire to know if there were any means in nature by which this end might be obtained. It was evident, that in this question he had reference to himself; and I took the opportunity of enforcing upon him some of the medical advice I had before given. He gave assent to what I said; but at the same time pursued the question, whether there were not some more direct means of procuring long life. I mentioned to him generally the attempts that had been made some centuries ago, to discover the Elixir Vitæ; and stated that this was a project which had now been abandoned by all men of reflection. Alluding accidentally, at the same time, to the search after the philosopher's stone, he eagerly followed this subject; and wished to know whether there were not some secret methods of discovering gold, which gave their possessor the power of procuring any amount of this metal. There was a strong and significant interest in his manner of asking this question, which greatly struck me; and it was accompanied by a look toward myself, seeming to search into the truth of my reply. I answered, of course, that there were no means of making gold and silver; that these metals were obtained only from the earth; and that the advantage of philosophy was in being able to employ the best means of raising them from mines, and purifying them for use. I doubt whether he was satisfied with this reply, or did not still believe in further mysteries of the alchemic art. The desire of gold and longevity are natural to a despot; and especially to one who, like Ali Pasha, has ever been pursuing a scheme of ambitious progress.

Our conversation had often a reference to the politics of the day, on which I found him well and accurately informed. It was at this time that Bonaparte was pursuing his memorable campaign in Russia; in all the events of which Ali Pasha felt a lively interest, naturally arising out of his relation to the two great powers concerned. It was obviously for his advantage, that they should mutually wear out their strength, without either of them obtaining the preponderance. While at peace, they checked each other as to Turkey; when at war, if either were eminently successful, there was eventual danger to him. The vicinity of the French in the Illyrian provinces would speedily give effect to any designs they might adopt in that quarter, either from views of general ambition, or from motives of personal hostility to himself, which he might be well aware that he had created by his conduct at Prevesa, his recent connexion with the English, and by other circumstances of less notoriety. Of the power of Russia, and the ultimate danger to the Turkish empire from this source, he was well informed; and he, as well as his sons, had felt and known the weight of the Russian armies pressing upon the Danube. He understood, too, that all foreign attempts at the restoration of Greece, whether with selfish or honourable motives, must of necessity imply a previous attack upon his power; and I believe he was fully sensible of his incapacity of resisting permanently the efforts of a regular European army. At various times I have heard him converse, more or less directly on these topics; and in general there was an air of sound judg-

ment in his remarks, which implied as well sagacity, as freedom from the prejudices of his nation.

I happened to be with him at the Seraglio, on the evening of the day when he received information of the French having entered Moscow. He was evidently in low spirits, and discomposed by the intelligence. I spoke to him of the perseverance and resources of Russia, and of the evils that might arise to the French army from the burning of Moscow, and the approach of winter. He was not satisfied by these arguments, but alluded in reply to the pacific temper of Alexander, to the mistakes which had been committed in the last Polish campaign, to the treaty of Tilsit, and above all to the character of Bonaparte, which he justly characterized "as one that the world had never before seen."

The assiduity with which he applies himself to all his business is very great. He rises commonly before six, and his officers and secretaries are expected to be with him at this hour. There are no pauses in the business during the day, except at twelve o'clock, when he takes his dinner, sleeping afterwards for an hour; and again at eight in the evening, which is his hour of supper. I have found him as late as nine o'clock, with three secretaries on the ground before him, listening to the most minute details of that branch of expenditure which relates to the post-houses; each article of which accounts he separately approved. His hours of pleasure are also in part subservient to the furtherance of business. I have seen him in the gardens of his pavilion surrounded by petitioners, and giving judgment on cases that were brought before him. Even when retiring to the Haram, he still preserves his public capacity; and, in the petty discords of three hundred women secluded from the world, it is not wonderful that his occupation and authority as a judge should still be required.

In his habits at table, Ali Pasha is temperate, though by no means so strict a Mussulman as to refuse himself wine. He almost always eats alone, according to the custom of Turks of high rank, and at the hours already mentioned. His dinner usually consists of twelve or sixteen covers, which are separately placed on a tray before him. The dishes are chiefly those of Turkish cookery; in addition to which a whole lamb, provided by his shepherds, is served up at his table every day in the year. His appetite is not at all fastidious, and I have been told that his cooks, in providing for him, take liberties which under a luxurious despot, would infallibly cost them their heads.

The adherence of Ali Pasha to the tenets of the Mahomedan religion, is by no means rigid, and probably depending more on a sense of interest, than upon any zeal or affection for these tenets. He has few of the prejudices of a Mussulman; and in regarding those around him, his consideration obviously is, not the religion of the man, but whether he can be of service to any of his views. I have seen a Christian, a Turkish, and a Jewish secretary, sitting on the ground before him at the same moment,—an instance of the principle which is carried throughout every branch of his government. In Albania especially, the Christian and Musselman population are virtually on the same

footing as to political liberty; all indeed slaves, but the former not oppressed, as elsewhere in Turkey, by those subordinate agencies of tyranny, which render more grating the chain that binds them. It may fairly be said, that under this government all religions find an ample toleration. I have even known instances where Ali Pasha has directed Greek churches to be built for the use of the peasants, as is the case in one or two of the villages on the plain of Arta.

Truth compels the addition of other features of less pleasing kind; and to the general picture of eastern despotism must be annexed some traits peculiar to the man. The most striking of these are, a habit of perpetual artifice, shown in every circumstance of his life; and a degree of vindictive feeling, producing acts of the most unqualified ferocity. The most legitimate form his cunning assumes, is in political matters, where, according to frequent usage, it might perhaps have the name of sagacity and adroitness. He is eminently skilled in all the arts of intrigue, and his agents or spies are to be found every where in the Turkish empire, doing the work of their master with a degree of zeal which testifies at once his own talent in their selection, and the commanding influence of his powers over the minds of all that surround him. His political information, derived from these sources, and from the ample use of bribery, is of the best kind; and it may, I believe, be affirmed as a fact, that not a single event of importance can occur at Constantinople, even in the most secret recesses of the Divan, which is not known within eight days at the seraglio of Ioannina.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

—————If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a mile without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of MAY,
There will I stay for thee.

Midsum. N. Dream.

It was the custom, anciently, for all ranks of people to go out a Maying early on the first of May. In the north of England, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight of the morning of that day, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned home-

wards with their booty, about the time of sunrise, and made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil. In Herrick's *Hesperides*, the customs of May-day, are alluded to, in language, which is not the less poetical because it is not modern.

Come, my Corinna, come: and coming mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees. See how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn, neatly interwove.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home,
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream.

This custom was observed by noble and royal personages, as we learn from Chaucer's *Court of Love*, in which he says, that early on May-day "fourth goth al the court, both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome."

Stow, in his "Survey of London," 1603, quotes from Hall, an account of Henry VIII. riding a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's hill, with queen Katharine, accompanied with many lords and ladies. He tells us, also, that "on May-day in the morning, every man, every woman, except impediment, would walke into the sweete meadows and greene woods, there to rejoyce their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praying God in their kind."

Shakspeare (*Hen. VIII. A. v. sc. 3.*) says it was impossible to make the people sleep on May morning; and (*Mids. N. Dream, A. iv. sc. 1.*) that they rose early to observe the rite of May.

Milton has the following beautiful song:

On May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire:

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee, *with our early song*,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Browne, in his "*Britannia's Pastorals*," 8vo. Lond. 1625, B. ii. p. 122. thus describes some of the May revellings:

As I have seen *the LADY of the MAY*
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)
 Built by the May-pole, where the joound swaines,
 Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe straines,
 When envious Night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And, for their well performance, soone disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses;
 To that a carved hooke or well-wrought scrip;
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;
 To one her garter; to another then
 A hand-kerechiefe cast o'er and o'er agen:
 And none returneth emptie that hath spent
 His paines to fill their rurall meriment.
 So, &c. &c.

Bourne tells us, that "the after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called May-pole; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year."

In a curious collection of poetical pieces, entitled "*A pleasant Grove of New Fancies*," 8vo. Lond. 1657, we find the following verses in honour of

The May Pole.

The May Pole is up,
 Now give me the cup,
 I'll drink to the garlands around it,
 But first unto those
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

Among the publications which the fanatical spirit of 1660 produced, there is a curious tract, entitled, "*The Lord's loud call*"

to England." In this book there is a letter from one of the Puritans of the north, which commences with these words: "Sir, the country as well as the town, abounds with vanities; now the reins of liberty and vanity are let loose: *May-poles*, and playes, and jugglers, and all things else now pass current. Sin now appears with a brazen face," &c.

In the same year, Thomas Hall, another of the puritanical writers, published his "*Funebriæ Floræ, the Downfall of May Games.*" At the end is a copy of verses, from which the following is extracted:

I am Sir May-Pole, that 's my name,
Men, May and Mirth give me the same.

And thus has Flora, May and Mirth,
Begun and oherished my birth,
'Till time and means so favored mee,
That of a twigg I waxt a tree:
Then all the people, less and more,
My height and tallness did adore.

Under heaven's cope,
There's none as I so near the Pope.
Whereof the papists give to mee,
Next papal, second dignity.
Hath holy father much a doe
When he is chosen? so have I too:
Doth he upon mens' shoulders ride?
That honour doth to me betide:
There is joy at my plantation,
As is at his coronation;
Men, women, children on a heap,
Do sing and dance; and frisk, and leap;
Yes, drums and drunkards, on a rout,
Before me make a hideous shout.

For, where 'tis nois'd that I am come,
My followers summoned are by drum.
I have a mighty retinue,
The scum of all the raskall crew
Of fiddlers, pedlers, jayle-scap'd slaves,
Of tinkers, turn-coats, tospot knaves,
Of theeves and scape-thrifts many a one,
With bouncing Besse, and jolly Jone,

With idle boyse, and journey-men,
 And vagrants that their country run:
 Old crones that scarce have tooth or eye,
 But crooked back and lamed thigh,
 Must have a frisk, and shake their heel
 As if no stitch or ache they feel.
 I bid the servant disobey,
 The child to say his parent naye.
 The poorer sort that have no coin,
 I can command them to purloin.
 All this and more I warrant good,
 For 'tis to maintain neighbourhood.

These extracts might be multiplied without end, but I fear my readers are not so fond as I am of these researches. I avail myself, as freely as I dare, of the "Observations on Popular Antiquities," by Mr. Brand, who has investigated these curious subjects with an uncommon degree of industry and success.

In collecting the memorials of May, it would be unpardonable to forget the beautiful poem, preserved in "The World," No. 82, entitled, "The Tears of Old May Day," ascribed to Mr. Loveybond. We have only room to transcribe from it, the following stanzas, in allusion to the alteration of the style:

Vain hope! no more in coral bands unite
 Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
 Sacred to May, and Love's mysterious rite,
 Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
 Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
 Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
 A purer offspring at her rustic shrine.

A variety of very ingenious conjectures have been made as to the origin of these customs: but I am inclined to consider them, with Polydore Virgil, as the relick of an ancient custom among the heathens, who observed the four last days of April, and the first of May, in honour of the goddess Flora, the deity who presided over fruits and flowers.



FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BRITISH ABUSE OF AMERICAN MANNERS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE principal schools of classical education in England for the sons of the nobility and gentry, were, in my time, and I believe still are, Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and Harrow. Each of these took pride in raising the most accurate classical scholars, who should be capable, not merely of perusing the classic authors with relish for the beauties displayed in them, but of composing in prose and in verse with elegance and facility. Nor indeed are the modern Latin poets of England inferior to those of any foreign country. Cowley, Milton, and Cowper, were fine poets in Latin as well as in their native tongue. The Epigrams of Owen yield to no modern Latinist in the same style of composition; Buchanan is far superior to Casimir; the *Musa Anglicana* of Addison is a fit companion for Pope's *Poemata Italorum Selecta*. The *Lusus Westmonasteriensis*, and the prize compositions of Eton college, are highly respectable specimens of juvenile effort; nor does the happy felicity of expression of Loveling and of Vincent Bourne, greatly yield even to Horace and Tibullus. Holdsworth's *Musculi*, Geddes's *Election Ball*, and some late translations, are specimens of easy Latinity, and pleasing composition, which the most rigid critic may peruse with delight.

In all these schools, classical erudition, and facility in perusing ancient authors, and comprehending the beauties and defects of style, are greatly promoted by the universal practice of composing in Latin or Greek metre; which compels the student to translate the ideas which he conceives in English into so many forms of classical language to suit the metre, and compels him to such laborious research for synonymous expressions as well as ynonymous words, that I do not hesitate in giving it as an opinion requiring no further illustration from fact, that to the practice of composing in ancient languages is owing, exclusively, the greater proficiency of English and German classical scholars. The French and Italians of modern days are by no means equal to the English, who, if not as learned and laborious as the Germans, are their

superiors in discerning and imitating the beauties of classical authors.

In London, of which Westminster is always regarded as a part, there were two schools where the scholars annually exhibited a dramatic performance; at Westminster school, the custom has long been, for the senior students who are about to leave that seminary for the university, at the age of from 16 to 18, to get up a play of Terence. At Soho Square, the students annually performed a play of Shakspeare. I do not recollect that this theatrical custom was followed at any other place of education in England; what the case is now, I do not know.

To the play of Terence thus annually performed, there was usually a Latin prologue, and also an epilogue composed and spoken on the occasion. The epilogue turned, for the most part, on the manners of the day that would bear the gentle correction of good humoured satire, in elegant Latinity. The plays were confined to those of Terence: Plautus being obscure, abounding in obsolete expressions, without elegance of diction, and with somewhat of coarseness in his plots, as well as his language. Terence, therefore, a school book in England, was always chosen.

I cannot say that I am an advocate for theatrical performances of any kind. The morality of stage plays is very flimsy; their immorality too plain to be justified, and too frequent to escape the slightest observation. Even in the plays of Terence, there is much to condemn and little to approve. The plot turns, for the most part, on the attempts of dissipated young men and thoughtless young women to cheat parents and guardians, and of servants to blind the eyes of their masters. These are always represented as successful. Young as I was, when I attended these performances, it could not escape even my juvenile understanding, that the morals of Terence were not the morals inculcated by those whom I was taught at home, and with great reason, to respect. When I sat, therefore, amidst the surrounding crowd of men of rank and fortune, of dignitaries of the church, and reverend fathers of families, to hear these plays performed, I could not help thinking the spectators were not in their proper place, and the time and talents of the young performers very ill applied.

It was before such a description of spectators, nobility, gentry, and clergy, that the following specimen of classic abuse

was uttered lately, in the form of an epilogue, by one of the young performers in the Phormio of Terence.

EPILOGUS. IN PHORMIONEM.

DAVUS. GETA.

- Da.* Salve iterum, Geta. Sed quid agis? quisnam iste paratus?
Num liber factus? *Ge.* Mox, nisi fallor, ero.
- Da.* Nempe tuâ cecisse operâ vestra omnia pulchrè
Audieram. *Ge.* Immo aliis; non ita, Dave, mihi.
Lætitia in communi ego solus negligor. Ergo
Prospicio ipse mihi. *Da.* Quid meditare? *Ge.* Fugam.
- Da.* Di vortant bene! sed pedetentim. *Ge.* Atqui omnia dudum
Corrasi, id metuens. *Da.* Quo fugis? *Ge.* Hesperiam.
- Da.* Quid? quæso, oceani fines quæ visitur ultra
Barbara inhumanis terra habitata viris?
- Ge.* Immo ea, quæ, nostris quondam quæsitâ colonis,
Nunc unum in terris cernitur Elysium.
- Da.* Horrida quorum hominum vel nomina respuit auris
Attica, pene etiam lingua sonare timet.
Chaktawos, Cherokæos, Pawwawos, Chickasawos,
Michilimakinacos, Yankey-qué-doodelios.
- Ge.* Quæ virtute, fide, majestate, artibus, armis,
Consilio, eloquio, moribus, ingenio,
Nullam non longe exsuperat gens unica gentem.
Quæ sit, quæ fuerit, quæque futura siet.
Nostrâ venustatis si quid, si secula vatum
Aurea divinæ simplicitatis habent.
Hesperia omne tēnet: neque adhuc Astrea reliquit
Hunc orbem; inque istis læta moratur agris.
- Da.* Atque ibi non virgo, verum est Astræa virago;
Sæpe est, ut perhibent, ebria; sæpe pugil;
Nonnunquam quoque fur. Nec morum dicere promptum est,
Sit ratio simplex, sitne venusta magis.
Æthiopiassâ palam mensæ famulatur herili
In puris naturalibus, ut loquimur.
Vir braccis ac bellus amat nudare décentér,
Strenuus ut choreas ex-que-peditus agat.
Quid quod ibi; quod congerere ipsis conque morari
Dicitur, inecolumi nempe pudicitia,
Sponte suâ, sine fraude, torum sese audet in unum
Condere eum casto casta puello viro?
Quid noctes cœnaque Deûm? quid amœna piorum
Concilia? *Ge.* Immo audi, quæ bona vera feram.

Agricola es? tibi mille patent, quæ libera et ante
 Immetata tuis jugera babus ares.
 Auoepe es? media perdix vulgo errat in urbe;
 Potor es? hora haustus fert ibi quæque novos.
 Titillatorem Gingivæ, Phlegmotomum—que,
 Fellifragumque bibes, Anti-que-fogmaticum.
 Aurea preterea libertas, Dave! homo servus
 Nemo ibi. *Da.* At *Æthiopes*—*Ge.* Sunt ibi non homines.
 Qui vult, et quod vult, et de quod vult, homo sentit;
 Et cui vult audet dicere, vel facere.
 Fit sponte injussus quisque indoctusque, Senator,
 Mercator, Judex, Dux, Sophus aut Medicus.
 Spernuntur tirocinii legesque moræque:
 Est diploma satis cuique libido sua.
Da. Nempe senatores pestrinum et ganea mittunt:
 Optimus et Judex maximus est nebulo.
 Scitè oratorem orator convincere certat?
 Largiter adversi conspuunt ora viri:
 Neve ea Rhetorice valeat minus, herba salivam
 Lætius effundi Nicotiana facit.
 Mentiri est mercatoris laus summa; ducisque
 Cura, diarrhææ consuluisse suæ.
 Tum lusæ: oculos exculpere pollice, frontem
 Scalpere, nasum omnem mordicus abripere;
 Atque necare hominem jocus est lepidissimus. At tu,
 Aurea libertas quæ siet illa, vide.
 Primum, crede mihi, si te semel atra Charontis
 Ceperit Elysium navis itura tuum,
 Ipsum omnes absument opes tibi naulum: animam inde
 Debebis, nullo est quæ redimenda die;
 Postremo magnos pascos in carcere mures.
 Quin age, et in melius consule, dum potis es.
 Hesperiam laudet sine perditus, impius, exlex;
 Si sanus satis es, tu, Geta, siste domi.
 Sin aliter valeas Valeant peregrina volentes
 Littora natali præposuisse solo.

TRANSLATION.

Da. I am glad to see you again, Geta: but what are you about: why is all this preparation? Are you a free man? *Ge.* I shall be, by and by, or I am mistaken.
Da. I understand all your concerns succeed wonderfully under your management.
Ge. To others perhaps: but not to me, Davus. In the common rejoicing, I alone am neglected; so that I must look to myself. *Da.* What do you propose? *Ge.*

Flight. *Da.* God prosper you: but you will not go hastily, I hope. *Ge.* I have just scraped together my little property through fear of delay. *Da.* Whither do you propose to fly? *Ge.* To America. *Da.* What! to that country which is beyond the ocean: a country barbarous itself, and inhabited by barbarians? *Ge.* Even that country to which our colonists formerly resorted, and which is the only Elysium the world affords. *Da.* To that country, of whose inhabitants a classic ear cannot tolerate the very names, and which the tongue is almost afraid to pronounce! Choctaws, Cherokees, Pawwas, Chickesaws, Michilimaekinaws, and Yankee-doodles! *Ge.* To that country which of all that have been, or are, or will be, excels in virtue, honesty, majesty, arts, arms—in counsel, in eloquence, in manners, in wit. If our age can boast of elegance, if the golden age of the poets can exhibit any character of divine simplicity, America has all this to boast. Nor has Astræa as yet left our globe, but remains well pleased in the cultivated regions of that happy clime. *Da.* But in that country, Geta, Astræa is not a virgin, but a virago: sometimes, as report goes, she is a drunkard, often a pugilist, sometimes even a thief. Nor is it easy to say whether the tenor of their manners is more to be admired for simplicity or elegance: a negro wench, as we are told, will wait on her master at table in native nudity; and a beau will strip himself to the waist, that he may dance unincumbered, and with more agility. There, too, we hear of the practice of bundling, without any infraction of female modesty; and the chaste maiden, without any deception, but with right good will, ventures to share the bed with her chaste swain! Oh what nights and banquets, worthy of the gods! what delightful customs among these pious people! *Ge.* But listen, if you please, to the better side, and the true side of the story, as I shall relate it. Are you a farmer? a thousand acres, as yet unharassed by the plough, await your team. Are you fond of shooting? the partridge flies about commonly in the very streets. Do you love your glass? every hour brings with it a fresh bumper. There you have the *Gum-tickler*, the *Phlegm-cutter*, the *Gall-breaker*, and the *Antifogmatic*. And then, Davus, precious liberty! no: no man is a slave there. *Da.* Except the negro. *Ge.* Negroes are not considered as of the human species in America. Every man there thinks what he pleases, of whom he pleases, and does what he pleases. In that happy land, every man starts up a legislator by intuition, however unlearned; and becomes in like manner, merchant, judge, general, philosopher, or physician. The young men spurn the restraint of laws and of manners: his own inclination is there every man's sufficient diploma. *Da.* Why, to be sure, Bridewell and the stews supply them with senators, and their respectable chief justice is a worthless profligate. Does a senatorial orator dextrously aim to convince his antagonist? he spits plentifully in his face. And that this species of rhetoric may be more efficacious, tobacco furnishes an abundance of saliva for the purpose. The highest praise of a merchant, is his skill in lying; the great anxiety of a general, to manage his diarrhoea. Then, their amusements! to gouge out an eye with the thumb, to skin the forehead, to bite off the nose! and to kill a man, is an admirable joke. But consider, Geta,

what is this precious liberty of which you speak? Believe me, in the first place, even if the black vessel of transportation you embark in, should bear you safely to this elysium of yours, the very passage would exhaust all your funds; and your whole life would be held in pledge, never to be redeemed: your destiny at last would be to feed the rats of a prison. But come, think better of this scheme while you have it in your power. Let the ruined man, the impious wretch, the outlaw, praise America; if you are yet in your senses, Geta, stay at home. If not, good bye to you. And good bye to all those who prefer a foreign land to their native soil.

[The original is copied from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.]

Thus it is, that at an age when impressions are apt to take the strongest hold of the mind—with the concomitant associations most calculated to give vividness and effect to the sentiments uttered—at the direction, and under the superintendence of the reverend preceptors in the first school of education that Great Britain can boast—in the presence, and with the sanction of persons, deemed highly respectable for rank, learning, character, and station—the young sons of the nobility and gentry of England, are taught to pronounce, applaud, and give effect to, the most glaring and disgusting falsehoods, and the most virulent and vulgar abuse against this country, and its inhabitants, from Maine to Georgia: from the president down to the peasant. There is nothing in the filthy invectives of the Quarterly Review more abusive and flagitious than this epilogue; and no wonder will it be, if the malignant and contemptuous feelings towards America, thus poured into the minds of the young gentry of England, should produce the effect intended; and make them, in the natural train of things, become to the rising generation here, a hating, a hateful, and a hated set. It cannot be that such a course of education in England will have no effect in America: *manet alta mente repositum*. I am no advocate for keeping up national animosity, but I do not approve of the doctrine of non resistance: I do not know that I am christian enough, on receiving a blow upon the one cheek, to turn to my antagonist the other also; nor do I feel the obligation upon Americans of submitting tamely to the insult, when the persons who have descended to these aspersions are themselves so liable to the retort. Had this attack been the hasty effusion of a political partisan, or the witty scurrility of a writer whose sarcastic talent fur-

nishes his daily bread, or had we been subjected even to the mistaken correction of a well-meaning observer, it might have been passed over: but this, the studied, deliberate composition of deep-rooted enmity, deserves no quarter. One style of reply to impartial and friendly reprehension, another to the sarcastic rancour of a "proud and insulting foe."

This epilogue was delivered after the performance of one of Terence's plays: they are usually selected, and a different one performed every year, till the adopted number is gone through. I have been twice present when the *Eunuchus* of Terence was acted: the first time, many years ago, when the present George Colman, young Dodd, and some other youths, were going away from Westminster to College. (At Oxford, the Westminster boys usually went to Christ Church, the Winchester students to All Souls.) On this occasion, as on a subsequent one, I heard the following passage delivered in the course of the performance. I think Colman or Dodd performed the part of Chærea, but so long ago, I will not tax my memory with positive assertion. It was, however, when both these youths acted in that play, and previous to their going to college. I was surrounded by clergymen. I did not observe them blush; but I distinctly remember that I did.

Chærea. Edicit ne vir quisquam ad eam adeat, et mihi, ne abscedam imperat,

In interiore parte ut maneam solus cum solâ; annuo;
Terram intuens modestè.

Antipho. Miser!

Chærea. Ego inquit ad eam hinc eo.

Abducit secum ancillas: paucæ, quæ circum illam essent, manent,
Novitiæ puellæ. Continuo hæc adornant, ut lavet.

Adhortor properant. Dum apparatus, virgo in conclavi sedet,
Suspectans tabulam quandam pictam, ubi inerat pictura hæc, Jovem
Quo pacto Danææ misisse aiunt quondam in gremium imbrem aureum.

Egomet quoque id spectare cæpi, et quia consimilem luserat
Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animu' gaudebat mihi,
Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alias tegulas
Venisse clanculùm per implavium fricum factum mulieri.

At quem Deum! qui templa cæli sonitu concutit:

Ego homuncio hoc non facerem? Ego vero illud feci, ac lubens, &c. &c.

I omit, for obvious reasons, the rest of the description; which, however, was preserved in the representation of this play.

Here, then, are young men just entering upon the verge of manhood, when the passions require the strongest control, enjoined to study, to commit to memory, to enact with every appropriate look, tone, and gesture, a character and a passage, in language luxurious enough to warm an anchorite, if it were not debased by expressions that would become a stew.

While this part is performing, the heads of the seminary—the reverend ministers of religion—dignified members of the established church—teachers and professors of our holy religion—pious instructors of the rising generation—paid and honoured to preach and propagate the purest doctrines of christian morality, and in particular, peace on earth and good will toward men—sit round, *horreæ auribus*, in anxious attention to catch every word, and observe every gesture of the animated youths who are appointed to this public recitation; wherein, voluptuous imagery vies with grossness of expression, and rape is defended by an appeal to blasphemy.

After such a public prostitution of all decency of character, can we wonder that the silly falsehoods and vulgar scurrilities of the epilogue in question should be dictated by the courtly professors, and sanctioned by this learned and reverend assembly? Can we think it strange, even if it be our lot to become the subjects of rancorous abuse, in a nation where priests and parents can gravely encourage the youthful exhibition which I have just described?

It is not worth while to dwell long on the particulars of this specimen of classical scurrility; but a few passages may be noticed.

Astrea virago: non nunquam quoque fur. I presume the writer forgot sir Ralph Hengham, Bacon, Macclesfield, and Jeffries. Nor is this last the only specimen to be found of *Astrea virago* in the state trials. I wonder too, whether the dictator of this epilogue ever heard of the letter sent to the judges in the sedition cases of Hardy, &c. or of judge Buller's epistle to his brother the boroughmonger, so well known on the home circuit?

Ethiopiassa, &c. Perhaps this story rests on the credit of Priest, or Jansen, or Weld, or some such specimen of British

veracity among their travellers in this country: it certainly calls for no other refutation.

Anti fogmaticum, &c. The nine-dram fog is a resident of Cornwall in England, from which country the language and practice have been imported here.

I do not recollect, however, any tavern in *this* country, where the sign informs you, that you may get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence; and be furnished with straw for nothing. But without referring to the times of Hogarth, I would recommend the admirers of English sobriety to the *Monthly Magazine* for January, 1816, p. 506, where the increasing practice of dram-drinking, even on sabbath days, can support five or six dram-shops in Holborn, one of their most public streets, within a few doors of each other, beside a due proportion in the other parts of London.

Judex nebulo. I have referred to judges enough in England who are dead: I do not want to wound the living: those who delight in judiciary scandal, may amuse themselves with the "*Two-Penny Post Bag*," recollecting that the satire in that truly witty performance is not the work of an American, but of an Englishman, published in London, who recently delineates the prominent characters of his own country. I do not pretend to credit the picture he draws of lord Ellenborough, and I sincerely hope the abominable allusions to the conduct of the prince regent, are as unfounded as they would be if asserted of our president.

Conspuit ora viri. This solitary instance of legislative indecency may find a companion in a case pointed out by the author of the reply to the *Quarterly Review*. I wonder whether it would be counted indecent in England, for the prime minister and his friend to come drunk to parliament, and after hiccuping a few sentences, to retire when the port operated as an emetic? I fancy Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, were they alive, could give some account of this. We have not yet adopted these "free and easy" manners in congress; nor do I find that any of our representatives swear so decidedly in the John Bull style, for the amusement of the house, as that tippling buffoon, "honest Jack Fuller."—Nor do I know whether any member of congress has yet been found to go so far as to recommend (and succeed too in the recommendation) of philibegs in lieu of small clothes and inexpressibles, for which

fashion the public have the highest obligations to the marquis of Graham. Nor do I recollect any regular defence of boxing, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting, which found a strenuous defender in that "enlightened statesman," William Wyndham, esq. of lamented memory! Nor have we had any public and legislative defence of speculation and corruption, such as took place, to the great amusement of the quidnuncs, on the charges against lord Melville.

Herba salivam, Latius effundi Nicotiana facit. I presume the examples of sir W. Jones, Dr. White the Arabic professor, John Henderson, of Pembroke, Dr. Urie, &c. &c. hardly suffice to justify the use of tobacco, whether in smoking or chewing, even with the admirals of the blue, white and yellow flags to aid them; if they would, I could remind this writer of the Nicotian society at Oxford, where I have met the aforesaid ornaments of English literature, enveloped in as much smoke from the fumigation of Virginia tobacco, as you would find at a London porter house.

Mentiri est mercatoris. Pray what was the opinion of the British merchants, which Mr. Burke expressed in the house of commons? and how did it differ from this character?

Diarhææ consuluisse suæ. I really must refer this case to general Smelfungus, of whose disorder, his friend general Armstrong was kind enough to publish a bulletin, for the information of congress and the world at large.*

Frontem scalpere. I took up by accident, just now, the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1811, divided into two parts; the first consisting of the occurrences of the year, and occupying half the volume; the other of biography and miscellaneous papers. This last half was principally occupied with the biography of Mr. Windham, the great parliamentary defender of boxing, bear-baiting, and bull-baiting; arguing, in substance, (whether justly or not, I will not pretend to say,) that the English required to be made ferocious to keep up their courage. His biographer, indeed, has wisely forgotten this feature of his character. The former half of the book consists of accounts of rapes, robberies, and murders, in part; but in great part also, of bulletins of the feats of Crib and Mollineaux, and other heroes of the fist, told in all the techni-

* See letter of general Wilkinson to general Armstrong of September 20, 1815, in page 79 of the correspondence transmitted by the president, in consequence of the resolution of December 31, 1815.

cal language to which this new and vulgar science has given rise, and which hitherto seems confined to the English people. A volume more disgraceful to the national habits, and national tastes and propensities, could hardly have been compiled by its worst enemy.

However, to show beyond all question with what right the English complain of the boxing, biting, and gouging of this country, I will copy part of Dr. Bardsley's essay "*On the use and abuse of popular sports and exercises, resembling those of the Greeks and Romans, as a national object*," from the 15th vol. of Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine. This essay was written by Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, expressly to recommend the introduction and protection of the art of boxing, *as the best means of preventing the prevailing practices of biting, gouging, mutilating, and murdering.*

"It is a singular, though striking fact, that in those parts of the kingdom where the generous and manly system of pugilism is least practised, and where, for the most part, all personal disputes are decided by the exertion of savage strength and ferocity—a fondness for barbarous and bloody sports is found to prevail. In some parts of Lancashire *bull-baiting* and *man-slaying* are common practices. The knowledge of pugilism as an art is, in these places, neither understood nor practised. There is no established rule of honour to save the weak from the strong, but every man's life is at the mercy of his successful antagonist. The object of each combatant in these disgraceful contests, is, to throw each other prostrate on the ground, and then with hands and feet, teeth and nails, to inflict, at random, every possible degree of injury and torment.* This is not an exaggerated statement of the barbarism

* A disgusting instance of this ferocious mode of deciding quarrels, was not long since brought forward at the Manchester sessions. It appeared in evidence, that two persons, upon some trifling dispute, at a public-house, agreed to lock themselves up in a room with the landlord and "fight it out" according to the Bolton method. This contest lasted a long time, and was only terminated by the loss of the greatest part of the nose and a part of an ear, belonging to one of the parties, which were actually bitten off by the other, during the fight. The sufferer exhibited at the trial, part of the ear so torn off; and when asked by the counsel, what had become of that part of his nose which was missing—he replied with perfect naïveté—"That he believed his antagonist had swallowed

still prevailing in many parts of this kingdom. The county assizes for Lancashire afford too many convincing proofs of the increasing mischiefs arising from these savage and disgraceful combats.

“The judges, on these occasions, have frequently declared in the most solemn and impressive charges to the grand jury, that the number of persons indicted for murder, or manslaughter in consequence of the bestial mode of fighting practised in this county, far exceeded that of the whole northern* circuit; and that, in future, they were determined to punish with the utmost rigour of the law, offenders of this description—But, alas! these just denunciations have little availed. Is it not then highly probable, that the evil which the severity of the law has been unable to correct, might be gradually and effectually abolished, or at least greatly mitigated, by the encouragement of a more manly, and less dangerous mode of terminating the quarrels of the populace? In the southern parts of this kingdom very rarely (and then chiefly in pitched battles for gain) is there any danger to life or limb from the practice of fair boxing. If then in the public schools and large manufactories of Lancashire, where immense numbers of boys are under the entire control of their masters and employers, some pains were taken to introduce the manly system of boxing, and the laws of honour, by which it is regulated, there can scarcely be room to doubt, but that the life of man would be more respected—barbarous propensities subdued, and the present character of the county rescued from the stigma of savage rudeness. It has been asserted, by those qualified to judge, that since the late diffusion of the knowledge of the pugilistic art by itinerant practitioners among the northern inhabitants of this kingdom, the mere exertions of brutal strength and ferocity have somewhat fallen into disuse, both as exercises of pastime, as well as means of offence and defence. In order therefore to abolish all traces of the savage mode of contest which has been so fully described, would it not be advisable to hold forth prizes, at wakes and public amusements,

it!!” It has happened to the writer of these remarks to witness, in more than one instance, the picking up in the streets, lacerated portions of ears and fingers, after these detestable and savage broils. Surely either our laws or manners might interfere in suppressing such deeds of savage barbarity!—**DR. BARDSLEY**

* At one assizes, no less than nine persons were convicted of manslaughter, originating from these disgraceful encounters.

(where the populace assemble chiefly for the purpose of diversion and pastime) for the encouragement of those, who excelled in sparring with muffers? This trial of skill, force, and agility (which was at first the practice of the ancients) would contribute, *under due regulations*, to invigorate the body and animate the courage; and effectually abolish the present dangerous and inhuman method of deciding personal contests."

Another instance I have before me to show with what propriety the English writers accuse the Americans of cruelty and brutality in their sports. In the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday, 8th December, 1813, and in the Sporting Magazine of the same month, there is an account of the fox-hounds, presented by the duke of Richmond to the prince regent, being taken out to be *blooded to their new game*. Two couple of the stag-hounds accompanied them. In a plantation near the Golden Farmer they found an outlying deer, &c. A stag was then turned out from a cart, whose *leg had been dislocated*; although lame, he ran an hour and three quarters, and was taken just beyond Hartford bridge. These hounds quite fulfil the great expectations that have been formed of them; they are described as a capital pack, and in the sportsman's phrase "have a great deal of devil:" so I apprehend have their masters.

A writer in the Morning Chronicle (16th Dec. 1813), under the signature of *Humanitas*, expresses a very proper indignation at the mode in which a certain personage's fox-hounds were, as the phrase is, "blooded to their new game," by the execrable expedient of dislocating the leg of a deer (of course to prevent its outrunning them); in which agonizing state, it seems, the poor animal, although lame, ran an hour and three quarters. Some time afterwards, two other letters appeared on the same subject, signed *Humanitas alter*, making the same just complaint of this brutal practice. There was no pretence, or explanation ever given, that the deer was not purposely maimed: the fact was notorious. Lord Erskine's most eloquent speech, with which he introduced his bill to punish cruelty to animals, failed in its effect upon the humane legislature of that country; *his bill was rejected*. I do not know that the prince regent had any direction or knowledge of this matter, but the thing was done as a matter of course by the servants of his royal highness, and as a part of their duty: and the

article is given in the Morning Chronicle as a common article of sporting news.

The same volume (43rd) contains ten accounts of pugilistic exhibitions, of which two terminated fatally. I wish some amateur would explain what is meant by knobbing, fibbing, milling, &c. which I suspect cannot greatly differ from gouging. In one of these combats, the pugilist having closed up one eye of his antagonist, "made continual play" at the other.

After this, I think I need go no further to show with what peculiar propriety we may exclaim *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*.

In short, the style of reasoning meant to be suggested in this epilogue is as follows: You have had judges guilty of indecorum—therefore, all the American judges are boxers, tiplers, thieves, and jail-birds. You have once witnessed the outrage of one representative spitting in the face of another—therefore, this is a common practice in congress. A young negro girl may have torn her petticoat—therefore, all the negro servants go naked. The lowest class of your community are in the habit of drinking drams to keep off the fever and ague—therefore, all the Americans are habitually dram-drinkers. Your countrymen occasionally chew tobacco, like the English sailors and soldiers of almost all ranks—therefore, all Americans spit out their tobacco juice wherever they may happen to find themselves. The boatmen and labourers of the western country do sometimes bite and gouge in their quarrels, like the English—therefore, biting and gouging is a common practice all over America.

Doubtless no one can reasonably object to the legitimacy of these conclusions

it is impossible to deny the praise of classic neatness and dexterity to the very injudicious epilogue in question; but most assuredly, this praise is earned at the expense of truth candour, common honesty, and common sense. It may be, as it seems to be, the intention in that country to educate their youth in sentiments and feelings of the most sarcastic and rancorous hostility toward America; and I dare say the attempt will succeed: and I dare aver also, that it will be met, as it naturally must, by correspondent feelings on this side the water. Feelings, that will sharpen the swords of our young champions in the next conflict,—come when it may.

CIVIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Oh lud! yes, sir;—the number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

SHERIDAN'S CRITIC

Discipline: a novel. By the Author of "Self Control." London; printed. Philadelphia, reprinted by M. Carey. Second edition. 1815. 2 vols. \$2.

THE satirist may laugh, and the moralist declaim, but the novelist continues to weave his tissue, and the world is ready to read. No species of writing is more generally acceptable than the novel; it is the delight of the young, and the amusement of the wise. What then can be more injudicious, than that indiscriminate censure, so lavishly bestowed where it is likely to produce so little of the desired effect? It cannot be proved that a novel, considered merely as a work of imagination, contains in itself any deleterious principle. Fictitious narrative is a powerful incentive to that curiosity which is inherent in every human mind, and, therefore, may be presumed to have been implanted in the heart for beneficial purposes: and may we not, also, observe, with becoming reverence, that instruction not less than divine, has been communicated in this interesting vehicle? That this power has been abused—most grossly abused, we shall not deny; but we are altogether willing to acknowledge our obligation to those who have used the enchantment, not to bewilder the judgment, but to allure our steps to that path where alone true honour may be found.

Of the modern works of fiction, we believe it can be said, that some, at least, may be read with safety, and even with advantage; for it is highly creditable to the present race, both of writers and readers, that a reform has commenced. The coarseness and impiety that was disseminated in this fascinating form, but a few years ago, would not be tolerated by the most inconsiderate of the present day in our country. To be read now, an author must tame his imagination—he must refine his sentiments, and purify his language. That, which would once have been an anomaly in letters—a novel recommending, and enforcing by precept and exam-

ple, an important religious principle—has of late been attempted with the happiest effect. Perhaps it might be assuming too much to infer the taste of the public from the celebrity of *Cœlebs*—the name of Miss More is a talisman which leaves nothing to the judgment of her reader. But may we not fairly try the question on some others that have subsequently appeared—particularly two, the productions of an anonymous author? We allude to the novels entitled *Self Control* and *Discipline*. These works have had an extensive circulation, and their merit is attested by the most unqualified approbation; and the object of both, is, expressly, to display the power of religious principle in restraining the passions, and the necessity and advantage of implanting the precious seed in early life. They are both excellent, though we must object, in *Self Control*, to some incidents which are of a complexion too romantic for the approbation of a sober judgment, and of too rare occurrence to afford a rule of practical observation. But our young female readers may there receive a lesson, the vast importance of which they are scarcely able to appreciate, at an age when the understanding is most liable to be perverted by the pleadings of the heart—never to commit their happiness to a man who is not governed by “the fear of Him who seeth in secret;” and they are also taught, by a successful example, the power of Christian principle to resist, and finally to eradicate an ill-placed affection. But *Discipline*, which we think the preferable production, it is more immediately our present intention to commend. It is the design of this interesting work to show, that that which was declared by the royal preacher to be true in the day of his reign—that “foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child,” and that if the “rod of correction” be not employed in infancy to “drive it far from him”—it will probably require the severer discipline of adversity and sorrow in after life, to extract the destructive root. This is not a fashionable doctrine, but it stands upon the immutable basis of truth. It cannot be shaken by scoffers, nor can it be demolished by the doctors in the school of modern philosophy.

The heroine, and the subject of “*Discipline*,” is Ellen Percy; and she is her own biographer. “Having escaped from imminent peril,” she is “prompted to warn others of the danger of their way.” “Proud, petulant and rebellious from her infancy,” she,

more than commonly, required the faithful hand of parental culture and restraint; but this blessing was denied to her; for her father—a very wealthy merchant—had imbibed the opinion that the sum and substance of all merit, consisted in money; and, “as she would be the heiress of two hundred thousand pounds, there was no fear of her happiness,” and her equally weak and indulgent, though better-inclined mother, “was too gentle to bestow even merited reproof!” The unhappy child was accordingly abandoned to her own capricious humours. Caressed, admired, and extolled, it is not to be wondered that she became the miserable slave of her own ungoverned passions, and the tyrant of her family. “Yet let not these relentings of nature,” she says, “be called weakness; or if the stern moralist refuse to spare, let it disarm his severity to learn—that I was an only child.”

Here is an important lesson to parents! The very circumstance that gave them the ability to bestow the requisite attention, is made the apology for their criminal neglect. Is it not easier, we would ask, to rear a single flower than to cultivate a garden? We have too much respect for the good sense of this author to suppose that she intended to speak in her own person, when she advances so silly an apology for the lamentable weakness of this unfortunate mother. We know that it is quite a common excuse for the waywardness of a child, that it is the sole inheritor of its paternal name. The argument of such indulgent parents amounts to no more than this: “I had little to do, and, therefore, I did nothing;” indeed, it may be pushed further; they do worse than nothing. In the care of a single child a mother is released from the difficulties which arise from the various humours and conflicting tempers of a numerous offspring, and, in this instance, she has been blessed by all the stores of affluence with the means of “training up a child in the way in which it should go.” Her responsibility is, therefore, increased. That excess of affection which seems to be supposed in this case, will not be admitted by her matronly readers, whose days and whose nights have been spent in a crowded nursery. We never met with a well-principled lady of this description, whose bosom thrilled with the domestic charities that did not contend against this sort of reasoning. Their hearts, they say, are sufficiently capacious to embrace, with equal affection, all

that has been intrusted to them. Like the sun they glance on all, and afford to each his share of influence, nutriment and life. The affection of a mother for a single child is more obvious, as the power of this luminary is more striking when its rays are concentrated to a focus: but it shines with the same brilliancy and diffuses the same heat in every direction in which it is intended to operate.

At the very early age of eight years, we find miss Percy already commencing the "giddy round" of pleasure. She has an invitation to go with a friend to a play. She had been confined to the house by a sore throat, and her mother refused to let her go out;—but, unaccustomed to acquiescence in the will of her parents, she persevered in her determination to be gratified. Entreaties were vain, and commands were resisted;—she prevailed by the well-known artifice of all little masters and misses; she screamed till she terrified both father and mother into submission.

"My mother," she says, "was one of the finer order of spirits—she had an elegant, a tender, a pious mind. Often did she strive to raise my young heart to Him from whom I had so lately received my being. But, alas! her too partial fondness, overlooked in her darling the growth of that pernicious weed whose shade is deadly to every plant of celestial origin. She continued unconsciously to foster in me that spirit of pride, which may indeed admit the transient admiration of excellence, or even the passing fervors of gratitude, but which is manifestly opposite to vital piety, which consists in a surrender of self-will, of self-righteousness, of self in every form, to the divine justice, holiness, and sovereignty. It was, perhaps, for training us to this temper, of such difficult yet such indispensable attainment, that the discipline of parental authority was intended. I have long seen reason to repent the folly which deprived me of the advantages of this useful apprenticeship; but this conviction has been the fruit of discipline far more painful."

It would seem that the value of such a mother as is here described, in a religious point of view, is at least very questionable. Of what importance is principle, without that firmness of purpose which alone can bring it into active use? The deprivation of these advantages, however—such as they were in her ill-fated case—was at once the consequence and the punishment of this unpardonable

concession. The indisposition of Ellen was increased to a dangerous fever, and the life of her mother became the victim of anxiety and fatigue! This first interruption of her gayety was lamented, for some days, in violent storms of grief—"though sometimes suspended by the contemplation of her jet ornaments"—and became very tiresome to her father. The complaints too of her attendants: "Sir, Miss Ellen wont go to bed"—"Miss wont get her lesson"—"Miss Ellen wont be dressed"—continually disturbed him. He, therefore, sagely resolved to relieve himself by sending her to a fashionable boarding-school. Here, she says, "I spent seven years in laborious and expensive trifling, and the only accomplishment in which I had, perhaps, acquired proficiency, was music. But this proficiency—I blush whilst I write it—cost me the labour of seven hours a day!—full half the time which, after deducting the seasons of rest and refreshment, remained for all the duties of a rational, a social, an immortal being. We were instructed in the art of wearing our clothes fashionably; but as for the ornaments of 'a meek and quiet spirit,' they were in no higher estimation than 'wimples, and round tires like the moon.'"

In the summer of her sixteenth year she is taken home by her father, accompanied by Miss Arnold, a boarding-school companion, who had now become her bosom friend, by embracing all her opinions, and praising and defending her whether right or wrong. But "to be the judicious adviser of his daughter, and to share with him in the government of her turbulent spirit," Mr. Percy had invited Miss Mortimer, a woman of real piety and a friend of her mother's, to make his house her permanent abode. Miss M. however, "affected no authority—she was anxious to be useful, but afraid to be officious. She was even sparing of direct advice—and the humblest of human beings." The young ladies, therefore, feeling no restraint, determined "to amuse themselves with her singularities." They called her an argus—a duenna; they voted her a stick—a bore—a quiz; or to sum up all reproach in one comprehensive epithet, a methodist!

They hid her prayer-book—pasted caricatures in her pew, or invented pitiable tales of distress, to make her trudge through the snow in search of objects of charity! But all was unavailing to disturb the serenity of Miss M.'s temper;—her ardent desire to

be useful to the daughter of her beloved friend, the hope of being able to rescue her from the destruction to which she was advancing, triumphed over all mortifications. At length the fatal issue of one of their frolics had nearly softened miss P., at least so far as to think of a cessation of hostilities.

The family were invited to dine with a neighbour—Mr. P. could not go—Miss M. accepted the invitation. But the young ladies, apprehensive that her presence might interfere with their pleasures, invented all manner of schemes to detain her at home: but all would not do—Mr. P. had determined that they should go under her auspices or not at all—so they were compelled to submit.

It was settled that Miss Arnold should ride, while Miss Percy drove Miss Mortimer in a curricule. To be avenged of their duenna, the two friends agreed to try the strength of her nerves by a race. Accordingly, with this good-natured purpose, they were no sooner out of sight of their home, than the signal being given, away they flew like lightning. Miss M. looked aghast—she even asked, if it would not be better to drive a little slower?—and with such mildness that Miss P. was about to check her horses, when the beau who rode with Miss A. passed them with a smack of his whip, which increased their speed beyond the power of restraint. At this moment, a woman who was passing, in standing aside to let the carriage pass, threw herself in his way, and both riders bounding over her, left her senseless in the road!

“From the guilt of murder” our heroine was saved by “a stranger.” He seized the reins, and turning the horses short, they reared, backed, and in an instant overturned the carriage. This “stranger” becomes afterwards an important personage in the story. His name is Maitland—a man of no common character, and a friend of the amiable Miss Mortimer.

In giving this abstract of a work, which all will read with delight, perhaps we ought not to withhold our reprobation of so abhorrent a practice as that above alluded to. A young lady of seventeen, driving a pair of spirited horses, “Jehu like,” may, possibly, excite no surprise on the other side of the Atlantic; but, in our less adulterated land, it would be an invasion of the “rights of man,” not less ridiculous than disgusting.

Poor Ellen had now joined the infatuated throng, who were in chase of pleasure, and she was not formed for a languid pursuit. "It became the employment of every day, of every hour. My mornings were spent at auctions, exhibitions, and milliners' shops; my evenings wherever fashionable folly held her court. Miss Mortimer attempted gently to stem the torrent. She endeavoured to remove my temptation to seek amusement abroad, by providing it for me at home; but I had drunk of the inebriating cup, and the temperate draught was become tasteless to me. She tried to convince my reason; but reason was in a deep sleep, and stirred no further than to repulse the hand which would have roused him. She attempted to persuade me, and I, to escape the subject, told her, that when I had fulfilled the engagements which were to occupy every moment of my time for the six succeeding weeks, I would, on some rainy Sunday, stay at home all day, and patiently swallow my whole dose of lecture at a sitting. I look back with astonishment upon her patient endurance of my importunences. But she saw my follies with the pity of a superior nature—aware, indeed, of the tremendous difference between her state and mine, yet remembering who it was that had "made her to differ." While she was basking in the sunshine of fortune and felicity, heedless of the present and careless of the future, her excellent friend and monitor was gradually sinking under a tedious disease. Hopeless of being of any use in the family of Mr. P. she determined to retire to her own cottage. Mr. Maitland in the meantime had become a constant and highly-favoured visiter. He was received by Mr. P. with more than usual respect, and by Ellen with unwilling reverence for his steady virtues. She saw his admiration, and her vanity was excited to entangle such a man in her chains; but he resisted her power, and refused to give up his affections to a woman whose whole heart was devoted to amusement and flattery.

The usual arts of butterfly beauties, which are not quite so common here as in Europe, were resorted to, but without avail.

"I flourished the arm of which he had praised the beauty, that I might watch whether his gaze followed it in admiration. I was laboriously 'graceful,' and sported my '*naïf* sensibility' until it was any thing but naïf. I obtruded my 'lovely singleness of

mind,' till, I believe, I should have become a disgusting mass of affectation, had it not been for the manly plainness of Mr. Maitland. He at first appeared to look with surprise upon my altered demeanor; then fairly showed me by his manner, that he detected my little arts, and that he was alternately grieved to find me condescending to plot, and angry that I could plot no better. 'That certainly is the finest arm in England,' whispered he one evening, when I had been leaning upon it, exactly opposite to him, for five minutes, 'so now you may put on your glove. Nay, instead of frowning, you should thank me for that blush; for, though pride and anger may have some share in it, it is not unbecoming since it is natural.' I was sullen for a little, and muttered something about 'impertinence'—but I never flourished my arm again."

While these, and a thousand other follies of the same sort, were exhibited in the house of Mr. P. the inconsiderate Ellen is fortunately delivered from a marriage with one of her profligate lovers, by the sudden bankruptcy and consequent death of her father—by his own hand! As his money had been his only resource, its loss is insupportable; he, therefore, abandons his daughter to penury, and distraction. We cannot but stop to admire the singular delicacy with which this horrible incident is related. It was too atrocious for remark; and is, therefore, but mentioned, and dismissed.

Deserted now by the satellites of her sunshine—among whom was her pernicious friend miss A.—driven from her home, and overwhelmed by mortification, anguish, and despair—as she had lived without God in her prosperity—her sorrow was without consolation! Day after day passed in dreary solitude. Disease was preying on her constitution—hopeless and indignant dejection rankling in her mind—when she was aroused by the appearance of her *mother's* friend! Miss Mortimer had discovered her obscure retreat. She came to comfort and console her—she brought her refreshments, and finally prevailed on the humbled outcast to accompany her to her own home. Here, by the persuasive example of her pious protector, she is brought "in the day of adversity to consider." She opened a book which was on her table—it was her mother's Bible! She reads of benefits which she had forgotten—of duties which she had neglected—of threatenings which

she had despised! After much anxiety and diligent research, new views of her actions and prospects were given to her; and soothed, encouraged, and instructed by miss M. she is an altered creature. After a year's residence with her, she says: "Deprived, as I was, of all the baubles which I had once thought necessary to comfort, almost to existence, I was nearer to happiness than I had ever been while in the full enjoyment of all that pleasure, wealth, and flattery can bestow; for I now possessed all the materials of such happiness as this state of trial admits—good health, constant employment, 'the necessities of this life, and the steady hope of a better.'"

In this subdued state of her mind, she receives a letter from Maitland—and she dwelt on his character with mingled pleasure and regret—"pleasure, perhaps, not untainted with womanly vanity; regret that, when I might have shared the labours, the virtues, the love of this noble soul, a senseless vanity made me cold to his affection—a mean coquetry wrecked me in his esteem! I might once, indeed, have bound him to me forever; but it was now plain that he had cast off his inglorious shackles."

But this is not all—not only must the repentant Ellen relinquish every hope of obtaining such a companion and protector as the virtuous Maitland might have been to her—she is now called to resign also her inestimable monitor, who expires in the triumph of Christian assurance!

Bereaved of Miss M. she is again cast upon the world—"without an eye to pity!" She wanders from place to place, enduring a variety of suffering—still patient—still submissive! In the conclusion—she again meets with Maitland in the highlands of Scotland; his real name was Graham—the son of a chief—and the beloved of his family. To him she is united; for he found her now "no longer the arrogant girl, whose understanding, dazzled by prosperity, was blind to his merits—whose heart, hardened by vanity, was insensible to his love—no longer the thoughtless being, whose hopes and wishes were engrossed by the most unsubstantial of all the cheats that delude us in this world of shadows—but a humbled creature, thankful to find in his sound mind and steady principles, a support for her acknowledged weakness—a traveller to a better country, pleased to meet a fellow pilgrim,

who, animating her diligence, and checking her wanderings, might sooth the toils of her journey, and rejoice with her forever in its blessed termination."

We have purposely avoided any thing like a detailed view of the incidents of this tale, but confined ourself to the "bringing out" of its main object. The web of the narrative, however, is woven with sufficient skill to detain the idle, and, we hope, it may arouse the careless to serious meditation on the important moral which it is intended to inculcate.



INQUIRY INTO THE RANZ DES VACHES.

Les Recherches sur les Ranz des Vaches ou sur les Chansons Pastorales des Bergers de la Suisse, avec Musique. Par George Tarenne. Paris, chez F. Louis, Libraire Rue de Savoie. No. 6.

[From the British Critic.]

PROBABLY in all the range of literature there is scarcely so fair a field for a truly elegant mind to trifle on, as the national music of Switzerland. Its accompaniments of bewitching, though solemn scenery, its antiquity, and history, its great simplicity consistent with its perfect sweetness, above all its romantic sway over the feelings of "those far away," present all together a combination of circumstances, which we may not easily find in any other subject. Of these, however, though M. Tarenne has said much, it is very evident he thought little; while he wrote, he was busied, we guess, à l'ordinaire with a certain personage, of great merit doubtless, with whom however he is certainly on the best of terms.

It is a common remark on the dispensations of Providence, that however excellent in their own nature, yet in their relation to us they become instruments of good, or ill, according to the quality of those on whom they are bestowed. This is a remark often uttered, but like many other religious reflections, too little dwelt on; for it is able, if soberly meditated, to stir the soul with the deepest, the most solemn, we had almost said, the most fearful train of thoughts. Our present task will not allow us to pursue it; nor should we have alluded to it, but for the sake of remarking how analogously the appearances, and phenomena of the natural world operate on that faculty of our mind, which we call

taste, or the sensation of the sublime and beautiful. Another proof this, if others were wanted, of that mysterious harmony in the whole government of the One Universal Ruler, which, whenever we comprehend it thoroughly, seems to operate with uniform means, and in an uniform manner; as in this remarkable instance of the moral and physical world, and the influence they exert varying both in force and kind according to the nature of the recipients.

Perhaps on a subject rather subtle we have not expressed ourselves very clearly; we shall be excused therefore if we explain ourselves a little more diffusely. To the simple and feeling heart, the solemn majesty, or the rich beauty of the world around us speak with a power, that makes *affectation* of sentiment a thing impossible, the waving of woods, the almost unearthly piping of the winds, the quiet motion, and deep clearness of inland waters, the dark forms of mountains, and the eternal, yet ever-varying roar of cataracts; all the accidents of light and shade, of cloud or sunshine, of time and season; these are powers, if we may be allowed the word, which weigh upon the man of true taste; their moral impression is indelible; and they excite a feeling of delight which he is not indeed ashamed of, which rather he glories in, but which he certainly fears to impart except to congenial bosoms. He well knows, that the impressions he has undergone, would appear to many minds unnatural, or affected; and to him who feels strongly, there is no bugbear of opinion so dreadful, as the character of affectation. Such a man then, we may depend upon it, seldom communicates to the world, the sensation with which he has witnessed the grand displays of the magnificence of nature; they are his pearls, not hoarded through avarice, but respectfully treasured up, that they may not by accident or carelessness be cast before swine.

True it is, and a seeming exception to the rule, that the poet at times bursts forth in wild, and touching enthusiasm, with almost loquacious fondness for the loveliness, or sublimity of nature; but it should be remembered, that he then ordinarily expresses only the feelings of recollection, somewhat softened in their excess, and somewhat also strengthened in their hardness; he thinks too and writes in the fearlessness of solitude; and when the glow-

ing thought comes boldly forth in the pomp and music of verse, it is not so much the admiring tribute of the panegyrist, as the devout hymn of the worshippers.

But how do these same scenes affect people of a different description; the teemings of that most prolific of all mothers, the press, afford the best answer to the question; is it not too a melancholy fact, that the greatest nonsense has always been written in describing the finest country? Minds such as those to which we now allude, feel none of the divinity of nature; on first view of a fine prospect they cast about for as fine an epithet, or as fine a sentence to characterize, or describe it by; cruelly interrupting the silent pleasures of those who *do* feel, it is quite impossible they should themselves be affected; they have no time; they are otherwise employed. In the evening the fine epithet, or sentence find their way into the fine note-book; and at the end of a few weeks the fine note-book splits into chapters, swells with compilations, is tricked up with fine poetry, and tinted sketches, and so becomes a standing drawing room dish for the London season. Monsieur l'Auteur is as well content to be a standing dish in the dining room where he reigns lord paramount in matters of taste, and so, as Duval says, "*Voilà, Madame Mathurine, l'histoire de mon amour pour Mademoiselle votre fille.*"

We have followed our reflections a little out of the straight path of our subject; yet they are not wholly foreign to our purpose, for it is only on a theory something like that which we have laid down, that the existence of the present work can be accounted for. M. Tarenne appears from his own statement, p. 11, to have travelled in Switzerland a few years ago; in a very early morning walk in the canton de Vaud, it was his good (or perhaps considering all the unhappy consequences, we should rather say his bad) fortune to light on a young peasant girl, who sung a *ranz des vaches*, as she conducted her cattle to the pasture. M. Tarenne was probably fresh from a sojourn at Paris—

"As one, who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages, and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound:
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more."

He assures us accordingly, that it would be quite impossible to express "*the ravishment and ecstacy*" into which he was thrown by this damsel's song. At breakfast he could do nothing but talk of what he had seen and heard; and he set all his friends at work to procure him a copy of the music. He was astonished, he says, to find that there were extant many different airs, peculiar to the different cantons; this led him to extend his researches, and we are now presented with the result of labours, which occupied the author and his friends "many months."

We confess, with great deference to Monsieur Tarenne, that we should have been better pleased, if instead of limiting us to eight airs selected by his own judgment, his book had contained all those with which the kindness of his friends supplied him. Any music, which is really national, and characteristic, must be interesting; but unless we are much mistaken, the Swiss Ranz des Vaches have an absolute, and no inconsiderable merit. The quality, which pervades them all, is a wild and pathetic simplicity; and the alternations of quick and slow movements, are peculiarly appropriate to the words which are sung to them, and the actual employment of the singers. In the slow parts, the poetry, rude as it is, sometimes in the way of soliloquy, sometimes in dialogue, turns on the occupations and circumstances of the peasants of Switzerland; in the quick movement the singer seeming to recollect himself, addresses his cattle, either urging them to pass to the feeding ground, or calling them to the chalet to be milked. The following is the first couplet of the Grugere Ranz des Vaches, which we give with the French interlineary translation, as being the most popular, and common in Switzerland.

Lá x'armailli dei Colombettè

Les vachers des Colombettes

Dé bon matin sé san lèvâ

De bon matin se sont levés.

A á á á

Liauba, Liauba por aria

Vaches, Vaches pour (vous) traire.

Then follows the quick movement, which is the burthen of all the succeeding couplets.

“ Vinidé toté bliantz et nairé
Venez toutes, blanches et noires,
 Rodz' et molaillé, dzjouvèn et otro
Vouges, et etoilles, jeunes, et autres
 Déso on tzháno, yo ié vos ario
Sous un chene, on je vous traie
 Déso on treimblio yo ié treintzo
Sous un tremble, on je trunche (le lait)
 Liauba, Liauba por aria
Vaches, Vaches, pour (vous) traire.”

The words of this ballad go on to describe with considerable archness the progress of the whole herd to the mountains arrested by a bog; in this distress the herdsmen, who are the singers, be-think themselves of a singular mode of relief; the eldest and chief despatches Peter his assistant to the curé of the parish to implore an Ave Maria by way of passe-par-tout. The dialogue between Peter and the curé is very edifying; the latter stipulates for a cheese made of unskimmed milk as the price of his prayers, and the former demands in return that the curé should send his maid-servant to take it from them. To this proposal the curé objects the good looks of the virgin, which he is afraid might be too strong a temptation for Peter's virtue. Peter however replies, not unhappily, that he knows better, than to trespass on the goods of the church.

“ Dé preindré lo bein dé léglisé
De prendre le bien de l'église.
 No né sériens pa pardounna.
Nous ne serions point pardonnés.”

All however comes to an amicable conclusion; the Ave Maria is said, the cows pass the deep places, and in the evening give an unusual quantity of milk; the overflowing efficacy of the priestly interference.

Sometimes the subjects are of a more domestic nature; in the appenzelois song is introduced a dialogue between a husband and wife, or rather a conjugal parley, one *at* the other.

“ I know well,” commences the lady, “ when all humour for singing leaves me; it is, when I sit down with two cradles rocking in my chamber, when my

husband in a passion beats me with his fist, and when the winter wind enters by every hole into the house."

Under these circumstances it was certainly very natural to lose her singing, and dancing propensities; the husband however does not seem much better off; "Since I took a wife I have had no more bread to eat; since I took a wife, I have never known happiness." These are specimens of Swiss pastoral, it must be confessed rather in the school of Crabbe, than of Theocritus, or Virgil. Let us hear however, the profound speculation of M. Tarenne on the passage.

"*Probably*," says he, "in Switzerland as elsewhere, in the desert as in the city, among the lowest, as well as the greatest people, marriage has its miseries, and its evils. Must we repeat after Menander, whoever would be happy, should leave others to marry, and never do so himself. Perhaps there is more than one reason for so saying; but it is not easy to reduce the axiom to practice. The God of nature cries to us with a voice far more powerful, than that of all the misanthrope philosophers, or no philosophers. *Non est bonum esse hominem solum*, it is not good for man to be alone (nor woman either.)"

This is a very fair specimen of our author's powers, and taste as an annotator, but we return to the subject: The citations, which we have just given, will perhaps raise in our readers' minds no very high idea of the poetry of the Ranz des Vaches. Indeed though a little enthusiastic on all that relates to Switzerland, we do not claim for it any very high share of praise. But it is not to be supposed, that they universally turn on subjects, such as those which we have selected; sometimes they commemorate the fidelity of the youths, and the beauty of the maids of the canton; sometimes they are more general and national; but they are always simple and unaffected.

To the music, however, and to the scenery, in the bosom of which they are sung, must be attributed the great charm of the Ranz des Vaches, at least to foreigners. When winding through a deep valley, or climbing either of its mountainous sides, or perhaps still more happily, when paddling across a lake, if one of these airs is heard, proceeding from females in a cottage, or concealed in a wood, a momentary enthusiasm is excited of the most glowing nature, but which it is vain to imagine, that we can ever revive by the same music under other circumstances. It is natu-

ral to be anxious to collect, and transport with us the simple songs, that once occasioned us such lively emotions of delight; but it would perhaps be more just, and save us some disappointment, if we never repeated them in an English music room.

On the Swiss himself however the effect is very different. In his own country, except on extraordinary occasions, the song has naturally very little power to move him; to the educated classes, the execution of it appears rude, and the words low and rustic; and as for the common people, though they sing it with a certain degree of pleasure, yet they are too much occupied in necessary labours, and their state of cultivation is too little advanced, to make it probable, that any thing of the kind should affect them strongly. But when they hear, or sing the strain in foreign lands, then it is that young and old, and high and low feel equally and strongly its powerful influence; then it is that operating as a spell, it summons up to their view the blue lake, or the white torrent; the corn-field and the wood, with the village-spire glittering in the sun-shine; the rolling mist on the side of the mountain, at one moment concealing, at another disclosing the dark-brown chalets, that seem perched on high beyond all human access; the eternal snows above, and the sunny vineyard below. Nor does the association cease with these visible objects; but each and all of them are connected with some recollections of dearer and more lasting import, of the years of childhood gone for ever, of friends still cherished if living, or regretted in the grave; of dangers escaped, of love rewarded, and perhaps, still more deeply than all, the never-forsaken hope

“Here to return—and die at home at last.”

This important distinction, we are of opinion, that Rousseau did not sufficiently contemplate, when he complained that the Ranz des Vaches no longer produced the same effect on the minds of the Swiss, which had been recorded of them in times past. It was indeed a convenient observation on which to ground the inference of a national degeneracy in his countrymen. To this purpose he used it, and, as might be well expected, he has been copied by most of the wits, who have had occasion to remark on the subject since. Monsieur Târenne is among the number.

“ Si cet air alpestre ne produit plus aujourd’hui le même effet sur eux, lointin cela soit à leur louange, ce changement moral prouve malheureusement, qu’ils ne sont plus les hommes de la nature, qu’ils ont perdu les goûts de leur ancienne et respectable simplicité, qu’en un mot il ne sont plus ce qu’étaient leurs bons aïeux.” P. 11.

It may be true, or it may be false, that the Swiss have degenerated from the simplicity and integrity of their forefathers; but according to our notions, the enthusiasm or the coldness with which, on ordinary occasions, a Ranz des Vaches is heard by them in their own country, can be no criterion of the question. We repeat on “ordinary occasions;” because, if, where the national feeling ought to be strongly excited, it should be found cold and listless; if, at military shows or public festivals, the national airs were heard without enthusiasm, we might be induced to draw the inference which we now oppose.

We are happy however to be able to state, that this is by no means the case. The fall of Buonaparte and the dismemberment of the French empire have not been productive of immediate tranquillity in Switzerland; the unavoidable difficulties attendant on the framing a new federal pact, and the resisted claims of powerful cantons to their influence, and every dominion over the inferior and once vassal states, which it was the policy of the French mediation to abolish; all these causes have occasioned much discontent and agitation among the different states. But allowing for this, we feel justified in saying, and we appeal to no small number of our readers, who may be able to contradict a false or exaggerated statement, that on all public occasions no lack of the true national enthusiasm was to be seen; the memory of times past was properly cherished, and the great and general wish seemed to be to make Switzerland now, what she had been in the brightest page of her history.

We are not afraid to advance a step farther in the argument; as far as our experience serves, the Swiss, as a people, are still remarkable for their naïveté of manners and simplicity of heart. Among them, more frequently perhaps than in any other part of Europe, are to be found proprietors living on their own estates in that simple plenty, and with that hospitality, which we so much boast of in our English gentleman. The chateau generally stands

at the head of, or little removed from the village, to which it gives name; the interior certainly will bear no comparison in comfort or splendour with that of an English mansion; but nothing is wanting to the comfort of the guest that the attention of the host can afford him. All this however, (which is most to our present purpose) is consistent with the greatest simplicity; the board, though plentifully, is plainly covered; the best wines afforded are (especially in the southern cantons) of Swiss or French growth; the hours observed very early, and perhaps with unusual but perfectly inoffensive frankness, the traveller is dismissed to bed two hours before midnight.

But it is on occasions of a public nature still more remarkable, that the national character manifests itself. Those who have witnessed in the course of the last summer the fêtes on the lake of Geneva, will certainly not think that a want of simplicity was attributable to those who celebrated them. Indeed we have, not without regret on some occasions, seen our countrymen disposed to smile, at what they thought an excess of that quality. But in truth, an Englishman is not the best judge in the world of these matters; having the fear of ridicule perpetually before his eyes, he cannot account for that wild, yet not ungraceful "abandon" of manners and deportment, which the soberest foreigners sometimes display. Without remembering that important distinction of character, we shall often, as Englishmen, be led to form a very wrong estimate of those, into whose society we may be casually thrown on the continent.

It was on the 19th of last September, that the official act of the Diet, by which Geneva was admitted into the Confederation, was received at that place. By accident, on the same day, a party had been formed to pass the morning on the Salese, a small mountain in Savoy, at a short distance from Geneva. At noon, the expected event was announced by cannons firing, bell-ringing, and all the effervescence of popular transport; the party in the mountains, who were partly Vaudois and partly Genevois, conjecturing the import of the sounds, and hailing a circumstance that added another tie to private friendship, embraced each other even with tears; while the ladies among them sung in chorus the Gougere Ranz des Vaches. This anecdote is so appropriate to our pur-

pose, that we trust that we shall be excused for relating it; at least it proves, that the Ranz des Vaches are still considered, in all moments of patriotic enthusiasm, as the national watch-words and bond of union; and that they still hold that place in the recollection of a Swiss, which an Englishman assigns in his to God save the King, or a Frenchman (*we hope*) to Henri Quatre, and Charmante Gabrielle. It is curious by the way to observe with what great accuracy, the song of each nation is adapted to the peculiarities of its respective character.

The anecdote, which we have just related, was drawn from the higher classes of society; but it would be easy to adduce others of a similar nature, from the lower orders. On the same occasion to which we have alluded already, among the clamour of a rejoicing population, who thronged the streets in the evening, were to be heard from time to time troops of young men, who sung in perfect harmony the Chanson de l'Escalade, or some one or other of the Ranz des Vaches. Among the regiments of the different cantons, it is remarkable how many of the private soldiers are in the habit of singing in parts or in chorus these simple airs. In order to relieve the citizens in part from the burthen of garrison duty, it was usual with the provisional government of Geneva to admit small bodies of hired troops from other Cantons; in this way they received successively quotas from Friburgh, Soleure, and Appenzell; the entry and departure of these allies was usually a scene of great interest; and public singing in the streets was always one token of the popular enthusiasm. It is but recently that the Appenzellois have been recalled; on the evening previous to their departure they patrolled the streets singing in small parties in the manner above described; one of these parties, consisting of twelve, was invited by a gentleman into his house; a supper was placed before them, and wine allowed them freely. All these men were privates, yet they drank moderately, but sung a great variety of national hymns and songs; concluding with one, in the burthen of which they all rose, joined hands, and repeated "*jurons de nous aimer toujours.*"

We owe an apology, perhaps, to our readers, for the introduction of these anecdotes, but we think they go to establish the fact, that the national character of the Swiss, in this respect at

least, is essentially the same as it ever was. At least they raise a doubt as to the truth of the contrary assertion.

Before we conclude this article, which has already exceeded the limits we had designed for it; it is our duty to return for a few moments to Monsieur Tarenne. He might perhaps complain, that we had not fairly treated him, if we took no further notice of him. To the words of the airs he has added voluminous notes, which form, indeed, the bulk of his little treatise. These we have turned over with some attention, for the purpose of extracting something for his credit, and for the amusement of our readers. At page 24, is a long, *and learned* note on pastoral poetry, at the conclusion of which is laid down the author's creed in all matters of taste:

"Cependant j'avouerais que je ne me suis jamais senti aucun goût pour les pastorales feintes, ou d'imitation, à commencer par les idylles de Théocrite. Tout cela présente à mon esprit je ne sais quoi qui lui déplait, vraisemblablement à cause, que j'abhorre par caractère l'apprêt, et le gard en toutes choses, et que j'aime avec passion la simplicité dans toutes ses formes, et sous tous ses aspects."

This is followed by a note descriptive of the Alphorn, the usual accompaniment to the Ranz des Vaches, of which it will be proper to give some account. This is a wind instrument extremely simple in its construction, and limited in the compass of its powers. In shape it resembles a common cow's horn, and probably was at first literally nothing more. But its length is now ordinarily increased to six feet, with a spherical embouchure, and a moderate aperture at the other extremity. It is formed of bark, closely bound through the whole length with cord; of course it has no stops. We do not easily conceive, at first, how an instrument so rude and simple can be rendered subservient, with any effect, to the purposes of harmony. The fact is however certain, that aided by the circumstances of distance and echo, when skilfully managed, it forms a very delightful support to the voice, which it accompanies.

From page 74 to 78 is an account sufficiently detailed (if we could depend on its correctness) of the management of the Swiss dairy; but for the reason implied by our parenthesis, and on account of its extreme length, we forbear to extract it.

We shall now take our leave of Monsieur Tarenne. Our opinion of him and his work may be collected from what we have said of both; and we are sorry that we cannot form one more favourable to both; but it is our duty to disclose the worthlessness of a book, which, from its portable shape and neatness, as well as the nature of its subject, would probably meet with many purchasers. If our readers can procure the German Collection, or the Selection published by Haller at Bernæ, they may well spare themselves the addition of the *Researches* of Mons. Tarenne.

So much for our author—but if we concluded with him we should omit the choicest treasure of his book, a note by the well-known Viotti, on what is called his *Ranz des Vaches*. We had some doubts at first, whether it would be quite fair to notice such a production, inserted, perhaps, without his consent or knowledge; but these were removed by observing, that it has already been printed more than once in works of considerable circulation on the continent; and by recollecting, that he who could write such a letter must be infinitely too magnanimous to regard our poor comments. Comment, however, we will not make, but leave a faithful translation of it to our readers' reflections, as the conclusion of the article.

"This *Ranz des Vaches* is neither the same with that which our friend Jean Jaques has made us acquainted with in his works, nor with that with which M. De la Borde speaks in his book on music.

"I know not if it is familiar to many people; all that I know is, that I heard it in Switzerland, and that I learned it never to forget it more.

"I was walking alone, towards the decline of day, in those solemn scenes, where one never feels inclined to talk; the weather was beautiful; the wind, *which I detest* (*que je déteste*) was at peace; all was calm, all was analogous to my feelings: and I carried within me that melancholy, which every day at *this same hour concentrates my soul from the first moment of my existence*.

"*My thought was indifferent to my thoughts; it wandered, and my feet followed it. No object had the preference of my heart; it was only prepared for that tenderness, and love, which since has cost me so many afflictions, and brought me acquainted with happiness. My imagination immobile (if I may so say) by the absence of the passions, was without movement.*

"I went, I came, I ascended, I descended among those sublime mountains; chance at length conducted me into a valley, to which at first I paid no attention. It was not, till some time after, that I perceived, that it was delicious, and such as I had often seen described in Cessner; flowers, turf, streamlets—all

was there, all made up a perfect picture there, and formed an harmony complete:

"There, I sat myself mechanically on a rock without being fatigued, and delivered myself up to that profound reverie, which I have experienced frequently during my life, that reverie, in which my ideas wander, mix, and confound themselves one with another to such a degree, that I forget, that I am still on the earth.

"I will not say what it is, that produces in me this species of ecstasy, *whether it is the slumber of the soul, or rather the absence of the thinking faculties*; I will only say that I love it, that I suffer it to carry me away; and that I would on no account wish to be free from it.

"There then I was upon the rock, when suddenly my ear, or rather my whole existence, was struck with certain sounds; now quick, and precipitated, now prolonged, and continuous, which came from one mountain, and fled to the other without being repeated by the echoes. It was a long trumpet; a female voice mingled itself with these sounds, sad, sweet, and touching; and formed a perfect unison. Struck as it were by enchantment, I rouse myself on a sudden, I start from my lethargy, shed some few tears, and learn, or rather I engrave in my memory the Ranz des Vaches, which I now send you."

With poor Marotte in the Precieuses Ridicules, we exclaim—

"Dame! je n'entends point le Latin, et je n'ai pas appris, comme vous, la philosophie dans le lyre, il faut parler chretien, si vous voulez, que je vous entende."

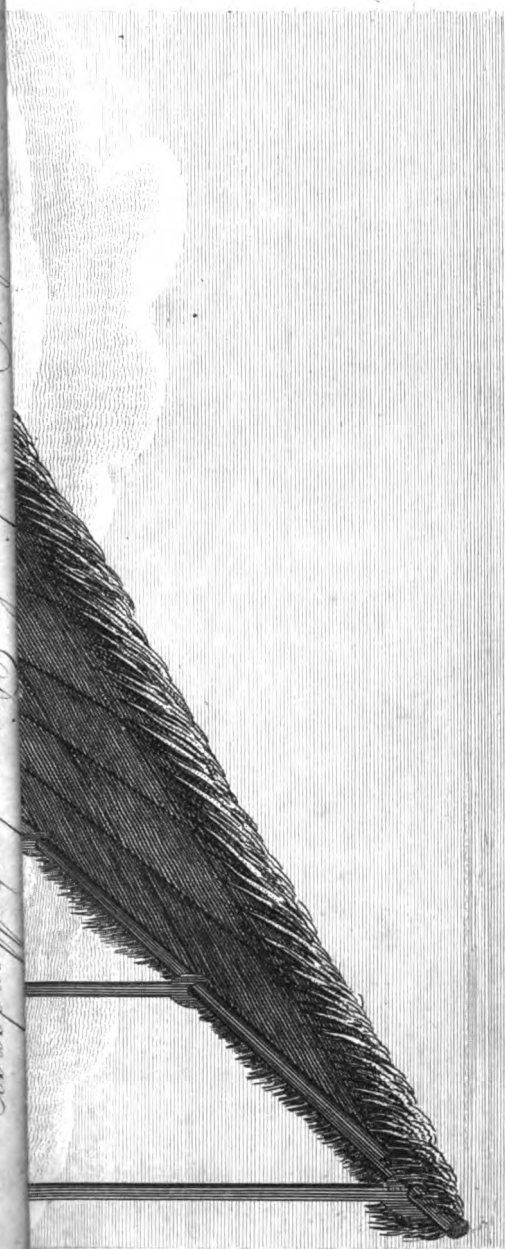
MAWE'S TRAVELS.

Travels in the interior of Brazil, particularly in the gold and diamond districts of that country, by authority of the prince regent of Portugal; including a voyage to the Rio De La Plata, and an historical sketch of the revolution of Buenos Ayres. Illustrated with five engravings. By John Mawe, author of "The Mineralogy of Derbyshire." Philadelphia, published by M. Caréy, and Wells and Lilly, Boston, 8vo. 1816.

Since sir Richard Phillips laid aside his *jaunting Carr*, we have been favoured with a number of books of travels, opening new and important views of the state of manners, the strength and resources of foreign countries. The amusing jest books which sir John manufactured with such good humoured pleasantry, have had their day; and he who should now undertake to publish a book of travels, would be expected to be something more than a "stranger" in the country which he should pretend to describe.

The recent removal of the house of Braganza, and the establishment of a new empire in that region, has excited the attention of the

*Men of Negroes washing for Diamonds at Mandagoo
on the River Igicouhouha in Cerra do Frio. Brazil.*



inquisitive to the interior of the Brazils. Few countries afford a more ample field for the investigations of the mineralogist, than this rich and extensive territory. For such pursuits Mr. Mawe had already distinguished himself in a treatise by which he is advantageously known in the scientific world. The present work is a new proof of his perseverance, his thirst of knowledge and his skill. The public was in possession of very little information on the subject of the geology of this country: owing, chiefly, to the circumstance that no Englishman was ever before allowed to travel in the interior. The desideratum is amply supplied in the present work. The arrival of the Royal family from Lisbon, introduced a new order of things. The Prince Regent expressed a particular desire that our author should visit his farm at Santa Cruz, and to establish a dairy similar to those which are so common in the smiling vales of England. The picture which he draws of the summer residence of his majesty represents an establishment by no means very desirable.

After about fifty miles hard riding we arrived at the farm about six in the evening much fatigued. The accommodations we met with, fully explained to me the motive of his royal highness's minister in inquiring into the state of his domain. Having presented my official letters, I was obliged to wait until ten o'clock before the slightest refreshment could be procured. Not a dish of coffee was to be had; the only fare set before us was some lean beef half-boiled, certainly the worst I had ever tasted in Brazil. The mulatto who attended us engaged to have breakfast ready by seven next morning; we were in readiness at the hour, and though told it was coming immediately, we waited three hours; when just as we were ordering out the horses to Rio to avoid being famished, the repast was announced, with an excuse that it could not come sooner, because no milk could be procured.

I then took a survey of the establishment and rode over the grounds. The house, I was informed, was once a convent of Jesuits, who possessed also the extensive tract of land attached to it, which they managed much better than their successors, if we may judge by the remains of their undertakings. The edifice is neither large nor grand: it is built in a quadrangular form, with an open court in the centre, and galleries inside to the first and second floors. The apartments are thirty-six in number, very small, having been adapted to the use of the brotherhood, and since their departure only in a slight degree altered and decorated for the reception of the royal family, as their summer residence. In front of the house, to the southward, extends one of the finest plains in the world, two leagues square, watered by two rivers navigable for

small craft, and bounded by fine bold rocky scenery, embellished in many parts with noble forest trees. This plain is clothed with rich pasture, and supports from seven to eight thousand head of cattle. A considerable part of it lies low, and abounds with bogs which might easily be laid dry and rendered cultivable by proper drainage. The park occupies in its entire extent upwards of one hundred square miles, a territory almost as large as some of the late principalities of Italy, and capable, by its proximity and connection with the capital both by land and water, of being rendered one of the most productive and populous in Brazil. Under the present system of management it is in a progressive state of deterioration; two small corners, the best of the land, one about half a league square, and the other more than a league square, have been already, through disingenuous artifices, sold off, and the rest may in no long time be sacrificed to men whose cupidity stimulates them to depreciate its value, unless proper means are used to thwart their nefarious designs.

The negroes on this estate, including all descriptions, amount to about fifteen hundred in number. They are in general a very excellent class of men, tractable and gentle in their dispositions, and by no means deficient in intellect. Great pains have been taken to enlighten them. They are regularly instructed in the principles of the Christian faith, and have prayers publicly read to them morning and evening, at the commencement and close of their day's labour. Plots of ground, at their own choice, are assigned to each, and two days in the week, besides the incidental holidays, are allowed them to raise and cultivate produce for their own subsistence; the rest of their time and labour is devoted to the service of his highness. The system of management, however, is so bad, that they are half starved, almost destitute of clothing, and most miserably lodged; their average earnings do not amount to a penny per day each. In this extent of fine ground scarcely an inclosure is made; the cultivated lands are full of weeds, and the coffee-plantations are little better than a mere coppice-wood, in which the wild shrubs grow higher than the coffee-trees. The cattle are most deplorably neglected, and there is not upon the whole premises a horse fit for the meanest beggar to ride.

Mr. Mawe endeavoured to make some improvements, but after many ineffectual efforts, he found it impossible to surmount the difficulties which were interposed by prejudice, passion or cupidity. He resigned his charge and left his majesty to be still cheated by his courtiers. Some time after this he solicited

his royal highness for permission to go and explore the diamond mines of Serra do Frio. This favour had never as yet been granted to a foreigner, nor had any Portuguese been permitted to visit the district where the works are situated, except on business relative to them, and even then, under restrictions which rendered it impossible to acquire the means of giving an adequate description of them to the public. Through the kind mediation of the Conde

de Linhares, the permission was granted, and my passports and letters of recommendation were speedily made out. Lord Strangford used his influence to further my undertaking, and it was through his goodness, in recommending me that I obtained admission to the archives, for the purpose of examining all the manuscript maps, and of copying from any of them, whatever might be necessary to guide me in my route.

We shall not follow his route over the barrier of Alpine mountains that stretch along the coast: nor can we pause to copy his delineations of scenery or society. For the present we must content ourselves with his account of the manner of washing for diamonds, which we have farther illustrated by an engraved view. Upon his arrival in a miserably sterile country, which may have been so marked by the hand of nature, in order to teach the important lesson, that wealth is not always accompanied by happiness, his guides announced that they were in the "Diamond District." Soon after this he visited the greatest of the diamond works, called Mandanga, which employs about 1000 negroes, and on particular occasions double that number.

The method of washing for diamonds at this place is as follows:—A shed is erected in the form of a parallelogram, twenty-five or thirty yards long and about fifteen wide, consisting of upright posts which support a roof thatched with long grass. Down the middle of the area of this shed a current of water is conveyed through a canal covered with strong planks, on which the *cascalhao* is laid two or three feet thick. On the other side of the area is a flooring of planks, from four to five yards long, imbedded in clay, extending the whole length of the shed, and having a slope from the canal, of three or four inches to a yard. This flooring is divided into about twenty compartments or troughs, each about three feet wide, by means of planks placed on their edge. The upper ends of all these troughs (here called canoes) communicate with the canal, and are so formed that water is admitted into them between two planks that are about an inch separate. Through this opening the current falls about six inches into the trough, and may be directed to any part of it, or stopped at pleasure by means of a small quantity of clay. For instance, sometimes water is required only from one corner of the aperture, then the remaining part is stopped; sometimes it is wanted from the centre, then the extremes are stopped: and sometimes only a gentle rill is wanted, then the clay is applied accordingly. Along the lower ends of the troughs, a small channel is dug to carry off the water.

On the heap of *cascalhao*, at equal distances, are placed three high chairs* for the officers and overseers. After they are seated, the negroes† enter the

* In order to insure the vigilance of the overseers, these chairs are constructed without backs or any other support on which a person can recline.

† The negroes employed in these works are the property of individuals, who let them to hire at the daily rate of three vengtems of gold, equal to about eight-pence, government sup.

troughs, each provided with a rake of a peculiar form and short handle, with which he rakes into the trough about fifty or eighty pounds weight of cascalhao. The water being then let in upon it, the cascalhao is spread abroad and continually raked up to the head of the trough, so as to be kept in constant motion. This operation is performed for the space of a quarter of an hour; the water then begins to run clearer, having washed the earthy particles away, the gravel-like matter is raked up to the end of the trough; after the current flows away quite clear, the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards those of inferior size, then the whole is examined with great care for diamonds.* When a negro finds one, he immediately stands upright and claps his hands, then extends them, holding the gem between his fore-finger and thumb; an overseer receives it from him, and deposits it in a gamella or bowl, suspended from the centre of the structure, half full of water. In this vessel all the diamonds found in the course of the day are placed, and at the close of work are taken out and delivered to the principal officer, who, after they have been weighed, registers the particulars in a book kept for that purpose.

When a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of an octavo (17 1-2 carats,) much ceremony takes place; he is crowned with a wreath of flowers and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, by paying his owner for it. He also receives a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work on his own account. When a stone of eight or ten carats is found, the negro receives two new shirts, a complete new suit, with a hat and a handsome knife. For smaller stones, of trivial amount proportionate premiums are given. During my stay at Tejuco a stone of 16 1-2 carats was found: it was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers, that it might prove heavy enough to entitle the poor negro to his freedom, and when on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathize in his disappointment.

Many precautions are taken to prevent the negroes from embezzeling diamonds. Although they work in a bent position, and consequently never know whether the overseers are watching them or not, yet it is easy for them to omit gathering any which they see, and to place them in a corner of the trough for the purpose of secreting them at leisure hours, to prevent which they are frequently changed while the operation is going on. A word of command being given by the overseers, they instantly move into each other's troughs, so that no opportunity of collusion can take place. If a negro be suspected of having swallowed a diamond, he is confined in a strong room until the fact can be ascertained. Formerly the punishment inflicted on a negro for smuggling diamonds was confiscation of his person to the state: but it being thought too hard

plying them with victuals. Every officer of the establishment is allowed the privilege of having a certain number of negroes employed.

* The negroes are constantly attending to the cascalhao from the very commencement of the washings, and frequently find diamonds before this last operation.

for the owner to suffer for the offence of his servant, the penalty has been commuted for personal imprisonment and chastisement. This is a much lighter punishment than that, which their owners or any white man would suffer for a similar offence.

There is no particular regulation respecting the dress of the negroes: they work in the clothes most suitable to the nature of their employment, generally in a waistcoat and a pair of drawers, and not naked, as some travellers have stated. Their hours of labour are from a little before sun-rise until sun-set, half an hour being allowed for breakfast, and two hours at noon. While washing they change their posture as often as they please, which is very necessary, as the work requires them to place their feet on the edges of the trough, and to stoop considerably. This posture is particularly prejudicial to young growing negroes, as it renders them in-kneed. Four or five times during the day they all rest, when snuff, of which they are very fond, is given to them.

The negroes are formed into working parties, called troops, containing two hundred each, under the direction of an administrator and inferior officers. Each troop has a clergyman and a surgeon to attend it. With respect to the subsistence of the negroes, although the present governor has in some degree improved it by allowing a daily portion of fresh beef, which was not allowed by his predecessors, yet I am sorry to observe that it is still poor and scanty; and in other respects they are more hardly dealt with than those of any other establishment which I visited: notwithstanding this, the owners are all anxious to get their negroes into the service, doubtless from sinister motives.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE FINE ARTS.

ANALYSIS OF MR. ALLSTON'S PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN RAISED.

“And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year.

“And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold, they spied a band of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha; and when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived.”

II. KINGS, chap. xiii. v. 20, 21.

THE passage in scripture from which the subject of Mr. Allston's picture is taken, does not seem, to the general reader, to offer any particular field for a display of the powers of the art of painting.—It would appear indeed unfit to form the groundwork of a composition; as the miraculous part of it is connected with details, which are only calculated to excite disagreeable sensations:

and the delicate manner in which Mr. Allston has treated them, is not one of the least merits of the picture.

But it is the peculiar property of genius to create.—It is rare that any single fact offers every requisite for a poem, or a picture, when unadorned, or not rendered prominent by the subordinate fiction of the imagination. In the production before us, a high degree of interest has been given, and a great deal of animation is thrown into the surrounding groups by the expression of the various emotions excited by the performance of a miracle; and above all by the touching episode of the family of the deceased, which is very naturally introduced as assisting at his funeral.

An account of the general disposition of these different groups, and of the emotions which the artist has attempted to express in the countenance of each individual, cannot be better given than in his own words.

“The sepulchre of Elisha is supposed to be in a cavern among the mountains; such places in those early ages being used for the interment of the dead. In the fore-ground is the man at the moment of reanimation, in which the artist has attempted, both in the action and the colour, to express the gradual recoiling of life upon death; behind him, in a dark recess, are the bones of the prophet, the skull of which is *peculiarised* by a preternatural light; at his head and feet are two slaves, bearers of the body;—the ropes still in their hands, by which they have let it down, indicating the act that moment performed; the emotion attempted in the figure at the feet is that of astonishment and fear, modified by doubt, as if still requiring further confirmation of the miracle before him, while in the figure at the head, is that of unqualified immoveable terror. In the most prominent group above, is a soldier, in the act of rushing from the scene; the violent and terrified action of this figure was chosen to illustrate the miracle by the contrast which it exhibits to that habitual firmness, supposed to belong to the military character, showing his emotion to proceed from no mortal cause. The figure grasping the soldier's arm, and pressing forward to look at the body, is expressive of terror, overcome by curiosity. The group on the left, or rather behind the soldier, is composed of two men, of different ages, earnestly listening to the explanation of a priest, who is directing their thoughts to heaven, as the source of the miraculous change; the boy clinging to the old man is too young to comprehend the nature of the miracle, but, like children of his age, unconsciously partakes of the general impulse. The group on the right forms an episode, consisting of the wife and daughter of the reviving man. The wife, unable to withstand the conflicting emotions of the past and the present, has fainted; and whatever joy and astonishment may have been excited in the daughter by the sudden revival of her father, they are wholly absorbed in distress and solicitude for her

mother. The young man with outstretched arms, actuated by impulse, [*not motive,*] announces to the wife, by a sudden exclamation, the revival of her husband; the other youth, of a mild and devotional character, is still in the attitude of one conversing—the conversation being abruptly broken off by his impetuous companion. The sentinels in the distance, at the entrance of the cavern, mark the depth of the picture, and indicate the alarm which had occasioned this tumultuary burial."

Of this description it must be said, that it does not promise more than Mr. Allston has performed. He has been very successful, generally, in the delineation of the passions; but above all in the group of the wife and children.—The figure of the mother is supineness itself.—Overcome by excess of joy, her sight becomes dim, her limbs fail her, and you see that the figure derives no support but from the arms of her daughter, and from the soldier behind her, in whose countenance sternness and compassion are happily blended. The daughter appears absorbed by the situation of her parent; pity alone is expressed on her countenance: and the painter has recorded an instance of the triumph of filial affection over the passion which is vulgarly called the general failing of the sex.

There are in all eighteen figures, which, although calculated to arrest the attention separately, are kept, by the general tone, subordinate to that of the dead man raised. He is wrapt in the folds of a winding-sheet, the drapery of which is treated in a grand style of the art, while it contributes essentially to the keeping of the picture, and forcibly attracts the attention to the principal figure. His body is naturally uncovered by the effort he is making to rise, and offers, together with the head, a masterpiece both of drawing and colouring.—It is an instance of what is seldom accomplished in painting; a grand and large style joined to a degree of finishing not to be surpassed by enamel. To give an instance by example of the impression it makes upon us,—and of what we mean by this junction,—we should quote the heads of Carlo Dolce and Sassaferrato, (who possessed in some degree both,) in contradistinction to Denner, and some of the Dutch school, who possessed the latter without the former.

In this figure, the pallid hues of death still linger over his frame, the purple tint of which indicates the slow return of circulation; while the pain generally consequent upon a return of animation, is expressed by the contraction and spasmodic affection of the muscles of the extremities. The whole figure forms an admirable pendant for the famous St. Jerome; of which it reminds you forcibly, although the expression is different: as in the latter is attempted to be shown the ecstatic effect of a blissful vision—the passage of the holy man from life to death; whereas the entrance, or return, over the threshold of life, is destined to be always accompanied by apparent anguish.

The effect which such a picture must have on a person who has long been in the habit of studying the productions of the Italian school, is similar to that of a modern poem, replete with classical imagery, upon a reader whose memory is stored with the beauties of the ancients.—Parallel passages from that great fund of imitation, which is open to every scholar, suggest themselves at every instant;—he drinks of the waters of the classical spring at a vast distance from the source, but their inspiration has not been lost in the various meanderings through which they have flowed.—So, in the picture under review we are reminded, at every moment, without any servility of imitation, of the manner, and in some instances, of the outline of many of the great masters. These are, if we may so express ourselves, the parallel passages of painting. Thus the fainting wife brings strongly to our recollection the *Mater Dolorosa*, at the foot of the cross, in the *Descent*, by Rubens.—The figure and action of the soldier, that of one of the frescoes of the Vatican.—The boy reminds us of that of the possessed child in the *Transfiguration*.—The slave at the head of the man is in the style, and worthy of Michael Angelo; while the colouring of the whole has all the beauty of tint, and chasteness of tone, peculiar to Titian.—Of the latter excellence, it is indeed impossible to say too much. The flesh throughout is rendered with great truth, and the various hues of the different dresses are blended with so much art, as to offer a succession of brilliant tints, which, viewed as a whole, cease to be garish.

The force of the shadows calculated to give relief to a picture of this size, (which is thirteen by eleven,) is necessarily very

great; and yet they are so clear, that every object in them is as distinctly marked by colour and outline as in the lights.—The great breadth of shadow on the left in the picture is happily relieved by the light proceeding from the head of the saint.

The manner in which the artist has treated this supernatural light is not orthodox; it may be accounted for, as he has represented it, by a very vulgar cause.—But we think it highly original, and calculated to excite a train of reflections far more sublime and terrible, than all the gilt rays, and brilliant circles we usually see encompassing the heads of those persons, intended by the painter to be peculiarised, and meant as indications of their sanctity.

This light strikes on the sole of the foot of the slave, serving to mark the articulations of the joints, and it at the same time sheds a sickly glare on the receding body of the saint, which, as he is supposed to have been buried not many months, is still enveloped in a shroud, represented as sinking into the body where the flesh may be imagined to have been partially corrupted, and marking the form of the skeleton.

Upon the whole, we regard this picture as a strong illustration of the fact, that an attention to minutæ,—a fidelity to the representation of natural effects,—is by no means incompatible with grandeur of design. The diversity even of the texture and quality of the stuffs in it, are admirably expressed, and their colours highly varied without being gaudy. The picture for this reason begins by pleasing the sense, and afterwards the mind.—It is perhaps all that can be wished for in a production of the art, that the first should draw you towards it, and that the last should detain you before it.

The propriety however of the admission of such brilliant hues in treating a subject of so grave a nature may be questionable; but we are of opinion, that if they are not requisites, they are at all events admissible.—Nay, that the production is more or less perfect, according as they are present or not.—Whatever may be the more elevated object of painting, it is desirable to the generality of spectators that it should be ornamental; and if any of the ancient masters have been deficient in lively colouring, it is but reasonable to suppose that they wanted the faculty of giving it; for we do not find by the use of it in any of their minor pro-

ductions, a proof of their having rejected it through system in their historical compositions.—On the other hand, we have the authority of great painters for the use of it.—The pathetic feelings excited by Reubens in his Descent from the Cross, are not checked by the brilliant colours of the dresses of those who are assisting at it.—In real life, an accident would not be less affecting if happening to one clothed in scarlet and gold, than if his dress consisted of stuffs of the gravest colours.—A field of battle is a sight not the less harrowing because the rays of the sun may be reflected by the highly burnished helmet,—the gaudy epaulet,—in a word, all the pride and pomp of war! The greater the contrast, the more awful and impressive the lesson of man overtaken by calamity; and the painter is right to make use of all such circumstances if offered, or imagine them if not, in order to make his picture subservient to the purposes of ornament; while the introduction of them only goes to prove his consciousness of his powers, by his disdaining to call in the aid of association.

We have often thought it a contradiction in the theory and practice of sir Joshua Reynolds, that although he dwells in the one on the unimportance of brilliant colouring as contributing to grandeur, nay, goes so far as almost to inculcate as a maxim, that it ought to be avoided, yet in his practice he always aimed at perfection in that branch of the art, by the study of the Venetian school. In one of his notes, indeed, on Dufresnoy, when speaking of Michael Angelo, Gulio Romano, and Raphael, who are justly ranked first as painters, (although two of them were apparently ignorant of, and the latter deficient in the management of colouring, and disposition of light and shadow,) he goes so far as to say, that “although the merits of those two great painters are of such transcendancy as to make us overlook this deficiency, yet a subdued attention to these inferior excellencies must be added to complete the idea of perfection.”

As this is not meant as a panegyric, but as an inquiry into the merits of Mr. Allston's picture, a few words must be said of what appear to us the prominent defects of it. They are to be found principally in the drawing and relative proportions of some of the figures; particularly in those of the group in the second plan, which are certainly shorter than can be warranted by the distance

from the principal figure;—this circumstance may arise however from the colossal size of the slave in the left of the picture. Their limbs do not appear to us as exactly proportioned to the bodies; a circumstance the more extraordinary, because in every other instance the relative proportions are good, and the drawing, above all, of the extremities, very correct.

In speaking of the productions of an artist of such eminence, we can only mean by "bad drawing," a departure from the ideal beauty of the antique. There is in the group in question no want of proportion, such as it may be found in vulgar nature. If this be a fault, the painter certainly errs on the right side; for if the productions of the Flemish school are deficient in dignity, from the representation of that vulgar nature, on the other hand, we find it result still less from the coloured bas-reliefs of the school of David. The perfection of drawing must be found in a happy medium between both these extremes; and with the exception of the instances alluded to, Mr. Allston has been successful in the delineation of either muscular force or dignified proportion; and the drawing, generally speaking, of the extremities, as well as the foreshortening and keeping of the whole, is not to be surpassed by any painter, ancient or modern.

If we may be allowed an observation as to the general composition, the bustle which pervades throughout the whole scene would not seem to be caused by the performance of the miracle, as the subject of it is in a pit, and removed from the sight of most of those represented in action; the mind is not quite satisfied as to the possibility of the news of his recovering having been so rapidly circulated as to cause all the commotion from whence the picture derives its interest and animation. But these, after all, are minor defects, and not incompatible with the general license usually granted to artists in their compositions. Upon the whole, we may be perfectly safe in pronouncing it the finest production of any modern artist.

Mr. West, in a letter to lord Elgin, relative to the Athenian relievos, speculates on the probable degree of eminence in the art attainable by a young man of genius, if aided by the uninterrupted study of these sculptures. Should such a result ensue, it would make amends for the sacrilege his lordship has committed by their

removal from a spot where they harmonised with every surrounding object.

Mr. Allston is now a resident in London; the monuments of Phidias are within his daily reach. He evinces in the picture before us, a combination of genius and talent rarely to be met with in modern times. We have therefore every reason to hope that he is destined to realize the supposition of the president of the royal academy; and that art will attain, through him, a degree of excellence unknown since the days of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE "Transactions of the Parisian Sanhedrim; or, Acts of the Assembly of Israelitish Deputies of France and Italy; convoked at Paris by an Imperial and Royal Decree. Translated from the original, published by M. Diogene Tama, secretary of the assembly. With a preface, notes, and illustrations," have lately appeared in London, in one volume octavo.

Although the precise views and ultimate intentions of Napoleon in calling together the assembly of Hebrews at Paris, must now remain in permanent obscurity—yet, their deliberations on the interests of a people which has long ceased to be numbered among nations, cannot but interest every one desirous of tracing the multifarious measures adopted by the ex-emperor in furtherance of his designs. One while, we observe his *concordat* with the Papal See, and consecration by the Pontiff;—again, we notice his avowal of his belief in Mahomet's mission, when he wished to cajole the inhabitants of Egypt; in a third point of time we remark the particular attention and respect he paid to the protestant clergy in Germany; and, to complete the picture, in this volume, we find him tampering with the representatives of Judaism, propounding insidious queries, through his imperial commissioners, and prompting the expected answers: and receiving the fulsome, and in some instances blasphemous flattery, in which these adherents to the Mosaic ritual fall not far short of avowing their belief in his *Messiahship*.

This volume is translated from the official documents of the public body to which it refers, as arranged by the secretary, and contains a multiplicity of curious and interesting information relative to numerous circumstances connected with the former state and history of the Jews.—Letters from the Rabbies, &c. &c. on the rights of citizenship being granted to the Jews during the French revolution—Answers to authors who had written against the Jewish nation and its rights.—The imperial decree by which the assembly was convened—The election of the deputies—The questions proposed—The speeches of the members during the discussion—The declarations adopted by the assembly, and the answers to the question—Addresses to the emperor—Sermons, benedictions, odes, hymns, &c. on occasion of the solemnities of the emperor's birth day.*—Plan for the future organization of the Jews in France—Addresses of Foreign Jews transmitted to the assembly—Grateful thanks to the christian clergy in various parts of Europe for manifold favours conferred in former centuries, and for the kind reception given by several pontiffs, &c. at various epochs to the Israelites of all countries, when barbarism, ignorance, and prejudice, leagued together, chased them from the bosom of society.

The reader will find on perusal of the discourses, &c. that this Jewish assembly could boast of as great talents as could probably have been expected from any other French assembly of the same number of men, taken indiscriminately in any class: indeed in some instances, the eloquence of the speakers is pathetic and powerful in no trivial degree.

. A very few copies only of the above curious work remain on hand.

The editor of the Port Folio has received a letter from Mr. John Souter, No. 2, Paternoster Row, London, successor to sir Richard Phillips, and publisher of the London Monthly Magazine, the Medical and Physical Journal, the British Lady's Magazine, &c. in which he desires us to acquaint the booksellers in the Uni-

* Note. In this festival, the cyphers of *Napoleon* and *Josephine* were im-
piously blended with the unutterable Name, and the *imperial eagle* was placed
over the *sacred ark*.

ted States, that he will undertake the sale of *original* American publications and American periodical works in England, at a moderate commission. He desires us to assure the American booksellers who may confide their works to his care, that it will be a particular point with him to give them as much publicity, and as wide a circulation as possible; and he judges it proper to add, that at stated periods, remittances will be punctually made of the proceeds of sales, or the amount returned in English publications, at the wholesale price. The letter concludes thus: "if therefore you conclude to send over your Law Journals, or any other publications, I shall have very little doubt of their success, as American literature is much inquired after in this country."

We take this opportunity to add, that the second part of the fifth volume of the LAW JOURNAL is in the press at New York. It has been suspended a long time in consequence of the embarrassments and injuries to which we were subjected by the sanguinary mobs of Baltimore. During the leisure which was afforded by the war, we were silent *ex necessitate*, but we were not idle. We have materials, in the shape of adjudged cases, opinions of eminent lawyers, and translations from foreign publicists, sufficient for three or four volumes.

The bankruptcy of the publisher of the three first volumes, though it deprived the editor of the reward of *three years'* toil, has not depressed his ambition. Notwithstanding the clamours of a few malignant journalists of the day, our labours have been surveyed by the candid, and applauded by the wise. Of praise, we have had all that we could ask, and more than we have deserved. Those of our subscribers who are unable or unwilling to comply with their part of the contract are at liberty to return the volumes, as they are now in demand. In the arithmetic of a liberal lawyer, the sum of *five dollars* forms but a slight consideration: but the *aggregate* is important to us. Hereafter no volume will be sent until the price of it is paid. Applications are to be made to the publisher of the Port Folio, Philadelphia, or Isaac Riley, bookseller, New York.

Mr. A. Bowen, of Boston, is about to publish "The Naval Monument." It contains the official accounts of the encounters

at sea, during the late war, between the American and British vessels, together with a few of the anonymous communications on those subjects which appeared in the journals of the day. Prefaced to the work, there will be a disquisition on the comparative merits of the two navies. The candour and the good sense of the author of this article, is a sufficient pledge that he will render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

For many years the editors of the British Naval Chronicle most impudently asserted in the front of each number of their journal, that

"The sea is Britain's wide domain,
And not a flag but by permission sails."

Sailors do not talk Latin, but our Stewart, and Lawrence, and Biddle, and Burroughs, did not forget their Virgil when they hoisted their colours

Non illi imperium pelagi; sævamque tridentem*

Sed mihi sorte datum.

Æneid, I. 138.

Some time ago we suggested to a person who had in view a collection similar to that which we have here announced, a slight alteration of the above motto, which we think approaches nearer to the truth:

The sea no more is Britain's wide domain,
Columbia's flag in proud defiance sails."

Or thus, since the peace:

Columbia's flag without permission sails.

Worsley and Smith, of Lexington, Ky. have in the press a history of the late war in the western country, from the commencement of hostilities at Tippecanoe to the termination of the contest at New Orleans, on the return of peace.

Angelo Majo, the indefatigable keeper of the Ambrosian library at Milan, who had the honour of discovering and publish-

* By the by, the conclusion of Dryden's remark on this line is worth notice. He says, that "they who are in a passion are apt to assume to themselves more than their due."

Our quotation may be thus paraphrased for *the benefit of the ladies*:

The sea no more is hers: by Fate's decree

Compelled, the liquid realms to share with me.

ing three unknown orations of Cicero, has offered to the literary world, another treat, in the works of an ancient author, of whom we knew nothing but his name, and a small work.

This consists of the works of M. Cornelius Tronto, with unpublished letters of the emperors Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, L. Varus, and Appian. The publication consists of two volumes, 8vo. with some copperplates, and fac-similies of the MS. of Mr. Tronto, an African by birth, the preceptor of the two emperors M. Aurelius and L. Varus, and the greatest Latin orator after Cicero. Only a small grammatical work was hitherto known; now twenty works of this remarkable author have been discovered in Ambrosian. There are several books of Latin and Greek letters to different emperors, &c. &c.

In these volumes are inserted also three unpublished Latin letters of Antoninus Pius, eighteen of M. Aurelius, six of L. Varus, one Greek letter of Appian, the historian, and many inedited pieces of Ennius, Plautus, Cato, Sallust, and other ancient Romans and Greeks. The Greek pieces have a later translation: in short, no editio princeps of any classic can be compared with this publication.

Mr. Harrison Hall is preparing for the press a second edition of "**HALL'S DISTILLER;**" the first edition having been sold in the course of a few months. He will be happy to receive any communications on the subject of distillation, and he will adopt the substance of them, so far as they may coincide with the plan of his work.

Proposals have been issued at Baltimore, by "**G. Douglass, the editor,**" for printing "**Tables of British Sterling Money brought into Dollars and Cents.**" This is reversing the present order of things, as we understand that the reason why specie is so scarce among us, is, that our British creditors compel us to *bring* our dollars and cents into their honest old pounds, shillings and pence. "**The editor**" promises that it shall be printed on "**a legible type.**" After this, who will laugh at the man who wrote an essay to prove that a person would not write the worse if he understood a little of his subject?

Mr. Riley has published *The Law of Carriers, Innkeepers, Warehousemen, and other Depositaries of Goods for hire*. By Henry Jeremy, esq. of the MIDDLE TEMPLE. The author has treated his subject in a very clear and methodical manner. Every man in the community is more or less interested in the matters contained in this book, and it ought to be placed by the side of every leger in the country.

A gentleman is engaged in preparing for the press "An Index to the American and English Essayists." The first part will be adapted to Conrad's and Durell's editions of the English Classics, and the latter will contain ample references to the Port Folio, the Select Reviews, the Analectic Magazine, the Boston Anthology, and the North American Review.

Mr. J. Binns, the editor of the Democratic Press, is about to publish a splendid edition of the Declaration of Independance, with fac-similies of all the signatures. It is to be ornamented with medallion portraits, engraved in the best style, by American artists. The whole of the work will be American.

Anthony Finley, Philadelphia, will publish in a few days, "A Dissertation on Terms of Communion, with a particular View to the Case of the Baptists and Pædobaptists." By Robert Hall, M. A." from the third London edition. In this work, Mr. Hall advocates his own practice of admitting persons whom he deems *unbaptised* to a participation in the Lord's supper; and endeavours to establish the broad principle, that this sacrament ought to be enjoyed in common by all who are, in the judgment of charity, members of the body of Christ.

William Munford, esq. will shortly publish a full report of the very important case of *Hunter vs. Martin*, devisee of Fairfax, in which the supreme court of appeals of Virginia, consisting of judges FLEMING, ROANE, BROOKE, and CABELL, unanimously determined not to obey a mandate of the supreme court of the United States, directing them to enter a judgment of that court, reversing a decision of the said court of appeals, (by which a judge

ment of the district court of Winchester had been reversed,) and affirming the judgment of the said district court.

The arguments of counsel and opinions of the judges in this case are uncommonly able, and highly interesting to politicians of all parties in the United States, as well as instructive to lawyers, and to all gentlemen who wish correctly to understand the principles of our excellent constitution, by which the powers of the federal government are defined and limited, and the rights of the states protected from encroachment.

It is hoped that any person who may, possibly, have received unfavourable impressions concerning the nature of this decision, will suspend his opinion, until it shall be in his power to peruse sedately; and deliberately to consider, the luminous and powerful reasons assigned by the judges for disobeying the mandate; from which it will appear that their conduct has been actuated by a sacred regard to the constitution of the United States, (which they are *sworn* to support,) and not by any disposition to oppose the general government.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE TO HIS STUDENT.

DUM aeger ait—Ah! ah!

Tu dicito—Da! da!

A free translation is requested.

THE REASON WHY PENNSYLVANIA WAS SETTLED.

PENN refused to pull his hat off
Before the king, and therefore sat off,
Another country to light pat on,
Where he might worship with his hat oh.

A TRANSLATION

Of the following is requested, in one line, which shall rhyme with the original.

Mollissima tempora fandi.

MOTTO FOR A SEGAR-SMOKER.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem cogita.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHILST a malignant diligence has often been successfully exerted to point out instances in which authors have borrowed the beauties of thought or expression from their predecessors, it is not improbable that the charge of plagiarism is frequently unjust. We indeed, insensibly imitate the *manner* of those writers with whom we are most conversant, and may sometimes intentionally borrow such striking thought or felicities of style as are apt to our purpose, but, it not seldom happens that the coincidence is purely accidental, and to be traced to our being of the same species and possessing the same faculties, desires, habits, affections—in short, all the great features of a common nature.

These observations were forced upon us by the close resemblance among the three following little effusions, though it cannot be believed that either was copied from the other. It is certainly somewhat remarkable that the three pieces were written nearly at the same *time*, in the same *measure*, with an equal number of *stanzas*, on the same *subject*, and that many of the *thoughts* and turns of *expression* are the same in each. These productions of youth, (as they probably were) though of small poetical merit, may serve very well to illustrate in compositions of greater dignity that the most striking resemblance is no proof of imitation.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

Published in July, 1801, in a Richmond paper.

FROM Myra's lips of luscious hue,
I snatched a balmy kiss;
But soon my heart had cause to rue
The cheating, short-liv'd bliss.

For when th' indignant, lovely prize
Reluctant I resigned,
Away the airy pleasure flies,
And leaves a sting behind.

Those lips, where smiles so sweetly play,
Act but the traitor's part;
For, with their nectar, they convey
Love's poison to the heart.

Perhaps they, like Achilles' spear,
May heal the wound they give;
Deign, then, in pity, lovely fair,
To let me kiss and live.

But if, alas! a second kiss
 It would be death to try,
 Grant me, once more, the heaven'ly bliss,
 Oh! let me kiss and die.

THE KISS.

Published Aug, 1801, in "The Ploughman," a Bennington paper,

WHEN from my Fanny's trembling lips
 I taste ambrosial sweets,
 Lost in such exquisite delight,
 How swift each moment fleets!

My fainting soul forgets her clay,
 Enraptured with the bliss,
 And longs to breathe short life away,
 In one ecstatic kiss!

My trembling pulse forgets to move,
 The crimson tide to flow;
 And every thought is given to love,
 As pure as angels know.

When nature's feeble round is run,
 And I must bid adieu
 To every joy beneath the sun,
 And join, ye gods, with you;

Then let me but indulge, my fair,
 In one blest farewell kiss:
 Raptures shall end life's short career,
 And smooth my way to bliss.

THE REPULSE—ON DRAWING A CHARMING LANCASHIRE WITCH.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1801, published in London.

I DREW thee for my Valentine,
 And claim a magic kiss;
 Thou wert, thou art, thou shalt be mine,
 And thus I live in bliss.

Why but one kiss? it is my right,
Ten thousand, ay and more;
Thy melting lips give such delight,
I never would give o'er.

By gentle force, I dallying tried
To have again *my one*;
Bade her, let Love himself decide,
Still was her answer "none."

Why gav'st thou, then, so sweet a kiss?
Ah! prithee, Celia, why?
"Would'st thou, fair witch, renew the bliss,
Oh! Celia, I should die!

All I could say, it would not do,
She answered, with a frown,
"Rash youth, it is enough for you;
So live, and keep the one."

—
TO FANNY; ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HER BIRD.

WHAT raptures swell the warbler's throat!
How blithe he pours the tuneful note!
He feels nor want nor pain;
Exulting, now he shakes his wings,
And then another song he sings,
In ever-varying strain,

But ere the sun has reached the west,
And 'neath old ocean sunk to rest,
Thy little bird expires.
No more he skims the azure way,
No more we hear his thrilling lay,
Extinguished are his fires.

Thus, quick, dear Fanny, youth is past,
Life's dearest pleasures seldom last,
They fade before our eyes;
Then think no more of earthly joy,
Let other thoughts thy hours employ—
Look upward to the skies.

SEDLEY.

QUEVEDO TO HIS MUSE.

Thou dear, coquetting, teasing jade,
So wild, capricious art thou, maid,
 I ne'er can know thy mind;
When I would woo thee, thou art coy,
Neglected, thou would'st with me toy,
 And often then most kind.
Though ill-starr'd lovers oft are teased
By mistress seldom to be pleased,
 To give thee all thy dues,
Sure none e'er doled, in prose or verse,
A fair tormentor so perverse,
 As thou, my mistress Muse.
Among thy varied, wanton pranks,
Thou'st filled my brain with quips and cranks,
 When I should have been weeping;
And though you let my *readers* doze,
Full well my tortured pillow knows
 You've oft kept *me* from sleeping.
And oft when I would laugh and joke,
You bid me, in strange freak, invoke,
 A whining, doleful ditty:
And then, though dull as that "fat weed,"
That vegetates in Lethe's bed,
 You tempt me to be witty.
Then leave me to the critics' lash,
Who, Jeffrey-like, all cut and slash,
 Full well you know, you elf;
Yet still, deceiver, fill my head
With dreams of poesy, instead
 Of calculating pelf.
Thou, like a wily ignis fatuus,
Hast lured me long to mount Parnassus,
 With false poetic fire;
Thy rush-light quenched, you've let me jog,
Or stuck me fast in Bathos' bog,
 Chin-deep, wretch, in its mire.

I swear by my dear gray goose-quill,
 I love thee—yet I hate thee still,
 For you've great faults, my Muse—
 Would be divorced, but you beguile
 The good Noll Oldschool's cheering smile,
 For this lead as you choose.

—
 SONG.

HEED not the sigh that swelled my breast
 Or frown that gloomed my brow,
 The shades of sorrows long since past—
 Love caused those signs of wo.
 They, like the transient cloud that lowers,
 The noon-day beams to shade,
 Shall brighten future blissful hours
 With thee and love, sweet maid.

SYDNEY.

—
 THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

THE landsman longs to plough the main,
 The seaman sighs for land;
 Thus each doth of his lot complain,
 He thinks hard fate hath planned.

A way-worn traveller lost in night
 The devious path-way treads,
 Pursuing ignis fatuus' light,
 That still from him recedes.

Thus man, weak man, from stage to stage,
 Life's darksome journey wends,
 Nor finds content, when wearied age
 And death the vision ends.

QUEVEDO.

—
 NAMES.

MILD Ruth* has a tear for each friend,
 And full of her airs is Miss Fan,
 Sweet Patience can never offend,
 And a "neat little article" 's Ann.

* Pity.

I LOVE THEE.

A paraphrase of a German poem, entitled Ich liebe dich.

THESE tearful eyes my ardent love declare,
 Whene'er they gaze upon thy beauties rare;
 Although my tongue ne'er dar'd to wound thine ear,
 I love, I love thee.

'Tis done—now know'st thou all—'tis all confest,
 And sweet repose has fled my anxious breast;
 Reproach—forgiveness—life with thee now rest.
 I love, I love thee.

Condemn me not;—my soul of peace is gone,
 And my good genius, weeping, trembling's flown;
 Forgive—yet shouldst thou ever, ever frown,
 I'll love, I'll love thee.

These eyes perchance now gaze their last adieu,
 That, ah! for thee, so oft in sorrow flow;
 Yet distant far no rest my heart can know.
 I love, I love thee.

Oh yes! I'll love though ever doom'd to mourn;
 In death thou wilt not my peace-off'ring scorn,
 From my pale lips, in trembling accents borne,
 A soft—I love thee.

SYDNEY.

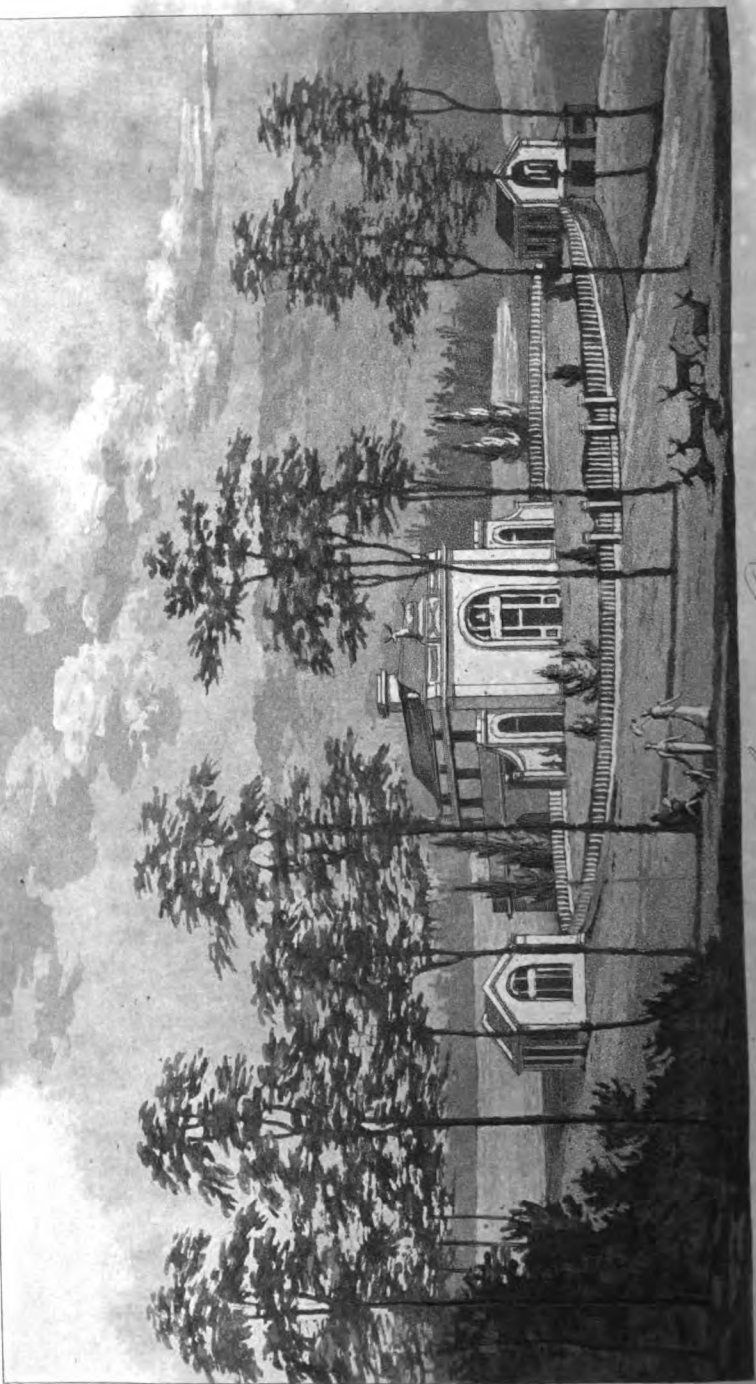
TO CARA.

THY swain discarded calls thee shrew:
 Would'st thou, girl, prove the charge untrue—
 Marry the fool who long hath wooed,
 And all will swear thou art *not shrewd*.

THE PLEDGE REDEEMED.

SAID Tom to Sam "dear friend I'm bound
 To see your fortune through;"
 Sam lost his wealth to Tom, and found
 The rogue had spoken true!

QUEVEDO



*O Silver Lake
The Seat of Robert H. Rose Esq.*

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOURTH SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER ODESCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*GOWPER.*

SOME read that they may embellish their conversation, or shine in dispute; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments: but the most general and prevalent reason of study is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally independent of the hour or the weather. *Johnson.*

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1816.

NO. VI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF THE ABORIGINES OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

THE publisher of the Port Folio, some time since, announced his intention of printing a curious and learned work on the antiquities of the western part of our country, by Henry Frost, A. M. The proposals had no sooner been submitted to the public, than a powerful appeal to his kindness and his sense of justice, was made by the friends of the reverend Dr. John P. Campbell. They stated that the materials for this work had been collected by this gentleman, and that they had been obtained, under false pretences, from his widow, by Mr. Frost. The MSS. were therefore immediately placed in the hands of one of her friends, who promises to prepare them for the press, and publish them for her benefit. In the mean while we are permitted to make a few extracts. The subject is extremely interesting, as it treats of the ancient inhabitants of a great continent. Dr. Campbell appears, from the manuscript, so far as we have perused it, to have been admirably fitted, both by taste and education, for the task which he commenced; and to which we understand that he devoted several years of toilsome and expensive research. We shall only add, that any subscriptions (1 vol. 8vo. price \$2.) which may be transmitted to the publisher of the Port Folio, shall be faithfully applied to the benevolent purposes of this publication.

UPON the fairest computation, admitting that the Aborigines came to the western country a thousand or twelve hundred years

VOL. I.

3 M

ago, we have then before us a period of sufficient extent to embrace all that is requisite to support the supposition that the Aborigines were the descendants of a civilized people in Asia; a people who had made great advancements in civilization and the arts, but who were probably devastated, and forced to fly, by the sudden encroachment of a foe. We shall readily perceive, that in this case, such a people would perform a rapid migration, and fly from their enemies as far as their desire of safety should dictate. It is not in any degree surprising, that they should, in like manner, escape to this continent, bringing with them that civilization and that knowledge to which they had arrived. The great antiquity which is manifested by the most striking proofs of art and knowledge, seems to warrant this conclusion, and give it weight.

The successive generations of men who have inhabited the eastern parts of Asia, were distinguished, for centuries, by rapid advancements in civilization and the arts, and on a sudden subjected to a great reverse. By the encroachment of some barbarous foe, or some neighbouring robber, they have been forced to renounce the possession of their privileges, or escape for their lives. "Some of the most desert provinces in Asia," says the historian of Catharine the second, "have been repeatedly the seats of arts, arms, commerce, and literature. These potent and civilized nations have repeatedly perished, for want of a union or system of policy. Some Scythian, or other barbarian, has been suffered unnoticed to subdue his neighbouring tribes; each new conquest was made an instrument to the succeeding one; till, at length, become irresistible, he swept whole empires, with their arts and sciences, off the face of the earth." This important truth we consider particularly applicable to the original peopling of the western country. The Aborigines probably constituted a part of some such nation existing in eastern Asia, and were forced to escape to this continent by the encroachment of some such powerful, invading foe. I have said that this was *probably* a fact. I venture to add, that it was most certainly the fact in regard to the Aborigines.

It is a very general opinion, prevailing in the western country, that there is ample proof that the country in general was once inhabited by a civilized and agricultural people. This very gene-

ral consent we are disposed to respect, and consider an innocent opinion in itself, but we have not yet obtained satisfactory reasons to believe that the country in general, or to any great extent, has been adorned with the improvements and habitations of men living in a civilized and permanent state of society. The Aborigines probably advanced as far, in the improvement of particular portions or districts of the country, as their knowledge of agriculture, their implements of husbandry, and their temporary residence would allow. The face of the country, since it was visited by the Aborigines, and since their *demise*, has undergone great changes. It is to be remarked, that the oldest trees now standing cannot be pronounced coeval with the extinction of the Aborigines.

It is an opinion prevailing among some, that the Aborigines crossed the Allegheny, and proceeded down the Ohio river; but nothing is more incredible. Some attention to the ancient works on the river, has led us to notice that the works at different positions, are not *more* or *less* perfect. It is vain to suppose that the works lower down are *less perfect*, and were therefore built by a people who migrated westward, or down the river.

Again, it is a current opinion, that the first inhabitants of the western country were *white people*, and therefore cannot be denominated *Indians*. Our readers will recollect, and may have noticed, that there are distinguishing shades of white and black within the extent of our own country; and that there are those among us who, by birth, or physical causes, are exceedingly dark. It is hence not indispensable that the Aborigines should be a *white people*, strictly speaking, in order to account for their improvements, or their knowledge of the arts. The inhabitants of Asia, and of the Asiatic continent in general, are allowed to be darker than the inhabitants of these American states, while at the same time they likewise are denominated a *white people*. The city of *Pekin* is nearly upon the same latitude with *Philadelphia*, and yet the citizens of *Pekin* are strongly shaded compared with the Philadelphians. The Aborigines, for aught we know, might have sustained a lighter complexion than those Indians who contributed to their destruction, or than the ancestors of the present race of Indians; and might, on that account, have been denominated by those Indians a *white people*. There cannot

be a doubt but that the same country, at different, and very distant periods of time, may be inhabited by, or produce a race of people differing very materially in colour. The climate, and local or physical causes, may be so changed in the term of a thousand years, as to produce several degrees of shade upon the human countenance. The northern parts of Asia are supposed by some to be much colder now than they were but a few centuries or years ago; and that but a few centuries have elapsed, since the northern regions were more habitable on this very account. We suspect, however, that the Aborigines were in general, and in no other sense, a *white people*, than of any of the proper inhabitants of Asia at the present time. We likewise suspect that the Aborigines were denominated a *white people* by the present race of Indians, solely or principally, in consequence of that distinction which they possessed in the view of the Indians, by their works, or the knowledge and skill displayed in these works. These Indians having been accustomed to pay respect to *Americans* and *Europeans* as *white people*, appropriated naturally the same respect and title to the Aborigines. The Indians universally disclaim these *ancient works and monuments*, which are attributed to the Aborigines, and alledge that these works were erected by *white people*. It may not be improper, therefore, to offer the reader several *traditions* which relate to this point, and which may at least be found an entertainment.

General Clarke, of Louisville, in conversation with the chief of the Kaskaskias, understood him to say, that a very remarkable *fortification*, to which they referred, was the *house of his fathers*. This is understood to signify a reverential and general declaration of the *same origin*.

Mr. Thomas Bodley was informed by Indians of different tribes north-west of the Ohio, that they had understood from their old men, and that it had been a tradition among their several nations, that Kentucky had been settled by *whites*, and that they had been exterminated by war. They were of opinion that the old fortifications, now to be seen in Kentucky and Ohio, were the productions of those *white inhabitants*. *Wappockanitta*, a Shawnee chief, near a hundred and twenty years old, living on the *Auglaze* river, confirmed the above tradition.

An old Indian, in conversation with colonel *James F. Moore*, of Kentucky, informed him that the western country, and particularly Kentucky, had once been inhabited by *white people*, but that they were *exterminated by the Indians*. That the last battle was fought at the *falls of Ohio*, and that the Indians succeeded in driving the Aborigines into a small island below the rapids, where the whole of them were cut to pieces. He said it was an undoubted fact, handed down by tradition, and that the colonel would have ocular proof of it when the waters of the Ohio became low. This was found to be correct, on examining *Sandy Island*, when the waters of the river had fallen, as a multitude of human bones were discovered. The same Indian expressed his astonishment that white people could live in a country once the scene of blood. The Indian chief called *Tobacco*, told general Clarke, of Louisville, that the battle of *Sandy Island* decided finally the fall of Kentucky, with its *ancient inhabitants*. General Clarke says that *Kentucke*, in the language of the Indians, signifies the *river of blood*.

In addition to the proof of a *great battle* near the *falls of Ohio*, it is said by general Clarke, of Louisville, that there was at *Clarksville* a great burying ground, two or three hundred yards in length. This is likewise confirmed by major John Harrison, who received the tradition from an Indian woman of great age.

Colonel *Joseph Daviess*, when at *St. Louis* in 1800, saw the remains of an ancient tribe of the *Sacks*, who expressed some astonishment that any person should live in Kentucky. They said the country had been the scene of much blood, and was filled with the *manes* of its butchered inhabitants. He stated also that the people who inhabited this country were *white*, and possessed such arts as were unknown by the Indians.

Colonel *M^cKee*, who commanded on the *Kenhawa* when *Cornstalk* was inhumanly murdered, had frequent conversation with that chief, respecting the people who had constructed the ancient forts. He stated that it was a current and assured tradition, that Ohio and Kentucky had been once settled by white people, who were possessed of arts which the Indians did not know. That after many sanguinary contests they were exterminated. Colonel *M.* inquired why the Indians had not learned these

arts of the white people. He replied indefinitely, relating that the great spirit had once given the Indians a book which taught them all these arts, but that they had lost it, and had never since regained the knowledge of them. Col. M. inquired particularly whether he knew what people it was who made so many *graves* on the Ohio, and at other places. He declared that he did not know, and remarked that was not his nation, or any he had been acquainted with. Col. M. asked him if he could tell who made those old forts, which displayed so much skill in fortifying. He answered that he did not know, but that a story had been handed down from a *very long ago people*, that there had been a nation of white people inhabiting the country who made the *graves* and *forts*. He also said, that some Indians, who had travelled very far west or north-west, had found a nation of people, who lived as Indians generally do, although of a different complexion.

John Cushen, an Indian of truth and respectability, having pointed to the large mound in the town of *Chillicothe*, observed to a gentleman that it was a great curiosity. To this the gentleman accorded, and said, *The Indians built that*. No, said he, it was made by *white folks*, for Indians never make *forts* or *mounds*—this country was inhabited by white people once, for none but white people make forts.

In addition to the remarks which we have made on the *Asiatic origin* of the Aborigines, we add, that such an *origin* is by far the most natural, and the most accordant with the progressive movements of the human family since the deluge. This progress in Asia, has been uniformly *eastward* and *northward* from the Euphrates. The inhabitants of Asia being the descendants of Shem, did not move to the westward in any numbers. We deem it, therefore, natural and just to conclude that the Aborigines belonged to a stock of those who moved eastward from the Euphrates, crossed at *Behring Straits*, and came to our western country from the *north-west*. The Mexicans invariably declare that their ancestors came from the north-west.

It is an acknowledged fact, that the Antediluvians, at the event of the deluge, had arrived to a great improvement and refinement in the arts; and it is also an important fact, that a respectable portion of this knowledge was preserved from the

wreck, and communicated by the sons of Noah. The descendants of Shem, the first settlers of Asia, or what is synonymous, the *ten tribes*, probably retained this knowledge, and transmitted it, until, through the lapse of time, it became extinct. From the descendants of *Shem*, or from the *Israelites*, we derive the commencement of all that knowledge which served to keep the vast continent of Asia from total barbarism. The Israelites carried captive by *Salm-naser*, in the time of *Hoshea*, became, in a great measure, incorporated with the neighbouring nations; and from this source, or in this channel, we deduce many of the customs which prevailed, and continue to prevail in Asia, and which have been frequently recognized among the *Tartars*, the *Aborigines of the western country*, and the present race of *Indians*. We may here introduce a striking passage of history from the *second book of Esdras*. "Those are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners, out of their own land in the time of *Osea* the king, whom *Salmanasar*, the king of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, and so came they into another land. But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt." We do not pretend to say that this country where never mankind dwelt extends to *America*, but we consider the passage of history important, and equally weighty as such, although *apocryphal*. The natural consequence of this determination and progress of the *ten tribes*, would be a very general diffusion of that knowledge which they possessed, and a general incorporation with neighbouring powers.

MISS SOMEDAY.

Poor Charley wooed, but wooed in vain,
 From Monday until Sunday;
 Still Cupid whisper'd to the swain
 "You'll conquer Betsey Someday."

TO AN EPICURE.

Although, to glut thine appetite,
 You've subjugated land and flood,
 One luxury's forgotten quite,
 —The luxury of doing good.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

SAN-YU-LOW; OR, THE THREE DEDICATED ROOMS.

Translated from the Chinese, by I. F. Davis, esq. of the honourable Company's China establishment.*

SECTION I.

ARGUMENT.—The garden and pavilion are sold before they are finished. The purchasers greedily desire to possess the whole property.

THE ode says:†

“ My house, having changed its owner, now belongs to a rich man.
I therefore bundle my kin‡ and my books under my arm, and go over to another village.
The lofty rooms, which I built myself, I myself dispose of;
Unwilling to ruin my posterity, by leaving them such extensive possessions.”

Again:

“ Within the period of an hundred years it must have belonged to some other person,
And it is surely better to sell it while new, than when become old.
The pine trees, the bamboos, and the mei-flowers must enter the account;
But my kin and my books, my dogs and my chickens, shall accompany me.
The scraps of old verses stuck against the walls—for these he may fix his price.
For the wet clothes hanging without, it is not worth while to bargain.
Hereafter, when I may perhaps come during my leisure to pay a visit,
The former master will be called the honoured guest.”

The above detached lines, together with the regular stanza, were composed by an eminent person in the dynasty of Ming, who sold his house and built another. Selling one's house, how-

* This tale was printed at Canton, in China, at the press of the East India Company in the year 1815.

† Translation of the lines at the commencement of the story.

‡ A musical instrument common among the Chinese.

§ It is usual in private houses to have labels suspended against the walls, on which are inscribed moral sentences or verses from the ancient books. These are generally very obscure in their import.

|| The Chinese, in rainy weather, use a sort of cloak made of the leaves of some vegetable, from which the rain runs off, as if from a thatched roof, and completely shelters what is under. It is to these garments that the text alludes.

ever, is a troublesome sort of business; it cannot sufficiently be regretted. What is there of pleasure in it that a man should compose all sorts of verses and rhymes on such a subject?

If you wish to know the nature of property in this world, it is altogether transitory. There is no river or hill which remains unchanged for a thousand years; but there is not a house which remains unsold for an hundred. If you give it into the hands of your children and grand-children, they will deliver it to other persons, with its value diminished. It is better one's self to seek a purchaser before it is altogether destroyed;—then, if you cannot sell it for its price, you still leave behind you the reputation of liberality. It will be said: "He knew well enough it was expensive and, therefore, let it go cheap:—he did it as a favour; it was not that he was taken in." If, on the contrary, your children or grand-children happen to sell it low, there soon arise plenty of discussions. It is said, "He has wasted the patrimony of his father, and is undutiful. He has dismembered what his ancestors loved, and is wicked. He knows not the difficulty of laying the foundation of a fortune: he is a fool." These three bad names are all that his ancestors, who founded the family and accumulated the property, have delivered down to him. It is better not to have a single brick left you. Though the man who has not enough land to stick an awl into, is the cause of his posterity acquiring their fortune with empty hands, they still obtain the credit of not having had an inch of ground as a step towards it. Those men, therefore, who are fathers and grand-fathers, when they have arrived at the end of their days, should turn round their heads and give a look at those who are coming after them. If, upon examination, they appear by their conduct to be unworthy children, it is better to get rid of the property at once: thus preventing their becoming the prodigal sons of a frugal father, and receiving the ridicule of mankind.

From ancient times down to the present, of those persons who have been particularly eminent for such good sense, there have been only two. The one was named Tang-Yew; the other Yu-shin.* They, seeing that their sons were degenerate, and that

* These are the names of two famous emperors, the eighth and ninth from Fo-hi, the founder of the monarchy. The former of these two, after having

afterwards their property must inevitably be given up to other persons in a ruined state, thought it better to dispose of it with their own hands. There are still two lines of an old ode which allude to this:—they say,

Give splendid arms to grace the soldier's side:
Give paints and patches to the beautiful bride.

If their posterity, they thought, disposed of it for them, it was most probable that they would not find a good receiver. Most inevitably one would contend and another tug until they fought about it. To say nothing about their sons and wives having no place to live in; their very graves and tombs would not be secure from disturbance. If such then is the case with those who possess the empire, how much more so with the common people?

I am now going to speak of one person who was eminent for sense, and of another who was deficient, that they may serve as examples to the world. The patrimony of these two persons could not be compared to a tile on Tang-Yew's house, or to a brick on Yu-shin's wall: but why do I, in speaking of these two inferior men, make use of such a lofty comparison: the reason is because of these two—the surname of one was Tang, of the other Yu—Every one said they were the descendants of Tang-Yew and Yu-Shin—that they took the national appellation of those emperors for their surnames; and that they were descended in a line from them. I, therefore, follow the ancestors in delineating the descendants, in order to do justice to the original source.

The sensible man had all his ancestors' disposition; the stupid fellow had very little of the character of his family:—they mutually diverged from each other as the heavens from the abyss. How dissimilar branches spring from the same stem will be perceived.

During the reign of Kea-tsing,* of the dynasty of Ming, the province of Sze-chuen, the foot of Ching-too, and the heen of of

reigned upwards of seventy years, resigned the throne to the latter, or, at least, made him an associate in the empire with himself. The latter again left the empire out of his own family.

* The eleventh emperor of this dynasty. He ascended the throne about the year 1521.

† The foo is a division of the province or seng, and the heen of the foo.

Ching-too, there lived a rich man, in increasing circumstances—his surname was Tang; his epithet Yō-chuen—This man had an immense quantity of land—Whenever he got any money he delighted only in buying fields and purchasing ground; but he would build no houses, and of those family utensils which are in constant use, he would not buy one too many—with regard to clothes and food, they had no weight with him. His disposition was to make money by all sorts of means. As to his extensive property in rich lands, no sooner did they enter into his possession than the profits came in. They increased daily as the moon towards her plenitude. Houses and furniture, he thought, are not only unprofitable, but there is a fear lest the god* of fire should destroy them, and in a moment they should become annihilated. If all the family have fine garments, there immediately come unpleasant fellows to borrow clothes—If there are plenty of victuals, one soon has people claiming acquaintance, and taking their seats in quest of food. There is nothing like being contented with coarse articles; people in that case will not be begging them.

He took fast hold of this idea, and, in addition to not buying any thing but houses, would not spend a candareent† or a cash. The state of his mind being thus, he could not be at rest with his niggardliness, but wanted also to steal a great name. He said that he was descended from the emperor Tang-yew, and that his ancestors had great celebrity—that they lived in a thatched house with mud steps—that what they lived upon was broth and Yuen wine—that they used earthen jars and pots, and that their garments were of cloth and deer-skins! The father being thus economical, his son could not but obey his precepts. People seeing him (the father) parsimonious in the extreme, began to scrutinize him behind his back, saying, "There is an ancient proverb which says, 'If a man is very economical, he must have a prodigal son:' he must inevitably have a successor who will turn things upside down; so that Tang's disposition to save will not descend." Unexpectedly, however, the son imitated his father. From his earliest years

* Hurey-lo, the spirit which is supposed to preside over fire.

† These are the European names for the Fuen and Le. The former is one-hundredth part of the Leang, or ounce of silver; and the latter one-tenth of the former, or one-thousandth part of the Leang.

he commenced a scholar, seeking preferment by all sorts of means; and was a titular Sew-tsae.* In his eating and drinking, he did not ask for luxury—in his clothes, he wished not for a superabundance—in his instruments of amusement, he did not aim at the best. It was only on the subject of houses that he differed from his other desires. There, indeed, he was not contented with economy. To look at the house in which he lived, it was like any rich man's necessary. He was quite ashamed of it. He wanted to be building fine houses, but was afraid to begin, least the means could not be obtained. He had heard people say, that to buy an old house was better than to build a new one; therefore, in a consultation with his father, he said, "If we can buy a handsome house, which will be fit for us to live in, we may then look for a garden, and build a library in it, such as may suit our wish." Yō-chuen desiring much to become a Tung-keun,† wished only to flatter his son, and, without being aware, deviated from his constant opinion. He said in answer, "There is no necessity to be in a hurry: in this street is a handsome house and garden: it is not yet completely built; but the day of its being finished must inevitably be the day of its sale: you and I will just wait awhile." The son said, "When people want to sell houses, they do not build:—when they build houses, they do not intend to sell them. Where is the probability that when they have finished building, they intend to sell the houses?" Yō-chuen said, "Pray where did you get that crochet? The man who possesses ten thousand pieces of gold may build a house which costs him only one thousand; but if a man's possessions in houses and lands are half and half, he may be said to be a large tree without a root, which must inevitably be blown down when the wind comes. Then how much more may this man, who, without possessing an hundred acres in land, suddenly builds a house with a thousand rooms, be called a tree without a root? He truly will not wait for the wind's blowing; but will tumble down of himself! How can there be any question about it?"

* The lowest literary title. The next above it is Kiu-jin; and the next above that Tsin-ze. The three first of the Tsin-ze, at each examination, which is always conducted by the emperor himself, are called Chang-yuen, Tan-hwa, and Pung-yen.

† The fathers of persons possessing eminent rank are thus called.

The son, hearing these words, said that they were very true; and, as before, accorded with his father. He went seeking only for land, and did not care to ask about houses. He wished that the other man would soon have finished building, in order that the present owner being gone, he might give the finishing stroke instead of him. The rich man's plans proved successful: the result justified his words. There are two lines of the She-king which are applicable to the case:

The nest one bird constructs with anxious toil
Ere long another seizes as her spoil.

He who was building the house was descended from Chung-hwa. His surname was Yu, his name Haou, and his epithet Soochin. He was one who delighted in reading books of poetry; but did not seek to be an eminent scholar. From the indolence of his disposition he had a great aversion to any office, and was not cut out for being a Mandarin. He, therefore, detached his thoughts from a great name, and entirely gave himself up to odes and wine, and by these could not but be reduced to beggary.

During his whole life he had scarcely any other delight than in arranging and building gardens and summer-houses. From the beginning of the year to the end, not a day passed without his advancing the work. The house which he was now building he wished to be of the highest perfection, and not of the common order. He said, "Let other men have their fine fields and their numerous acres—pleasures and riches were the concerns of others—on him they had no influence." There were only three things in which he truly took an interest, and which he was determined to have of the best quality. These three were, the house which he inhabited in the day; the bed in which he slept at night, and the coffin in which he was to be laid up after death. Having these ideas in his breast* he went on with the work of earth† and wood, labouring continually at it in an indefatigable manner.

Tang-Yö-chuen's son, having waited several years without seeing him finish the business, was a little vexed and angry at

* The Chinese suppose the belly to be the seat of ideas.

† The Chinese houses are built, in a great measure, of mud. Hence a brick-layer is called, Ne-shwuy-treang—"earth and water workman."

heart, and said to his father, "Why have we waited such a long time? That man's house is not yet finished, nor is his money yet expended. From this it would appear that he is a fellow of ways and means. With regard to the business of his selling it hereafter, that seems to be a little uncertain." Yō-chuen replied, "Every day later makes it a day more certain, and each day makes it more advantageous for us. There is no occasion for you to fret about it. The reason why his house is not finished is merely this:—when it is completed the appearance does not hit his wish, and he wants to take it to pieces, in order to build again. If it is excellent he seeks for still higher excellence; so that of every day, during which it is delayed, the alterations and improvements are wholly for our own advantage. The reason of his money not being completely wasted, is because the usurers and the workmen seeing he is building it very high, wishing to take* and lend to him on credit. The labourers do not sue him for their food and debts, because, they think, that by every additional day of work they get a day's wages; while, if they were to press him hard, he would certainly stop the work for a couple of days, and they would have no employment. It is thus that his money is not all expended. This may be called taking flesh to feed an ulcer. It is not that he is possessed of ways and means. When he has arrived at the period when he can draw together no more, those persons who have him in their books, will inevitably press him all together, and begin to curse him. There is no fear that he will not seek, in the first place, to sell what he has in land, and, as that will not suffice to pay them, he will certainly think about his house. If he now begins to collect, at an early period while his debts are not large, he can wait for a good price, in order to sell it, and, therefore, will not let it go cheap. The right way will be to wait till a later day. When his debts are a little increased, and anxious to sell, he will be willing to come down with the terms. This is all the very making of us. Why go and obstinately fret about it?" The son hearing this still more applauded and acquiesced. Indeed, after a few years, Yu-soo-chin's debts by degrees accumulated, and his creditors every day came before his doors to claim them; and there

* Such is the phrase in the original—Pa ho wo she ta—"to take things and lend to him."

were some who would not go away again. The house which he was building could not be finished, and he at last wanted to seek a man to buy it.

All those who are selling houses are differently circumstanced from the venders of lands. They must necessarily wish to find out a purchaser in some neighbouring situation, that he may have either his foundations contiguous or his windows opposite. If some distant person wishes to buy, he will want to inquire of those in the neighbourhood. Should the neighbours utter a word of disadvantage, he who wanted to purchase will not be willing to do it; not like lands, or hills, or fish-ponds, in the midst of an empty desert which any one can manage. Therefore in selling a house it is certainly desirable to sell to some one in the neighbourhood.

Tang-yō-chuen was a monied man—it would not do to trifle with him. The people of the house, of course, went to ask him first. Both the father and son, though at their hearts they greedily coveted it, merely returned for answer, that “they did not want it.” They waited till he entreated them earnestly, and then went over—just to give a look. As if disliking it they said, that “he had built it but indifferently. The apartments were not fit for a gentleman, and the winding avenues would only impede business. The fine carved doors, when they were required to keep out thieves, would have no strength. Rooms, which should be different, were like each other. The ground and the air were very damp. No wonder that it would fetch no money. The flowers and bamboos were like plantations of mulberry* and hemp. Those who came to saunter here must inevitably be constantly served with wine and eatables. Such a house as this was fit only to be turned into a nunnery or a jos-house.† If one wished to make inner apartments for some children, it would never do.”

* Mulberry trees are usually grown in China, solely for the purpose of rearing silkworms, and are, therefore, young plants, not exceeding the height of a common-sized shrub. This comparison in the text, probably alludes to the quantity of the flowers, &c.

† The names in the original are Gan-tang and Sze-yuen; the former meaning the residences for female bonzes, and the latter for the male priests of the religion of Fo, which are called by Europeans jos-houses.

Yu-soo-chin had during his whole life spent his heart's blood upon it, seeing that it did not obtain approbation, but that they showed a dislike and contempt* towards it, was not altogether pleased. But, as besides this man, there was no one who could buy the house, it was as well not to quarrel with him.

The people advised Yō-chuen not to say too much against it. The price altogether was not high, and even if he took it to pieces and built again, it would pay for the workmen and maintenance. Yō-chuen, and his son of course, praised and dispraised it till they brought it down to an exceeding low price, not above one-fifth of the value.

Yu-soo-chin had no alternative, and must bear the pain of selling it. State-rooms, pavilions and fish-ponds were all delivered over in the bonds. There was only one set of rooms which he had been at all his life, and had brought exactly to hit his taste. These he would not write down in the bonds; but wanted to build a partition wall and make another entrance, in order that he might inhabit it till his death.

The son decidedly wanted to force him to sell it altogether, in order that it might be complete. Yō-chuen seemed to agree with the rest of the people:—screwing up his mouth, he said, “let him sell it or not sell it, where is the use of forcing him? He only wishes to keep this small shred,† that it may be the means of recovering the property hereafter, when he has improved his circumstances. It will then, as of old, revert to its original master, which will be a very good thing.” When the people heard this, they all said that it was the speech of a benevolent man. How should they know that it was far otherwise—that it was altogether the language of contempt? He concluded that it could never be recovered; and, therefore, left him this shred. Indeed it was quite useless, and the whole must inevitably become one house—the only difference being whether sooner or later. He, therefore, lis-

* The original *Chu-pe* may be translated literally, by “*protrudere podioem*.”

† In the original it is literally *Sien*, a shred. There is some law existing in China, that if a man in selling his property retains but a small portion of it, he is entitled to receive back the whole, if, hereafter, his improved circumstances will allow of his redeeming it. This observation may serve to explain his motive in, wishing to retain this shred.

tened to his requisitions, and entirely accorded with him in words. Accordingly they took the whole house and divided it into two compartments. The new master obtained nine parts, and the old possessor one.

It seems that these few studies were in the style of a pagoda, consisting altogether of three stories. In each story was a tablet, written upon by eminent persons, all of whom he could name. In the lowest room were carved lattices, crooked railings, bamboo seats, and flower stands. It was the place where he received people. Upon the front of the tablet were written four characters to this effect:

“DEDICATED TO MEN.”

The middle story had bright tables and clear windows, with some toothpicks and pictures. It was the place where he was accustomed to read and write. Upon the tablet were four characters, saying,

“DEDICATED TO THE ANCIENTS.”

The highest story was empty and light. There was nothing besides a chafing-dish for incense, and a sacred book. This was where he retreated from the crowd; retired from noise; divided himself from men, and shut out example.* On the front of the tablet were four characters to this effect:

“DEDICATED TO HEAVEN.”

Having divided the building into compartments for these three different uses, he likewise took them unitedly, and formed a tablet, calling them

THE THREE DEDICATED ROOMS.

Before he had parted with the rest of his property, these three appellations, though well chosen, were still vainly applied. The rooms had not yet been really made use of. The lowest apartment only could be excepted; for as he was exceedingly fond of guests, and, if a person from a distance visited him, immediately placed a

* This may appear like tautology, but it is a literal translation of the original. A great deal of such repetition prevails in Chinese writings.

bed in it, the appellation of "dedicated to men," was certainly applicable. As to the two upper apartments, he had not hitherto been in them. Now that his summer houses were gone, besides the apartments "dedicated to the ancients," he had no place to read or write in; and, except that "dedicated to heaven," no place to which he could retire from noise, or retreat from the crowd. All the day long he sat in them, and the names which he had dictated became truly applicable. He then fully understood that in a small house a great deal might be done, and that it was to despise the name and assume the reality. These four popular lines are not inapplicable:

Lord of ten thousand acres, blooming fair,
 A few small morsels quell thy appetite:
 A thousand spreading roofs demand thy care,
 And, lo! six feet suffice thee every night!

Hitherto the little strength which he had possessed had all been dissipated in vain. He henceforth applied his enterprising and extensively operating genius collectively at a single point, and caused these apartments to be decorated to an extraordinary degree. Residing in the midst of them, Yu-soo-chin not only did not feel the misery of parting with his garden, being on the contrary very much relieved by the absence of that burden; but also did not suffer from a violent neighbour at his side. How he could live securely in this habitation will be shown in the next section, where it is explained.

(To be continued.)

HOOLE'S METASTASIO.

ONE of the songs in the opera of Demophoon was never heard without repeated bursts of applause. One stanza of it Hoole has not translated.

In questo amaro passo
 Si guisto e il mio martir,
 Che se tu fossi un sasso
 Ne piangeresti ancor.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE HELVETIC AND RHÆTIAN CONFEDERACIES: WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT.

(Continued from vol. 6th, p. 574.)

WHILE freedom had for upwards of a century been making rapid strides throughout Helvetia, the Rhæti groaned still under the oppressive sway of powerful and inhuman barons. Henry, count of Werdenberg, suffered his delegates to practice all manner of humiliating insults, and to enforce their stern decrees by every kind of degrading punishment. The bishop and city of Coire, the counts of Werdenberg and Tockenbourg, and the baron of Razuns were at constant strife. No provision was made for the domestic security of individuals: no restraint put upon the robbers and assassins who infested the highways; and the people, harassed equally by their lords, and the no less inhuman foes of these oppressors, were driven to despair. At length a few discreet but dauntless peasants in a remote valley, joined to support their natural rights, and seek redress.

The valley on the lower branch of the head of the Rhine from the town of Ilanz up to its source, consists of a narrow dell sunk deep between stupendous rocks and precipices, intersected by foaming torrents, and clothed with extensive woods, among which many contracted glades afford rich pasture for the cattle of the inhabitants.

Near a spreading grove in this region, stands the village of Truns. In this solitary grove, and at the dead of night, assembled a small number of the neighbouring villagers, and conferred on the means of relieving themselves from their abject condition. Upright and fearless, uninfluenced by selfish views, not one of them profited by the successful issue of their hazardous enterprize. Their names are no where recorded; no sepulchral inscriptions mark the spots where their bones have mouldered; the league of which they have been the founders, is the sole monument of their valour and their virtue.

The manners of this Alpine people are peculiar. Inured by toil; invigorated by their exposure to a clear healthy atmosphere,

and strangers to luxury, their affections, from a difficulty of communication even among adjacent vallies, are circumscribed within narrow limits, and hence they are as firm and permanent as their encircling rocks. Exhilarated by the majestic scenery that surrounds them, they are sedately cheerful, but fierce and implacable when wantonly insulted. Such were the men who met at Truns.

The fixed resolve of these intrepid men soon spread from vale to vale, and the different communities came to an unanimous determination to compel the lords to listen to the voice of justice. [A. D. 1424.] They sent to them with an open avowal of their purpose, and offers to consult with them on the establishment of a free constitution. Most of the lords acceded to the proposal: and these, together with the deputies of the people, being assembled under a spreading lime tree,—which was still in being and revered so late as the year 1787—at the village of Truns, planned and ratified the following leaguc:

“We all agree without respect to persons or distinction of ranks, to be true and faithful friends and confederates; to aid each other with our lives, our property, our arms, and best advice: equity shall be our guide in all our mutual dealings: we will effectually provide for the security of the roads, and for the tranquillity of our vallies: no one shall, under any pretence whatever, molest another in his person or liberty, or invade his property without a decree of the magistrate, to whom the person accused is amenable: we promise and swear to maintain every confederate, whether ecclesiastic or secular, noble or plebeian, rich or poor, in the secure enjoyment of his rights, possessions, and usages. None of us will interfere in the election of an abbot of dissentis; the chapter alone having the right to confer that dignity: in case of unavoidable dissensions, it is hereby decreed, in order to prevent the effusion of blood, that arbitrators be named; three by the abbot, three by the barons of Razuns, three by the count of Sax, two by the communities in the Rheinwald, and two by the district of Flims: these shall first attempt an amicable accommodation; and if this should not succeed, the majority shall pronounce a sentence, and we all bind ourselves to compel whoever

may be contumacious. In matters of great concern, all the confederates will assemble at Truns, either in person, or by deputies; and in order that our children and distant posterity may be well acquainted with the conditions of this compact, it shall be solemnly renewed and confirmed by oath every ten years: it shall be as permanent as our vales and mountains: no one shall be admitted into this league without the assent of the whole confederacy: the abbot and his chapter reserve their previous conventions with their friends of the forest cantons; and the count of Sax and barons of Razuns, their engagements with the duke of Milan."

This covenant has been called the *upper league*, and the *gray league*; from which last appellation, the whole of Upper Rhætia has derived the name of the Grisons.

The tranquillity and security which this league insured to all who shared in its protection, gave rise to two similar federative unions in other districts of this country; the one was called the *League of God's house*; and the other the *League of the ten jurisdictions*.

W.

TOUR THROUGH THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

(From JOHNSON'S *Oriental Voyager*.)

WE commenced by ascending Ladder-hill, a precipice which at first sight seems designed by nature as a barrier that would forever defy the human race to scale; yet human industry has by incredible exertions in blowing up the rocks, formed a zig-zag path to its summits.

So when proud Rome, the Afric warrior brav'd,
And high on Alps his crimson banner wav'd;
Though rocks on rocks their beetling brows oppose,
With piny forests and unfathom'd snows;
Where girt with clouds the rifted mountain yawns,
And chills with lengthen'd shades the gelid lawns;
Onward he march'd to Latium's velvet ground,
With fires and acids burnt the rocky bound,
While o'er her weeping vales destruction hurld,
And shook the rising empire of the world.

About midway we stopped to take a view of the town, which, even from this height, looks like one in miniature, the streets resembling the little houses which we see in toy-shops; the whole assuming such a mimic appearance, that a person would be almost tempted to think he could cover a considerable part of it with his hands. Looking upwards, what a contrast appears! who, without emotions of terror, can behold such gigantic projections of rocks hanging over him, in so loose and disjointed a state, that the excited imagination paints them in the very act of precipitating themselves headlong down the horrid steep. Accidents of this kind sometimes happen after rain, by the wild goats climbing along the edges of the precipices, and loosing small pieces of rock, which rolling down, displace others still larger, till at length whole torrents of them come thundering down into the valleys, to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants.

As from the mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,
Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends;
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At every shock the echoing vale resounds,
Still gathering force, it smokes; and urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down impetuous to the plain.

On this account no person was allowed to keep tame goats on the north side of the island, and a premium is given for shooting wild ones.

On Ladder-hill are mounted twenty-two or twenty-four pieces of cannon; some ranged along the brow of the cliff that overhangs the town, and others along that which overlooks the roads. Six or seven of these are mounted on depressing carriages, so as to fire right down into the town and roads, thereby completely commanding those places; the rest are mounted on common carriages, and serve the purpose of a saluting battery. Over these precipices few of us would venture to look.

Lest the brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong——

From hence we proceeded for High Knoll, over a tract that seemed the very emblem of sterility; every step we ascended,

presenting new views of rocks and mountains, congregated on each side in the wildest order, and without exhibiting an atom of vegetation! Such is the prospect when within a few paces of the summit of High Knoll, and which is finely contrasted with the glassy surface of an immense expanse of ocean, which the great height of the place enables the eye to survey.

We now ascended to the tower on the top of the Knoll, which we no sooner reached, than all this rude scenery vanished like a magical illusion! leaving the eye to range over a series of beautiful little vallies, groves, and lawns, verdant as the spring, and affording luxuriant pasturage to the flocks and herds that strayed among them. Throughout this prospect were interspersed small plantations, gardens, and handsome little country houses, the whole surrounded by a lofty irregular ridge of hills and precipices, that formed a grand outline, and striking contrast to the picturesque scenes they enclosed. Here our attention was chained for some time; till at length, on descending the south side of the Knoll, which is rather steep, we arrived at the governor's country residence, called Plantation House. It is situated on the side of a pleasant little valley, with small plantations and gardens adjoining; and commands a very fine prospect of the sea. In my opinion, however, the situation does no great credit to the person who first pitched upon it; as it is much inferior to many places which we afterwards saw. Its proximity to the town was probably the cause of its being preferred.

Our road now took a winding direction, along the declivities of winding little hills, whose green sides sloping down to the principal valley to the left, formed a number of little glens and dells, from whose beauty one would be almost tempted to pronounce them the favourite haunts of fairies. We could not help stopping at every turn of the road, to admire this interesting landscape, whose prominent features were perpetually varying, from the different points of view in which they were seen.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, we came to Sandy-Bay Ridge, over which we were to pass in our way to the bay of the same name. When near its summit we halted for a few minutes, in order to take a farewell look at the northern prospect, not expecting to see any thing like it on the island again!

So with long gaze admiring eyes behold
 The varied landscape all its lights unfold;
 Huge rocks opposing o'er the stream project
 Their naked bosoms, and the beams reflect;
 Green sloping lawns construct the sidelong scene,
 And guide the sparkling rill that glides between;
 Dim hills behind, in pomp aerial rise,
 Lift their blue tops, and melt into the skies.

What then must have been our surprise, when, on mounting the ridge, a scene burst upon our view, as much superior to the one we had so reluctantly left, as that one was to a dreary heath? But I shall not attempt to give a description of it. Had Dr. Johnson, when writing his *Prince of Abyssinia*, been seated on Sandy-Bay Ridge, he might have described from nature a valley more beautifully romantic than even his own fertile imagination has been able to form for young Rasselas.

Nature must certainly have been in one of her good-humoured and most whimsical creative moods when she formed this bay, and indeed St. Helena altogether; where she has strewed the sublime and beautiful with a hand liberal even to profusion, though in a very small space. Indeed it might not, perhaps, be too poetical an idea to suppose, that nature, after finishing her great work, had retired to this solitude in the ocean, to construct at leisure a favourite scene, that would exhibit in miniature an assemblage of all the various features which she had scattered promiscuously over the rest of the globe.

(To be continued.)

ON THE IRISH TONGUE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN some former numbers of the *Port Folio*, I entered into a disquisition for the purpose of showing that the Carthaginian language and the Irish were the same; and that, in fact, the Chaldee, the Phenician, the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Irish, are dialects of some generic language of more ancient date. The Maltese is also allied to the Punic and Irish; and I believe there are traces

of that language in the Romaic: but for all this I rely on writers whose means and opportunities of knowledge are far better than mine.

A short time ago, I met with the *Rambles in Ireland* of M. Latocnaye, in two volumes, small 8vo. London, 1799, translated from the French. The following passages, which I think worthy of notice, are extracted from that work, though I have no means of ascertaining the precise quantum of credit due to M. Latocnaye's relations; or how much he has borrowed from sir L. Parsons or general Vallandey.

In the bog near Cullen, swords of brass were found, perfectly resembling those supposed to be used by the Carthaginians. The master of the mint at London, after comparing these brass swords with those which sir W. Hamilton some years ago caused to be dug up at Cannæ, declared that the resemblance was so great, both as to the quality of the metal and the shape of the swords, that he was of opinion they had been melted in the same furnace, and cast in the same mould. p. 82.

General Vallancey, as I mentioned before, has explained the speech of the Carthaginian general in Plautus, and thus proved that these republicans spoke a language very similar to the Irish. The colony which they call *Shiloes* at Tunis, are supposed to be descended from the Carthaginians who escaped after the destruction of their empire, and fled to the mountains distant from the sea coast. Some years ago, a Tunisian merchant, who was acquainted with the language of the Shiloes, came to Dublin on some commercial matters: the deceased Mr. Burton Conyngham, who wished to be sure of the analogy between both languages, invited general Vallancey to breakfast, and introduced him to the Tunisian, without previously informing him he was to be there: to his great surprise, they soon entered into a conversation with each other, and seemed to be at no loss to comprehend what was said. This merchant had an old woman with him, who was a Shiloe. She conversed, without the least difficulty, with the Irish, and made herself understood, though her accent and mode of expression were different.

General Vallancey has been travelling through Ireland these fifteen years, and has drawn maps of the counties on a large scale.

Government, as a reward for his labour, has given him the post of commander of the port of Cove, which he has so fortified as to prevent any hostile vessel from entering. It must be confessed he has served the state in more respects than one; for he has had *twelve* children by his first wife, *ten* by his second, and *twenty-one* by his third. p. 132. At the time of the birth of the last he was upwards of ninety years of age.

Whiskey is from the Phenician and Hebrew *hiska*, drink, to drink. C.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, the most celebrated woman of her time, died upon a scaffold. The beauty of her person, and the possession of the throne of Scotland, excited the jealousy of Elizabeth, who to all the qualities of a great monarch, united the foibles of a weak woman. Mary regretted all her life the French court, where she had lived with the respect and attention due to the wife of Francis the second, and where she had become the admiration and delight of all ranks. Her reputation for letters, which she loved and cultivated with success, was deservedly great, and she would have descended to posterity with merited distinction as a woman of learning, had not her misfortunes made her more celebrated. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, she recited, at the Louvre, in the presence of Henry the second, and the whole French court, a discourse in Latin, written by herself, in which she successfully combatted the idle prejudice that would exclude the female sex from the study of the belles lettres. It was a spectacle as interesting as it was singular, to see a princess so young and so handsome, filling the office of an orator, and proving, as well by reason as example, that knowledge added a new charm to beauty. She passed for an agreeable writer in prose, and the few poetical pieces which she has left, prove, that in another age, she had, perhaps, gained a distinguished rank among the French poets. To the merit of a literary character she joined every female accomplishment. She was an excellent dancer, a good musician, and possessed of every amiable talent: these, united to the charms

of her wit, would have rendered her greatly superior to all the women of the age, in which she lived, though Nature had not lavished upon her the choicest of her favours. These attractions, of which Elizabeth frequently heard, fatigued her jealous ears, and were, perhaps, the sole cause of Mary's misfortunes. Elizabeth, conversing one day with Melville, ambassador from Scotland, asked him if Mary was not a finer woman than herself: the cautious courtier, unwilling to offend, and wishing to avoid a direct answer, replied that Elizabeth was the finest woman in England, as Mary was the finest woman of Scotland. This answer did not satisfy Elizabeth, who wishing to gratify her vanity, by hearing an acknowledgment of her own superiority, again pressed Melville for a more decided reply; who confessed that he thought Mary a finer woman than herself. This reply, as unexpected as it was true, greatly chagrined Elizabeth.

The goodness of Mary's heart corresponded with the beauty of her person, and the charms of her wit. Though always persecuted, she was always tolerant; to the inconstancy of her enemies she opposed a firm and steady adherence to her own engagements:—in fine, she was destined to be equally celebrated for her wit, her beauty, and her misfortunes.

To testify her deep regret at leaving her connections in France, she composed the following farewell address to that country, which serve as a proof of her poetical talents.

CHANSON.

Adieu plaisant pays de France!
 O ma patrie,
 La plus chérie,
 Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!
 Adieu France! adieu mes beaux jours;
 La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
 N'a e'y de moi que la moitié:
 Une parte te reste, elle est tienne;
 Je la fie à ton amitié
 Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

Ah, pleasant land of France, farewell!
 My country dear,
 Where many a year,
 Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell

Farewell, forever, happy days!
 The ship that parts our loves, conveys
 But half of me—one half, behind
 I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
 A token of my endless love,
 And bring the other to thy mind.

DRYDEN.—The attack upon the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier and sir Richard Blackmore is, perhaps, the most memorable era in the history of the English drama. In this honest and undistinguishing attack upon theatrical profligacy, Dryden bore a considerable share of rough treatment, and though he revolted at Blackmore's indiscriminate censure, yet to the chastisement of the rude Jeremy, in the spirit of a gentleman and a christian, he replied in these terms:

“ I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which may truly be argued of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one.”

Immediately after this controversy Dryden died, and on that event the following lines were printed, having reference to the abuse of Blackmore and Collier.

John Dryden, enemies had three,
 Sir Dick, old Nick, and Jeremy:
 The doughty knight was fore'd to yield,
 The other two have kept the field,
 But had his life been something holier,
 He'd foil'd the devil and the Collier.

THE LOVE OF NOVELTY combined with a pernicious contempt for established usages, and as pernicious a rage for rash expedients, has certainly produced most dreadful effects, not only in the great republic of Europe, but in the habits of private life; yet like most of our natural desires, if restrained within proper bounds, and directed to suitable objects, it may be lawfully indulg-

ed.—For instance—propriety may suggest the want of a new garment, accommodation may hint the expediency of following a new fashion, or lassitude may indicate the utility of a change of occupation; in all these, variety is lawful as well as charming. But let us not be craving for new religions, new governments, new systems of morals, and new codes of laws. *STATE SUPER VIAS ANTIQUAS*. Some of these things are in their nature *invariable*, and others are enhanced in value by that antiquity which has recorded their wisdom and utility. Nor may the love of novelty extend to the desire of a new husband, a new wife, a new lover, a new friend or a new servant. Instead of indulging fictitious desires and fastidious dislikes, let us examine the real value of what we possess; remembering that nothing human can be perfect; that the failings to which we have long been accustomed have become so familiar to our habits that they may be borne; and the virtues which we have so long proved, are rendered so necessary to our comforts, that we cannot be deprived of them without experiencing a painful void.

Among other idle phantasies which prevailed among the ancients, it was believed that the sun was carried from east to west in a golden cup. See Athenæus, p. 469, E. and Casaubon's *Animad.* p. 789, where something equally wise is recorded, namely, a belief that the sun and moon were ships, in which the souls of the dead were transported to the blessed regions. This imagination, however, is not, I think, so ingenious as it might have been. The peaceful moon should have borne the blessed souls to the Elysian fields; and the burning sun, without the preparation of Phaëton,

— pater ora qui sacro medicamine nati
Contigit, et rapidæ fecit patientia flammæ,

might have carried the condemned to Tartarus.

Having mentioned the sun and moon, I shall for more general amusement, say a word or two of these great luminaries. The *sun*, according to CIOERO, *de Nat. Deorum*, n. 68, is called *Sol*, “quæ cum exortus, obscuratis omnibus, *solus* apparet;”—because when risen, it obscures all the lesser lights, and appears *solus*. How true this definition may be, I cannot tell; modern languages give

it some proof, but the ancient only partially support it, as, for instance, *αλως* seems, says *Pasor*, to come from the Hebrew *אֵל*, splendour, Job, xxix. 3; whence we have *ελλ*, hell, whose situation has before been thought to be in the *sun*. Harris's notion that the *sun* must invariably be masculine, and the *moon* feminine, has been exploded, with many other absurdities, by *TOOKE*; and his exposure is thus confirmed by Mr. *WESTON*: "To say nothing of the German language, in which the *moon*, it is well known, is masculine, *der mond*, and the sun feminine, I shall produce a passage from an Arabian bard of great celebrity, not hitherto much quoted, but very much to the present purpose, and he says—to be the *feminine* gender is no disgrace to the *sun*, nor of the *masculine* any honour to the *moon*." *Fragments of Orient. Lit.* p. 114, 1807. I shall merely add that if we translate the poet's "*silentam lunam*," *silent moon*, it is quite preposterous to think that the *moon*, from the nature of things, can ever be of the *feminine* gender!

But the following epigram, which has been quoted in support of the other side of the question, appears to me, on the principles of analogy, to support the opinion that the moon must be feminine—since it clearly demonstrates that both are, in the language of Virgil,

———— mutabile semper!

Between a month and a day there is so little difference that we need not stop to compute it.

Luna rubet, pallet, crescit, noctu ambulat, errat;
Hæc quoque femineo propria sunt generi—
Cornua Luna facit, facit hæc quoque femina, Luna
Mense semel mutat, femina quaque die.



ORPHEUS, before he sought Eurydice, charmed the rocks and mountains with the following stanza:

Tho' she scolded all day and all night did the same,
Tho' she was too noisy and I was too tame;
Tho' I was still living in tumult and strife,
I must and I will go to hell for my wife! VALERIAN.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

Our readers must not be startled if they find us delving in the lore of the Greek church for their amusement. They may be assured that this is a mine in which the most precious diamonds are seen to sparkle and irradiate the surrounding darkness of ignorance and superstition. The writings of the fathers are gay with vivid colouring and animated with glowing metaphor. When schism shall be silent and sectarianism no longer "ebb and flow by the moon," the fervid eloquence, the exemplary piety and the profound erudition of these soldiers in the church militant, will excite the study of the preacher and the emulation of the scholar.

The following is the peroration of St. Gregory's Panegyric on the Martyr Mamas. The oration, says the collector of the select passages from the writings of St. Chrysostom, &c. was probably pronounced on Easter Sunday, and consequently in the spring. A. D. 383.

Let us now proceed in our discourse, and in common with the season let us celebrate the festival. All nature now moves on in unison with our festivity, and rejoices in common with our joy. Behold the face of things. The queen of the seasons unfolds her pageantry to the queen of days, presenting from her native store whatever is most beautiful, whatever is most delightful. Now is the canopy of Heaven more cloudless; the sun rides higher in his course, arrayed in more gorgeous splendours; brighter is the circle of the moon, and purer the chorus of the stars. More pacific now the waves murmur on the shore; the tempest is allayed; soft are the whispers of the breeze; genial is the earth to the opening flowerets, and grateful the flowerets to our eyes. Released from the tyranny of winter, more limpid flow the fountains; in streams more copious the rivers glide; gay is the foliage on the trees, and sweet the fragrance of the meadow; the herbage is cropped by the cattle; on the blooming plain the lambs disport. The vessel, now, from the harbour, rides forth majestic, accompanied with shouts, for the most part shouts of *gratitude*, and is winged with its sails. The dolphin sports on the bosom of the waters, dashing around the silvery foam, and following with alacrity the mariner. Now does the husbandman prepare his implements of tillage, raising to heaven his eye, and invoking Him who bade the fruitage flourish. How jocund he leads his oxen to the yoke! how patiently he cuts the prolific furrow, whilst hope sits smiling

on his countenance! The shepherd and the herdsman attune their reeds, and meditate the rural strain, and celebrate the spring, in the grotto or the grove. The gardener now more anxiously tends his plants; the fowler renews his snare, and inspects the branches, and curiously explores the flying of the bird. The fisherman surveys the deep, and repairs his net, and sits on the summit of the rock.

Again the assiduous bee, spreading wide its wings, and ascending from the hive, begins the demonstration of its skill, despoils the meads, and rifles the flowers of their sweets. One labours at the honeycombs, constructing the cells, hexagonal and mutually opposed; whilst another lays up the delicious store, providing for him who provides it a habitation, reflection sweet, and sustenance untoiled for. Oh that we could resemble them! we who may be styled the apiary of Christ, who have received so wondrous an example of industry and wisdom. Again the bird fabricates his nest, and one returns and another enters the new formed mansion; whilst a third traverses the air, and bids the forest re-echo to its harmonies, and greets the passenger with a song. Each part inanimate of the creation hymns and glorifies its Maker with a silent homage. For every thing, my God, by me is magnified, and thus their hymn my hymn becomes, from whom I derived my melody. Now universal nature smiles, and every sense is welcomed to the banquet. And now the magnanimous steed, disdaining the confinement of his stall, and spurning the fetters that impede him, bounds o'er the echoing plains, and displays his beauty in the flood.



EPIGRAM.

DR. I. LETSON, never accused, as St. Paul was, that much learning had made him mad, once died, in the newspapers, which were filled with his panegyrics. He resuscitated afterwards, and the account of his death was traced to his own pen. A wag wrote the following epigram on this circumstance:

*They says, I'm dead; I says, they lies:
I pukes, I bleeds, I sweats 'em;
I takes their fees, and then they dies:
With all my heart——I LETSON.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER—No: 503.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

It is by no means unusual with old bachelors who, for some special reasons, have become enrolled in this right worshipful fraternity, to decry the institution of matrimony. Whether their situation be the consequence of choice or caprice, or the result of necessity, is not my business to inquire. They are willing to swear that the grapes are sour, and they endeavour to avert the sneers of their associates by every sarcasm which ill nature or disappointment can invent against the sex which *man was born to please*.

In the morning of life our path is strewn with flowers, and in every breeze we scent the perfume of the bower—we commence the career with no care for the future and no thought of the past. A prospect is presented to our delighted eyes, where every object smiles in the verdure of spring, and the intermediate plain is covered with fragrant blossoms which gladden the eye and invite the hand. A chilling winter succeeds. The decayed branches, stripped of their gay ornaments, tremble in the blast; and the earth is strewn with leaves, which present a melancholy picture of their former animation.

A universal gloom overspreads the face of nature. The solitary inhabitant of the grove retraces the path in which he was wont to stray, but his ear is no longer saluted by the matin song of the lark, nor the hymn of the nightingale. He stands alone like the blighted oak in the middle of an extensive plain. He murmurs at his lot, but reflects not that he has occasioned the evils which he laments. He neglected to gather the violets and the roses which were spread in wanton profusion around his hut, and to strew his couch with the blooming flowers of the spring. But now, when the reeds which formerly whispered the accents of love, respire naught but the harsh and dissonant sounds of withered old age, he complains of his dreary condition, and vainly sighs at the remembrance of days that are gone.

Such is the cheerless condition of some whom I number among the friends of my youth. One of this class whose brilliant

talents have always commanded my admiration, and whose amiable disposition has endeared him to my heart, is the frequent companion of my walks. In his youth, none could vie with him in the grace of his person; and few surpassed him in the vivacity of his conversation. The strength of his understanding commanded the respect of his superiors, while the urbanity of his deportment irresistibly won their regard. Such a character could not mingle in the circles of fashion without attracting the attention of the fair. I have frequently heard him describe, with a sort of melancholy satisfaction, the pleasures which he enjoyed, when every countenance greeted him with the cordial smile of welcome. Many a languishing eye endeavoured to allure him, and many a sigh solicited a responsive feeling. But Apollo had visited his visions, and his fancy had formed a picture which the creations of nature could not realize. His bosom glowed with the warmest ardour towards one who existed but in the ardent conceptions of a luxuriant imagination. He sought her in the retired seclusion of rustic simplicity, where the mantling blush bespeaks a bosom untutored in the snares of art, and unskilled in the guile of deception. But the genius of fastidiousness guided his footsteps, and his pursuit was vain. By the courtesy of the world he is now saluted as an old bachelor; and while his bosom is fraught with the finest feelings of philanthropy, he is accused of moroseness and discontent.

Others, again, live a life of celibacy from various causes of a different nature. The fickleness of one, the folly of another, or the ingratitude of a third, all conspire to prevent them from engaging in those ties which are only to be loosened by an eternal separation.

But it is neither consistent with the obligations of duty, nor a rational estimate of happiness, that man should live alone. It is true that in solitude we are removed from many of the distractions and cares which agitate the mind and perplex the brain. We avoid those seductive temptations which are spread to ensnare the heedless steps of the unwary. But it is worthy of consideration whether it be just to enjoy the advantages of society without endeavouring to repay the debt by the exertion of those faculties with which we are endowed. No man can live without the aid of others: and if he examine his inclinations and his appetites, he must dis-

cover that he was not made for himself, but for society. He is a member of one large family, and he should contribute his mite towards the support, the comfort, and happiness of those who surround him. It is not sufficient that by diligent perseverance he acquire the arts of eloquence, the charms of poetry, or the solidity of learning. The most cultivated understanding, the most brilliant talents, are no otherwise useful nor honourable than as they contribute to the prosperity of government and the welfare of society. He who cherishes the better dispositions of the heart, is more laudably employed than the leader of a senate or the conqueror of kingdoms. This is the only true and permanent honour, which erects a monument more desirable than the marble of Paria. Nature herself teaches us that there are seasons when the glare of the world has lost its power of delighting the soul; when the ear becomes deaf to the plaudits of a noisy world, and the pulse of ambition no longer throbs. The statesman abandons the unsteady helm, and the soldier forsakes the tented field, that they may seek the sweets of happiness amidst the tranquil pleasures of a domestic fire-side. It is there, when the voice of acclamation is silent, and the pomp of the world no longer imposes, that man is truly seen—it is there alone that the delicious draught of felicity may be tasted.

Such a man does not sullenly withdraw himself from the social circle, where the best affections of the heart are cherished; but he cheerfully mingles with the crowd. He sympathises in the sorrows of *them that mourn*, and his heart is elevated when the rumour of *glad tidings* is heard. At the close of a well-spent life he does not exclaim, with the aged patriarchs, that few and evil have been the days of the years of his pilgrimage, nor has he any wo-fraught periods to be beguiled by the adventitious glare of wealth and the adulation of surrounding sycophants. Cheerfulness sits by his wicker chair, and Hospitality with the liberal horn of Plenty is his cup-bearer.

Inscription over the door of a Milk-seller.

LAC MIHI NON ÆSTATE NOVUM, NON FRIGORE DEFIT.

2 Virg. Ecl. 92.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

(Concluded)

The following example will convey some idea of the power with which he. Mr. Pitt, recapitulated and accumulated his reasonings upon the house at the close of an oration, contriving at the same time to escape from any thing like a specific pledge, and skilfully reserving to himself, a discretion, as to the course which in future circumstances he might find it expedient to select. This peroration is from the speech which called forth the foregoing example of Mr. Fox's eloquence.

"If we compare this view of our situation with every thing we can observe of the state and condition of our enemy; if we can trace him labouring under equal difficulty in finding men to recruit his army, or money to pay it, if we know that in the course of the last year the most vigorous efforts of military conscription were scarcely sufficient to replace to the French armies, at the end of the campaign, the numbers which they had lost in the course of it, if we have seen that this force, then in possession of advantages which it has since lost, was unable to contend with the efforts of the combined armies; if we know that even while supported by the plunder of all the countries which they had overrun, their troops were reduced, by the confession of their commanders, to the extremity of distress, and destitute, not only of the principal articles of military supply, but almost of the necessaries of life; if we see them now driven back within their own frontiers, and confined within a country, whose own resources have long since been proclaimed by their successive governments to be unequal either to paying or maintaining them; if we observe, that since the last revolution, no one substantial or effectual measure has been adopted to remedy the intolerable disorder of their finances, and to supply the deficiency of their credit and resources; if we see through large and populous districts of France, either open war levied against the present usurpation, or evident marks of disunion and distraction which the first occasion may call forth into a flame; if, I say, sir, this comparison be just, I feel myself authorised to conclude from it, not that we are entitled to consider ourselves certain of ultimate success, nor that we are to suppose ourselves exempted from the unforeseen vicissitudes of war; but that, considering the value of the object for which we are contending, the means for supporting the contest, and the probable course of human events, we should be inexcusable, if at this moment we were to relinquish the struggle on any grounds short of entire and complete security; that from perseverance in our efforts under such circumstances, we have the fairest reason to expect the full attainment of our object; but that at all events, even if we are disappointed in our more sanguine hopes, we are more likely to gain than to lose by the continuation of the contest; that every month to which it is continued; even if it should not in its effects lead to the final destruction of the jacobin system, must tend so far to weaken and exhaust it, as to give us at least a greater comparative security in any termination of the war; that, on these grounds, this is

not the moment at which it is consistent with our interest or our duty to listen to any proposals of negotiation with the present ruler of France; but that we are not therefore pledged to any unalterable determination as to our future conduct; that in this we must be regulated by the course of events; and that it will be the duty of his majesty's ministers, from time to time, to adapt their measures to any variation of circumstances; to consider how far the effects of the military operations of the allies, or of the internal disposition of France, correspond with our present expectations; and, on a view of the whole, to compare the difficulties or risks which may arise in the prosecution of the contest, with the prospect of ultimate success, or of the degree of advantage to be derived from its further continuance, and to be governed by the result of all these considerations, in the opinion and advice which they may offer to their sovereign."

The eloquence of Mr. Sheridan differed from that of Mr. Pitt, as well as from that of his friend and partisan, Mr. Fox; but, though dissimilar to both, was perhaps inferior to neither,

Mr. Sheridan was rather a great orator, than a great debater. We are sorry to speak of him in the past tense: but, unfortunately for his country, and for the honour of eloquence and pure taste, he is now no longer in parliament. He was, we repeat it, a great orator, rather than a great debater. Unlike the generality of those who have enjoyed a distinction in the house of commons he seemed to consider parliamentary eloquence more as a pursuit of pleasure, than as a matter of business. Not that he arrived, without long and severe toil, at the excellence which he ultimately reached, but it was like the toil of the sportsman, a favourite exercise. The chief characteristic of his genius was imagination; and he possessed it in every variety of brilliant metaphor and playful wit. But he never permitted it to wander beyond the bounds which sound judgment prescribes to the display of such qualities in public speaking. He never swelled his solemnity into bombast, nor degraded his humour into buffoonery. He never overlaid his argument with ponderous words or tawdry conceits. All was forcible, graceful, and chaste: nervous without impetuosity; natural without carelessness, and correct without pedantry. His chef d'œuvre as an orator is generally considered to be the speech which he delivered in the house of commons on the charge against Mr. Hastings, respecting the Begum princesses; a speech of such transcendent ability, that, when he concluded it, the members are said to have risen with one accord from their seats, and crowded into the middle of the floor; as though some supernatural fury had seized and scattered them; and Mr. Pitt moved an immediate adjournment, on the ground that it would be improper to allow a division, while the minds of all present were under the influence of the fever, excited by the unparalleled eloquence which they had just heard.

These were the principal speakers in the English house of commons, when the union of Great Britain and Ireland brought a kindred race of orators to the

parliament of the empire. Among those who have thus transferred themselves, there is one who stands proudly eminent, not only from the reputation which he acquired during his long and active services in the Irish legislature, but likewise from the striking exhibitions of talent which, since his accession to the united parliament, he has made on behalf of the catholics of his native country. We need not add, that we are speaking of Mr. Grattan.

Of that species of eloquence which has been denominated, *κατ' ἰδίαν*, *Irish*, the speeches of Mr. Grattan have always seemed to us to furnish the most perfect examples. By *Irish* eloquence, we mean that perpetual flow of bright thoughts and appeals to the passions of the hearer, by which the orators of the sister kingdom have principally distinguished themselves. It must be allowed, that, in all which associate the orator with the poet, they have greatly excelled the natives of Great Britain. They have addressed the fancy, rather than the reason; and they have succeeded to admiration.

But while we are perfectly ready to pay this tribute of our applause to the poetical genius of oratory, we cannot help intimating a belief, that this kind of genius, unless it be very carefully restrained, will be found, for the most part, an impediment to the progress of the orator himself, not only before the rigid tribunals of legal wisdom, but even in the debates of parliament. Men go to the house of commons to do business, and to do it as quickly as may be. The nature of that business at this day is totally different from the nature of the business two hundred years ago. The multiplication of details upon almost every political subject, collected on both sides with the most assiduous partiality,—the wide extent of our foreign relations,—the immense expansion of our commerce and manufactures,—the perpetual irritations of meddling reformers in every department,—all concur to increase, in an incalculable proportion, the weight of the business which devolves upon a member of parliament. Pressed by so many demands, he seeks only to get the more important facts accurately stated, and the more material arguments clearly deduced from them. A case is set up on one side, and controverted on the other; and scarcely any thing, which does not directly tend either to confirm or to confute the chief advocates on one of those sides, is deemed germane to the purpose for which the house considers itself to be convened.

It is among those nations, with whom civilization is yet but in its dawn, that poetical eloquence principally flourishes. The natives of the east express themselves in parables; and the celebrated speech of Logan, the American Indian, is a specimen of the same taste among the inhabitants of an opposite hemisphere. The reader, who takes the pains to travel through those imperfect reports which remain to us of the parliamentary debates in early times, will find that almost all the effusions of the older orators were mere declamations; till, as the transference of the substantial power from kings to parliaments gradually increased the business of the two houses, oratory became more dry and grave. And we are not afraid to affirm, that many of the speeches which, a hundred

years ago, were received with rapturous acclaim, would at this hour be obstructed by innumerable coughs, cries of question, and others of those salutary correctives, by which the house is accustomed to cool the ambition of an over zealous aspirant.

The Irish people, who have not yet advanced so far as some of their more sedate contemporaries in the path of civilization, are accordingly more tolerant of showy rhetoric. Add to this, that they are naturally of a warmer temperament than their eastern and northern neighbours: and when these circumstances are taken into account, it will be matter of little surprise that extensive allowances are made among them even for deficiency or fallacy of argument, where the failure appears to be redeemed by any brilliant or pathetic effusion of fancy or of sentiment.

The two great Irish orators, however, who preceded Mr. Grattan—we mean Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan,—had lived so long among the English, even before they had seats in the house of commons, that they had, perhaps, acquired something of the English character; and were enabled to prune whatever may have been naturally efflorescent in the fertility of their imaginations. Their eloquence, in truth, was on the English model, only a little heightened and adorned by occasional touches of Irish pathos or fancy. And Mr. Grattan, though he made his appearance in the united parliament without having possessed exactly the same advantage, had enjoyed the benefit of a long service as the leader of opposition in Ireland, and must necessarily have learnt, from the experience of that troublesome honour, how much more powerfully divisions are influenced by argument than by poetry. After such a probation, and with the clear-sighted understanding which he possessed from nature, it was not to be supposed, that he would rush into idle and speculative declamation, to the neglect of the main business in hand. Nor, in point of fact, do we remember to have detected him in such aberrations. But still his eloquence differed from that of Burke and of Sheridan, in that it was not, like theirs, an English style adorned and heightened with poetical ornaments; but a style naturally Irish, reduced and chastened to purposes of practical utility. We seldom remember to have witnessed a more universal sentiment of admiration in an audience, than that which manifested itself on the night of his first speech in the English house of commons. This sentiment, if possible, he has heightened rather than diminished by his subsequent exertions.

If we were to point out any one characteristic of his style, as distinguishing it more particularly than the rest, we should select his propensity to antithesis. Whatever may be the objections to this seductive vice *in writing*, its use and effect *in speaking* are, we apprehend, too obvious to be questioned. A reader may be cloyed by it in a long treatise.—and then it must alienate instead of securing him,—but in speaking, where it is so extremely difficult to fix the hearer, the most useful arts are those which lay the strongest temporary hold upon his attention. Mr. Grattan's employment of antithesis is singularly striking and

brilliant, and arms his sentences with a point which penetrates wherever it is aimed. These polished and epigrammatic passages are, however, often interspersed with others of a loftier and more interesting character; for it is one of the greatest charms of his eloquence, that it displays a heart of rare and genuine benevolence. There is, in his speeches, an impassioned earnestness of virtue, a noble simplicity of feeling and principle, which all the flimsy romancers of a whole century would never reach, in their fullest flow of sensitive common-place. With such an honesty of nature,—with such a warmth of heart,—with a judgment thus matured by practice,—with an imagination so lively,—and with so exquisite a polish of diction,—Mr. Grattan has occupied an eminence in the united parliament, scarcely less distinguished than that which he possessed in the legislature of his native island.

The last-risen of the luminaries in that great constellation, of which we have been thus endeavouring to furnish some account, is Mr. Canning.

Having neither acquaintance nor connexion, direct nor indirect, with this eminent statesman, we shall not fear to be convicted of partiality, when we declare it as our firm opinion,—an opinion, not made up hastily, nor without careful observation,—that of all the speakers whom it has ever been our good fortune to hear, Mr. Canning possesses, in the highest perfection, the greatest number of those qualifications which constitute a first-rate orator. With the argumentative wit, the classical polish, and the lively feeling peculiar to himself, he unites the analytical logic of Mr. Fox, and the comprehensive scope, lucid arrangement, and splendid potentiality of phrase, which distinguished the style of Mr. Pitt. *Nullum ferè eloquentiæ genus non tetigit: nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit.*

All this is the more extraordinary, because we remember Mr. Canning, after he had been several years in parliament, not only not a first, but scarcely even a second-rate speaker. We remember him, injudicious in his argument, and intemperate in his declamation; and scarcely even able to attain the animation necessary to fix the attention of the house, without lashing and spurring himself into an artificial heat. We certainly little expected, at that time, to see him, what we conceive him at present to be, the most consummate orator of the cultivated age in which he flourishes.

A great command of language is apt to betray the speaker into one of these two vicious habits, either a measured melody, so regularly recurring as to become unpleasant by its monotony; or a rush of language without modulation, degenerating into familiar and conversational solecism. But Mr. Canning's fluency is free from both these defects. It is harmonious without monotony, and easy without negligence. Sometimes, for a few successive sentences, the roundness and fulness of the melody remind us of Mr. Pitt's sonorous majesty: then, as the tenour of the argument demands a simpler or lighter treatment, the unstudied happinesses, or the terse humour of the "elder time," interweave themselves in the phraseology; and the charms of each style are relieved, not by a contrast of barrenness and poverty, but by a change of excellence.

To those who are not experimentally acquainted with the almost magical effect of Mr. Canning's oratory, this praise may appear excessive. We have but one apology to offer—our conviction of its strict justice. In an advocate, it might be more prudent to be less panegyrical; but we have here no duty to perform, except to our readers; and *that* duty bids us speak what we believe to be truth without modification or reserve.

We have thus presented, as we flatter ourselves, a tolerably faithful, though a brief, account of the state of oratory in the British house of commons, during the zenith of Mr. Windham's fame. The powers of those minds, which death has now snatched from the world, we have endeavoured to illustrate by characteristic quotations, as well as by general analyses of style: and we have described with the strictest impartiality, the speakers who still remain to their country, although we have thought it premature to present particular specimens of their matter or manner. We shall conclude with a review of the oratorical talents of Mr. Windham himself, and with such selections from authenticated copies of his speeches, as appear to us the best calculated to convey to our readers a just conception of his style, both in thinking and in expressing himself.

The great and leading principle of his politics, his jealousy of the honour and virtue of his country, was perpetually displaying itself in the strain of his eloquence, to which it imparted a lofty and sustained animation. Thus, in his speech on the peace of Amiens, after a few general reasonings upon the gain and loss of wars he exclaims,

“We are not, according to the present fashion, to fall to calculating, and to ask ourselves, what is the value at market of such and such an object, and how much it will cost us to obtain it. If these objects alone were at stake, I should admit the principle in its full force; and should be among the first to declare, that no object of mere pecuniary value could ever be worth obtaining at the price of a war; but when particular points of honour are at stake, as at Nootka or the Falkland islands, (without inquiring whether, in those cases, the point of honour was either well chosen or rightly estimated:) and still more where general impression, where universal estimation, where the conception to be formed of the feelings, temper, power, policy, and views of a great nation, are in question, there, to talk of calculating the loss or profit of possessions, to which these considerations may be attached, by their price at market, or the value of their fee simple, is like the idea of Dr. Swift, when he is comparing the grants to the duke of Marlborough with the rewards of a Roman conqueror, and estimates the crown of laurel at two-pence.”

Again, in the same speech, we have a fine specimen of spirited morality:

“However true it may be, that the example of France ought to serve as the strongest antidote to its poison, and that it does so in fact in the minds of many, yet it is equally true, that, in another view, and to many other persons, it operates in a directly contrary way, not as a warning, but as an incitement.

What I am now speaking of is, however, not the danger of the political principles of France, but the still surer and more dreadful danger of her morals. What are we to think of a country that, having struck out of men's minds, as far as it has the power to do so, all sense of religion, and all belief of a future life, has struck out of its system of civil policy, the institution of marriage? That has formally, professedly, and by law, established the connexion of the sexes upon the footing of an unrestrained concubinage? That has turned the whole country into one universal brothel? That leaves to every man to take, and to get rid of a wife, (the fact, I believe, continues to be so) and a wife, in like manner, to get rid of her husband, upon less notice than you can, in this country, of a ready-furnished lodging?

"Do we suppose it possible, that with an intercourse subsisting, such as, we know, will take place between Great Britain and France, the morals of this country shall continue what they have been? Do we suppose that when this '*Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes*,' when that 'revolutionary stream,' the Seine, charged with all the colluvies of Paris, with all the filth and blood of that polluted city, shall have turned its current into the Thames, that the waters of our fair domestic flood can remain pure and wholesome as before? Do we suppose these things can happen? Or is it, that we are indifferent whether they happen or not; and that the morals of the country are no longer an object of our concern?"

The quality of Mr Windham's eloquence, which we regard as the next in value, is the logical connexion and judicious disposition of his arguments. Of that excellence, however, it would obviously be impossible to comprise a specimen in these pages, inasmuch as such merits are, in their very nature, diffused through an entire speech, and perceptible only by observation of its tenour as a whole.

Perhaps, for a popular assembly, the style of Mr. Windham was sometimes too metaphysical; but on many occasions his philosophy was usefully exercised, in clearing the way for his argument, and raising the curiosity of the house.

"The great division of mankind," says he in his speech on the peace of Amiens, "into those who were formed to govern, and those who were born only to obey, was never more strongly exemplified than by the French nation, and those who have sunk, or are sinking, under their yoke. Let us not suppose, therefore, that, while these qualities, combined with these purposes, shall continue to exist, they will ever cease, by night or by day, in peace or in war, to work their natural effect,—to gravitate towards their proper centre;—or that the bold, the proud, the dignified, the determined, those who *will* great things, and will stake their existence upon the accomplishment of what they have willed, shall not finally prevail over those, who act upon the very opposite feelings; who will '*never push their resistance beyond their convenience*;' who ask for nothing but ease and safety; who look only to stave off the '*evil for the present*'

day, and will take no heed of what may befall them on the morrow. We are therefore, in effect, at war at this moment; and the only question is, whether the war, that will henceforward proceed under the name of peace, is likely to prove less operative and fatal, than that which has hitherto appeared in its natural and ordinary shape."

It has become a fashion to say, that the eloquence of the house of commons is rapidly waning,—that a dark age is come upon us,—and that no rays of early genius are dawning to revive the glories that are gone. If it entered into the plan of the present article to analyze and portray the powers of the leading speakers of the *present* day, we should have little difficulty in refuting this prejudice. We would solicit the "*laudatores temporis acti*" to reflect, that orators, who, in the time of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, had not enjoyed the opportunity and practice essential to excellence, and who were therefore, at that period, inferior and inconsiderable men, have since improved and ripened their faculties. We could illustrate from various instances, and especially from the last two years of Mr. Perceval's life, the satisfactory axiom, that great occasions are sure to kindle great talents. And we might finally console the apprehensions of our readers, by specifically reminding them, that the voice of Mr. Grattan is not yet mute; that Mr. Canning is in the full maturity of his genius; and that the early and brilliant eloquence of Mr. Ward affords additional assurance of a legitimate succession to the honours of the departed great.

WALTER SCOTT.

It is affirmed by one of the London critics that this distinguished poet *fell* in the "Field of Waterloo." Our readers will scarcely expect from us, at this distance, a contradiction of so positive an assertion: for we have no proof on our side of the water, and we know that William Shakspeare, a very knowing man, though he was a sheepstealer, has deposed that when a man's brains are out there's an end of him. It would, therefore, be quite idle to produce his description of the very battle in which he is said to have *fallen*, as a proof that he is still in the possession of a *mens sana in corpore sano*. When we read this production, we suspected that he had been slaughtered by one of our wilderness warriors, who are incited to desperate deeds in combat, by the belief that they will inherit the courage and the genius, as well as the arms of the slain. We were convinced, that some ass had clothed himself in the lion's skin. We searched the official list

of the killed and wounded, but could not find his name, and as he continued to vociferate like honest John Partridge, the almanac maker, "ho, all alive, ho! I am the true Partridge, your old friend the almanac maker, notwithstanding all the arts of the Pope and the Pretender,"*—we were compelled to admit, that this distinguished poet might yet be among the living. But, while we read this composition, which we must believe belongs to his pen, for we would not rob him of his due, like the wicked wights of the Tattler, in their nefarious plot against the poor star-gazer, we were irresistibly reminded of Puff, in the Critic:

———"What the plague! *three morning guns!* ay, this is always the way—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it."

So it is with our border-poet. He has been so much in the habit of living upon his capital instead of the interest, that we may expect every day to behold him a poetical bankrupt; or, "*clearing out*" to adopt a very familiar phrase in the settling of a Baltimore docket. One would actually suppose that he was tired of popular applause: that the *hic est*, of Horace no longer animated his pen, but that he had determined to ascertain how far he might draw upon public favour, without reducing his credit. Like the very Corsican, whom he has assailed in such keen Iambics, he is treading on dangerous ground, and risking every thing on the turn of a die. The fate of this great leader, who was so feared and so honoured while Victory harnessed her horses to his car, ought to be a lesson to the poet. He has been surrounded with glittering stars and imperial plumes: he has been loaded with orders of merit: crowns have adorned his triumphant brows, and sceptres have acknowledged his sway: he has made and unmade mighty men, and held whole continents in his grasp. We hope the parallel may not be carried further. The hero who dictated his own terms to every potentate, is now an outcast from the civilized world. Personal devotion is not so lavish as that with which we regard the splendour and power of the imperial diadem. One unlucky slip is generally sufficient to overturn the idol of the day, and our poet has been twice unfortunate. If he is not dead he is at least *down*, and we understand that his publisher

* Vide the Tattler, No. 99, 118, &c.

intends to apply to the commissioners of the charitable fund, for the relief of the *sufferers* by the battle of Waterloo. We do not introduce the following lines for the malicious purpose of injuring the claim; but merely because it is probable, that Mr. Scott, like lord Lovat, would prefer being hung in a silken cord.

Late from the regions of the north
 A writer suddenly burst forth:
 Whose works the silly crowd admire
 And slight the masters of the lyre,
 To whom those honours should belong
 That mark the genuine sons of song,
 And Taste must sigh where'er they grace
 The pigmies of a bastard race.
 The shade of Milton now in vain
 Points to his noble epic strain;
 Dryden with all his force and fire,
 In dull oblivion may expire;
 Pope, who pursued great Dryden's course,
 With purer taste and kindred force,
 The lofty and the tender Gray,
 That glowing Pindar of his day,
 Must now in silence yield to fate,
 Decreed by Fashion out of date.
 E'en he whom ev'ry age shall deem
 The orb of poesy supreme,
 His faded honours doom'd to hide,
 May sink beneath his Avon's tide,
 Neglected or forgotten quite,
 'Mid flashes of this northern light.

Yet when th' intrinsic worth we weigh
 Of him who thus the crowd can sway,
 We find descriptive skill, 'tis true,
 But nothing excellent or new,
 Nothing, in purpose, or in plan,
 To aid our views of life and man,
 Nothing that Reason ought to prize,
 To make us happy, good and wise.
 Nothing of spirit, interest, power
 To sooth a dull and weary hour.

And though the vast historic field,
 A host of characters might yield,

To grace the proudest epic page,
 In many a clime and many an age,
 Not e'en within his native place,
 Long famous for a noble race,
 Who themes present of bold emprise,
 Heroic, loyal, just and wise,
 A worthy model could he find
 For Glory's course to train the mind:
 But forms a ruffian merely brave,
 A compound else of fool and knave,
 (Who, such the wisdom he can boast,
 At midnight roves to fight a ghost,
 Or, to be more precisely right,
 To shed the blood of elfin knight),
 A wretch so truly mean and base,
 So void of all the hero's grace,
 He scorns each tender sacred claim,
 A noble rival to defame,
 And stoops, in vile pursuit of gain,
 To deeds we view with high disdain;
 Nay, on such monstrous deeds to think,
 Must make the heart with horror shrink.

Such is the hero of his tale,
 A subject fitter for the jail,
 Or rather for the penal string,
 Than for the heav'nly Muse to sing.
 'Tis strange, indeed, that e'er the Muse
 Should such an odious hero choose,
 Unless to form a proper mate
 For Fielding's Jonathan the Great.

His fable too, absurd and wild,
 Can hardly gratify a child,
 Perplex'd, disjointed, and obscure,
 More fit to puzzle than allure;
 And if we chance the clue to keep,
 It only winds us into sleep.

Taste must proclaim his uncouth rhyme
 The refuse of contemptuous Time.
 Turrets, portcullis, rusty arms,
 Dwarfs, wizards, his poetic charms;
 Hostel and wassail, ruffians' brawls,
 And donjon keeps, and mouldering walls.

Banners, 'scutcheons, squires and knights,
A tedious round of feasts and fights,
A labour'd show of herakls lore,
And all repeated o'er and o'er,
'Till patience can endure no more.
But still, amidst this musty roll,
Discreetly scatter'd through the whole,
We find a heap of ancient names,
Of force to catch weak lords and dames,
And make them spread the works that praise
Their boasted sires of former days,
Works adding to the nurse's store
Dull echoes of dull tales of yore.

Such is the poet and his lay,
The new-blown bubble of the day;
Of powers a lamentable waste,
The bigot of a barbarous taste,
Traditionary, dull and tame,
Though gifted with a native flame;
Who could have reach'd a noble height,
Had taste and judgment track'd his flight,
A ballad-monger now at best,
In motley trappings quaintly dress'd,
And like the boy that mock'd the stage,
An idol of fantastic rage,
Of fashion once the favourite theme,
And soon the phantom of a dream.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF SUSQUEHANNAH COUNTY; ACCOMPANIED BY A
VIEW OF SILVER LAKE, THE SEAT OF ROBERT H. ROSE, ESQ.

SILVER LAKE, in Susquehannah county, is a beautiful sheet of spring water, of about a mile in length, of great depth, and abounding with fish of various kinds. We are informed that eight years ago there was not a tree cut down within seven miles of the spot on which this elegant edifice is built. Within that space at present, are several hundred farms, cleared and cultivated by industrious settlers, principally from the eastern states. It is

truly delightful to see with what rapidity the improvements of our country advance, and how perfectly the means of ~~comfort~~ and independence are within the reach of the humblest of our citizens.

The mansion of which we give a view is the residence of one of the earliest and the most brilliant of the supporters of this journal. When we view our poetical friend retiring from the bustle, the tricks and the heartlessness of the world to the tranquillity of sylvan shades, devoting the rich resources of his mind to the cultivation of the earth, we can scarcely conceive the exultation with which he may survey the wilderness of yesterday transformed into sloping lawns and smiling vales; covered with verdure and *blossoming with the rose*. To describe such scenes and such inhabitants, the traveller will invoke the muse of Thomson:

The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, *reads what the Muse of these*
Perhaps has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends,
 With gentle throes; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep-musing, *then he best exerts his song.*
 Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliss,
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom.

For the following short sketch of the country in which Silver Lake is situated, we are indebted to a friend, whose knowledge of the subject, is at the same time minute and abundant.

Susquehannah county, in the state of Pennsylvania, is situated on the line dividing that commonwealth from the state of New York. It is about thirty-four miles in length, by twenty-four miles in breadth, and contains upwards of half a million of acres. The population is about fifteen hundred taxables, or between seven and eight thousand souls. There is perhaps no county in the state of Pennsylvania that contains a greater proportion of good land—the soil is a loam, about eighteen inches deep. The produce of the land is, in general, abundant both in grain, and grass, especially the latter. The timber is of great variety, but principally beech, sugar maple, hemlock, ash, birch, linden, cherry, chestnut, oak and white pine. No country abounds more with springs and streams. The water is remarkably good. The country is uneven, being formed into hills and dales, with very little interval or flat land. There are no swamps, no stagnant waters, no musquetoos. A fever and ague, or intermittent fever, is unknown throughout that part of the state of Pennsylvania in which the beech constitutes the predominant timber.

There is one turnpike finished, and three others commenced, in Susquehannah county. The one finished, begins at the Great Bend of the Susquehannah river, over which there is a bridge, and extends to Newburgh, on the North River, in the state of New York. Of the others, one passes from the north west part of the county to Milford, on the Delaware river. This, when finished, will connect the Oswego turnpike in the state of New York, with the one leading through New Jersey, and form the most direct communication between the city of New York and the western parts of that state. Another road is laid from the twenty-eighth mile stone on the state line to Wilkesbarré, where it intersects the turnpike road leading to Easton, on the way to Philadel-

phia. Another turnpike is laid from Wilkesbarre to the Great Bend turnpike. Besides these roads, the state has laid out one, which commences in Susquehannah county, and passes in a western course, through all the counties on the northern line of the state.

Montrose, the capital of Susquehannah county, is situated nearly in its centre, and at the intersection of the turnpike leading to the city of New York, with the one leading to Philadelphia. The village is at present but small, containing about twenty houses, together with a neat court-house. When these roads shall be finished, it is expected the village will improve rapidly in consequence of its eligible situation. The fortunate position of Susquehannah county, equally remote from the frontier on the one hand, and the sea-board on the other, appears to ensure its tranquillity; and the losses and disturbances of the late war were known there only by the arrivals of the mail.

Seven years ago, within the limits of Susquehannah county, there were scarcely two hundred families. There are now seven fold that number. From this small and quiet county, we may form some idea of the immense increase of population in the interior of the United States. With what pride may not an American contemplate the rapid march of his country to power! Should that Being, with whom is the destiny of all things, inspire our public councils with wisdom, and teach our citizens to estimate and guard, in a proper manner, the blessings which they enjoy, the mind can scarcely conceive the magnificent spectacle, which, before the close of the present century, this country will exhibit to the world.

CHANGE OF TIMES.

France has changed, since the reign of Francis I, when it was a common proverb,

Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

The following is a Mohawk adage, which we recommend to the attention of our bon vivants:

Cigarro cismokesi, cisickum, cispuere.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF
THE ARMY, ENGAGED IN THE LATE EXPEDITION AGAINST
ALGIERS.

(Continued from p. 298.)

THIS morning we found ourselves at the entrance of the straits of Gibraltar (the pillars of Hercules of the ancients) having cape Spartel on one side of us and cape Marinal on the other. The morning was calm, the sky serene, and the unruffled face of the ocean presented a plane of glassy smoothness. The strait before us seemed as a narrow defile scarcely sufficient to afford us a passage, and, stretching the eye forward, we could see far beyond it, the sun rising out of the sea and gilding at once the rocky shores of Europe and Africa. The scene was sublime and beautiful; and the time, the place, the recollections which they recalled, all conspired to fill me with enthusiasm. The shores on either side presented a various and romantic scenery, though of a harsh and forbidding cast; embracing only an immense pile of rocky mountains—rising beyond or overhanging each other, and destitute of foliage, or affording, at best, but a few parched shrubs—equally sublime, yet they are equally wild, savage and sterile. On the Spanish side, we could discern a few miserable huts built upon the rocks, or in the abysses between them, and here and there a mouldering pile, which might once have been the scene of war or the seat of festivity; or a watch-tower, trembling on the summit of a precipice, added variety to the scene. On the Barbary coast, we could discover nothing to embellish or enliven the “giant shadows” that seemed to envelop her sable mountains, except a distant view of the town of Tangier, and the smoke of a few straggling huts, that seemed to indicate a population among those burning sands and precipices that an American would almost shudder to look upon.

Such was the first glance that I obtained of these once rival, once powerful, but now degraded countries. It was one of the most exquisite moments of my life—such as we are seldom permitted to taste; but which, when once enjoyed, we never forget!

A tedious and disagreeable voyage was accomplished, during which all the elements seemed to have conspired against us—in which the only variety was from the experience of one difficulty to the anticipation of another; and in which I cannot recall one agreeable circumstance or pleasurable emotion. But this was past, and we had gained the classic shores of antiquity, and before us lay the Greece, the Rome, and the Carthage of other days—those sacred spots from which were drawn the origin of all that we know of religion, war, polity, or the fine arts. A few days would bring us, too, to the scene of action and of glory, where we expected to reap some of the proudest laurels that ever graced the American wreath. The very thought of exploring the classic ground that lay in perspective before us, and of gleaning “reputation at the cannon’s mouth,” on the fields where the heroes of ancient story toiled for the same harvest, was ecstasy. But how soon were these pleasing anticipations to be changed to the most bitter disappointment! Peace was already hovering around us, and waiting the moment to blast our fond expectations!

The following lines from lord Byron’s beautiful but excentric poem “Childe Harold,” were recalled to my memory the moment I beheld the straits:

Through Calpe’s straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate’s blaze;
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase.
But Mauritania’s giant shadows frown
From mountain-cliff to coast descending down.

It is true I did not see the moon playing “*softly* on the Spanish side,” nor could I discover among her hideous and barren precipices the “*slope and forest brown*.” But as this part of the story was *disclosed* to his lordship by the moon, it must be considered as *mere moonshine*. Poets, however, must be allowed their license, and as their duty is rather to please than to instruct, we must permit them sometimes to deviate from the tedious path of painful narration in search of pleasing images—to heighten the

tints of nature where they are too inanimate—to soften what is rugged, and supply what is deficient:—in short, like Orpheus, he may *melt the rocks*, and, like Don Quixote, build castles in the air. Now if lord Byron had been, like me, a plain soldier “little versed in the set phrase of *peace*,” and bound—by the rules and articles of war—to speak the words of truth and soberness, he would not have called a declivity a “slope,” nor have dignified a few sun-burnt and almost leafless herbs with the title of “forest brown.” But we must not cavil at a slight deviation in one who is always candid, and generally correct—who is frequently instructive, and ever pleasing.

A pleasant breeze sprung up about nine o'clock, and, being aided by the current which sets into the Mediterranean, we were driven rapidly along. On our left we passed Tarifa, formerly a place of great strength and importance, but now the retreat only of a few fishermen and goatherds. At this place, which is the narrowest part of the Straits, the distance across cannot be more than five leagues. Along the Spanish coast, at regular distances, there are watch-towers erected, for the purpose of communicating information, by signal, upon the approach of an Algerine corsair or squadron. These resemble in appearance the light-houses on our coast. The towering cliffs of Gibraltar had for some time been in sight, but it was not until we had reached the extremity of the Straits that we began to distinguish its features and to recall the names of the celebrated places by which it is surrounded. On our right was Ceuta point, which, being like Gibraltar a rocky promontory, projecting into the sea, and joined to the continent of Africa by a narrow neck of land, has formerly vied with it in strength and importance. This place was first fortified by the Romans, who held it for a long time, and under whose government the town increased in wealth and consequence. On the decline of that empire it fell under the dominion of the Goths and Moors, from whom it was taken in the year 1414, by John I, of Portugal. When the throne of Portugal was usurped, in 1578, by Spain, Ceuta became, of course, a Spanish garrison; and, though the crown was afterwards recovered by the duke of Braganza, and Portugal re-established as a distinct sovereignty, this place remained in the hands of the Spaniards, who, I believe still hold it. It was from this place that the first descent, that we read of, was made by the Moors upon

Spain, under Tarif Ebn Zarca, who, having ravaged the enemy's country, took possession of Mons Calpe, to which his followers gave the name of Gibel Tarif, in honour of their chief. Hence we have Gibraltar.

Looking into the bay to our left, we could distinguish, at the head of it, the town of Algesiras, seven or eight miles distant. This place was built by the Saracens, and designates the spot where they first landed in Spain, in the year 711. Under the Moors it became a place of great importance, and was, consequently, strongly fortified and garrisoned. Though frequently besieged by the warlike kings of Castile, it never could be taken until the year 1344, when most of the sovereigns in Europe interested themselves in the siege, by affording succours to the Christian army, under Alonzo XI, of Castile. This siege is particularly remarkable, as it is said that the first use of cannon was made by the Moors upon the besiegers on this occasion.

To the northward of Algesiras, upon the banks of the river Gaudaranque, are the venerable ruins of Cartéia, mentioned by ancient historians under the names Carteia, Heraclia, and Calpe Cartela. Of this celebrated city, which is said to have been built by the Phœnicians, scarcely one stone remains upon another to mark the spot where it stood. It was once taken and destroyed by Hannibal, but when Scipio obliged the Carthaginians to quit Spain, was rebuilt by the Romans. It was here that Cneius Pompey sought a refuge after the memorable battle of Munda.

We were moving rapidly towards Gibraltar, with a fine breeze, and standing in close to point Europa, the most southern end of the rock, we rode into the bay and came to an anchor under the batteries. Among the flags displayed from the vessels in port, we discerned a number of Americans. There was a British squadron at anchor, consisting of a seventy-four, and several frigates and smaller vessels. Among them was the Undaunted, the vessel that carried Bonaparte to Elba.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Oh lud! yes, sir,—the number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed.

SHERIDAN'S CRITIC.

Rhymes on Art; or, the Remonstrance of a Painter: in two parts; with notes and a preface, including Strictures on the state of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A. From the third London edition. Philadelphia: Edward Earle. 12mo. \$ 1. 1815.

THE first thing that strikes us as Americans on a perusal of this work, is the great importance of its subject. Its object is the encouragement of the fine arts generally, and particularly that of the graphic muse in Great Britain. If this work has had a valuable tendency, as we doubt not it has, in a country having little reason to boast of its productions in the fine arts, when compared with other nations of Europe, and with its own reputation in other respects, its importance to us, who may justly pride ourselves in having given birth to a very uncommon share of genius for painting, is too obvious to be overlooked, and we trust, too valuable, to be without a due share of encouragement. Having much ground of national exultation, in being able to claim some of the most distinguished painters who are now enjoying the well-earned rewards of genius in Great Britain, and of others now adding to the reputation of their country at home, and having several infant institutions of our own, whose object is the protection and advancement of the fine arts, we observe with peculiar satisfaction, the republication here of a work, which, while its "end and aim" are in concurrence with these laudable views, its execution leaves no room for apprehension that it will not be eminently subsidiary to their promotion. It would be a painful and well deserved reflection upon our sensibility to what constitutes a prominent feature in the true glory and welfare of every nation, and which hitherto does not attach to us, if we should neglect any of the means of protection and patronage of the rising arts of our country, that may be compatible with the general state of our national improvement. Though in this respect we have done much, it would be disgraceful to us to relax in our efforts. Having given birth to so fair a progeny, which presages so much of future usefulness

and distinction to our national character, reflecting at the same time no less credit upon their progenitors, "blessing him that gives and him that takes," it would be the ground of too much accusation against us to our enemies, and of regret to ourselves, to suffer them now to shift for themselves, instead of extending to them "the helping hospitable hand" of paternal protection. We trust our conduct will be such as triumphantly to repel the satire, and increase our claim to the praise contained in the following lines of one of our best poets, the lamented Clifton:

"In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies,
Where few and feeble are the muse's strains,
And no "fine frenzy" riots in the veins,
There still are found some few, to whom belong
The fire of Genius and the soul of Song."

In the present state of our national improvement, it would be very unreasonable to look for instances of such taste and such munificence as we find in a Mæcenas, a Lorenzo or a Colbert; yet our academies of the fine arts are a gratifying proof that we may boast of many who do not "consult Adam Smith for their theory of taste, as well as of trade; or consider the price current of the day as the only criterion of merit," while at the same time they justify the belief that we have much of the disposition as well as the ability to protect and foster the interests of taste. Our West, Copely, Trumbull, Stewart, Allston, Vanderlyn, Sully, Peale, Leslie, and many others, may very fairly also be considered as no slight evidence that "the proffered garland of the Graphic Muse" is indigenous to our soil and climate, and that the Genius of Columbia has a parental right to it for the decoration of her brows. It is our incumbent duty, then, as we trust it will be our pride, to prevent this precious offering from withering in the frost of neglect—to take care that it be nurtured with the refreshing dew of patronage, until it ripen into the full blown maturity of national renown.

It is the policy of a great nation, says the author, to be liberal and magnificent; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works. These are not the expenses that sap and mine the foundations of public prosperity; that break in upon the capital, or lay waste the income of

a state; they may be said to arise in her most enlightened views of general advantage; to be among her best and most profitable speculations: they produce large returns of respect and consideration from our neighbours and competitors—of patriotic exultation among ourselves: they make men proud of their country, and, from priding in it, prompt in its defence: they play upon all the chords of generous feeling—elevate us above the animal and the machine, and make us triumph in the powers and attributes of man.

But above all, let us endeavour not to merit the admonition contained in the following lines of the poet himself, to his own countrymen—

Disdain it not, ye critics, nor deery
Our country's arts, nor view with adverse eye,
Indulgent still, the rigid brow unbend,
And e'en in censure, show that you befriend;
Prize not the skill of foreign realms alone,
Nor think it *taste* to stigmatize your own:
With generous bias lean to British art,
And rather wrong your judgment, than your heart.

If these observations be just in Great Britain, what shall we say of ourselves? How many years have elapsed since the congress voted a monument to the memory of Washington—how long has the Cincinnati of this state been proclaiming our shame, by begging money for a similar purpose:—look at the laboured argument of more than two newspaper columns from the councils of Baltimore, to convince the good folks of that city of the propriety of their conduct in ordering a pair of pictures to be drawn, in commemoration of their providential escape from the British forces, in the last war. In Boston and Richmond exertions are making to display the nation's gratitude to *the father of our country*, which are highly honourable to the individuals by whom they were suggested. All these schemes should be regarded as so many pledges to the world of the taste, the liberality, and the gratitude of the American people. No one, therefore, should feel easy until he has redeemed them. A moiety of what each man exchanges at a July festival, for an aching head and a disordered stomach, would form an aggregate that would enable us to

—— call on Taste to ratify our fame.—p. 15.

It would cover the country with memorials which would ho-
VOL. I. 3 T

nour the dead, and stimulate the living. Let our next national holyday be spent in a manner worthy of rational beings. Instead of listening to vapid declamations, or "parading round and round" with the shrill fife, and the noisy drum, let us furl our victorious stars, and meditate on the memory of Washington. Let the money, which otherwise would have swelled the purse of the publican, be placed in the hands of trusty persons, to be devoted to these laudable uses. If this suggestion be adopted only in the cities which have been mentioned, how much might be contributed to this great national object! What a spectacle should we exhibit to the world! then indeed might we say in the language of our poet, with slight alterations:

In fond remembrance flows the grateful tear,
To think what stars have fallen from our sphere,
Lo pensive leaning o'er the illumin'd page,
Where History meditates the madd'ning age,
And mourns her WASHINGTON: while, kind too late,
She weeps her HAMILTON's untimely fate;
Remorseful owns her blindness, and to Fame
Consigns with sorrow each illustrious name.—p. 16.

The following is extracted from the preface to the second edition of this poem:

"With those who would leave the arts, unassisted, to find their own level in society; who consult Adam Smith for their theory of taste, as well as of trade; and would regulate the operations of virtue on the principles of the pin manufactory, with all those, in short, to whom this world is but as one vast market—a sale shop of sordid interests and selfish gratifications, arguments drawn from the importance of the arts as objects of taste and refinement, will have little weight; and as objects of utility (in the vulgar sense of that word) all apprehensions of their decay will appear groundless or exaggerated; but they whose minds are enlarged to general views, who enter into the character of those pursuits, and are acquainted with their nature, their history, and their influence, will acknowledge their power, and deprecate whatever tends to their depression.

"The level of the arts is not to be looked for in the feelings, nor to be determined by the wants and caprices of the million; it is to be found only on the summits of civilization—in the affection and admiration of minds elevated to a due sense of their value, and satisfied that not to distinguish is to degrade them.

Upon this the author makes the following note:

"It has of late become so much the fashion to view every thing through the commercial medium, and calculate the claims of utility by the scale of "The Wealth of Nations," that it is to be feared, the Muses and Graces will shortly be put down as unproductive labours, and the price current of the day be considered as the only criterion of merit.

"Yet let us not justify the taunts of our rivals, and deliver up all our ideas to the dominion of trade; let us reserve a few old-fashioned sentiments, in this general sale of our faculties and understandings; let us, if possible, keep some few spots dry in this commercial deluge, upon which Wit, and Taste, and Genius, may repose."

In a national point of view, as having a powerful tendency to promote the advancement of the fine arts in our country, we would commend this work in the strongest language of our approbation. We intend not to engage in a formal review of it; its well established reputation rendering such an undertaking perhaps unnecessary. But to the amateurs of the fine arts, and the scholars of our country, who have not yet seen it—we would not insult the artists themselves so much as to presume it has hitherto escaped their notice—we would recommend it, as well for its superior excellence both of prose and poetic beauty, as for its sound sense and discriminating taste. In addition to the poem, whose merit so infinitely exceeds "the poverty of its titular pretensions," to adopt the language of one of the critical fraternity, the two prefaces and the notes are a rich fund of valuable strictures on the state of the arts, criticism, patronage, and public taste, in Great Britain, and are among the most admirable specimens of fine writing in our language.

The limits we have prescribed to ourselves, do not permit us to enter into a critical examination of this work:—to state its defects, if it have any, or enumerate its claims to excellence; though the one would be as easy and delightful, as the other would be difficult and painful. The same reason too, forbids us from engaging in any particular comparison of the merits of this work, with those of other more popular and fashionable poets of the day, and especially of lord Byron, and Walter Scott, or from attempting to offer our conjectures as to the niches which their respective authors are destined to occupy in the temple of Fame.—Suffice it to say, that if the subject of Mr. Shee's "Rhymes on

Art," is of much greater importance to the higher interests of state, its admirable execution is no less calculated to promote the advancement of letters, than lord Byron's energetic, though dismal sketches of character, as exhibited in the modern Greek, or "turban'd Turk," or than Walter Scott's picturesque and more agreeable delineations of Scottish manners, customs, costumes and scenery in the days of border chivalry. As far as we are acquainted with the writings of lord Byron and Scott, the reigning poetical "*stars*" of the day, they contain no evidence of any thing like the ability for prose composition to which the work before us establishes in Mr. Shee so just a title; and if in bearing a greater resemblance in most respects as a poet, than these gentlemen, to those great high priests in the school of poetry, Dryden and Pope, he may justly challenge some portion of their well-earned fame, we have no hesitation in saying that his chance of immortality, rests upon much better ground than theirs.

For the information of those who have not yet seen this work, we will venture a few remarks on its style.

There are few things more difficult than to convey any very distinct idea of style by mere description. It is not unlike an attempt, by such delineation, to give a just conception of the human countenance, whose infinitely-multiplied varieties, in spite of its many important resemblances, baffle all human efforts of this kind to portray, and would be about as intelligible as Mrs. Radcliffe's delineations of nature. Though we shall not therefore attempt to paint the character, we may give some idea of Mr. Shee's style, both in prose and poetry, by way of comparison with other writings, with which every English scholar is familiar.

If Mr. Shee's prose may not boast the strength of Johnson, nor the splendor of Burke, it is scarcely deficient in any of the force of the one, which the nature of his subject required, nor in any of the elegance of the other, of which it was fairly susceptible. A greater exertion of strength in the work before us, would have been an useless, if not awkward display of mental power,—a greater exhibition of decoration, an extravagant and unbecoming parade of literary opulence. In a word, it partakes in no ordinary degree, of the energy of Johnson, the illumination of Burke, and the elegance of Junius, with perhaps as much

harmony as the best specimens of either. Indeed, in this last particular, we know of no finer examples in our language, than may be found in the prose of Mr. Shee.

His models in poetry seem to have been taken from the chefs d'œuvres of those great masters of heroic verse, Dryden and Pope; and his efforts have been crowned with all the success of which such endeavours are susceptible. Upon this vigorous stock he has however engrafted some of the last shoots of the garden of poetry—has superadded some of the last touches of the superior polish and refinement of the present school of poetry in England, among the most distinguished masters of which, we rank Campbell and Rogers.

We have been seduced into so much length in our notice of this work, as well by the importance of its subject, as by the charms of its execution, that we will conclude our remarks, by expressing a hope, that its patronage may be such as will do equal credit to our national taste, its own intrinsic merit, and the judgment of the publisher; and who, we have no doubt would be induced by this mark of public approbation, to put to press the author's more important work, "The Elements of Art," which is still a great desideratum to the interests of the fine arts among us.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FATE OF LA PEYROUSE, THE FRENCH NAVIGATOR.

WE have seen some French papers two or three days later than the last Paris accounts received by way of England. The principal article of interest is an account of the fate of the unfortunate La Peyrouse, recently obtained from Dagelet, the astronomer, who accompanied the expedition, and who was in the course of last year taken from a rock at the eastward of the Phillipine islands.

La Peyrouse was born in France in 1741—he distinguished himself by many years services in the Indian sea in the early part of his life. During the American war, he served under count d'Estaing, and distinguished himself at the taking of Grenada. After the peace of 1783, he was selected by Louis XVI, to command the *Astrolabe*, and *Broussole* on a voyage of discovery. He began his voyage by following the track of captain Cook, visited the north-west coast, advanced to Beikoing's streights, thence down the eastern coast of Asia, along Japan, and in February, 1788, visited Botany bay. A narrative of his voyage thus far, has been published. From the time of his leaving Botany bay, nothing

has been heard of him till the present discovery. In the year 1791, the French national assembly sent two ships in search of him, but after exploring the seas which he was supposed to have visited, they returned without the least intelligence of his fate.

It appears that one of Peyrouse's two vessels after leaving Botany bay in 1788, struck upon a chain of rocks and was lost, crew saved by Peyrouse's vessel; they afterwards discovered an island in the S. S. E. of New Zealand, and anchored in the bay—when the vessel accidentally caught fire and was consumed; that the natives during the first twenty-one years were amicably disposed—but Peyrouse, tired of waiting for relief, and anxious to return home, ordered trees to be felled for timber to build a vessel—the natives considered this an act of hostility—war commenced, and finally Peyrouse and all who were with him were massacred, except Dagelet and seventeen others, who escaped after great perils in birch canoes to the place where he was found, and where he had resided two years—those who escaped with him had all died—and Dagelet himself died a few days after he was taken from off the rock. His journal of events was preserved and deposited at Macao—whence the account is received.—*Boston D. Adv.*

Translated from the Journal des Debats, for the Boston Daily Advertiser.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I hasten to communicate to you the particulars which I have received from the isle of France, upon the expedition of the brave and unfortunate La Peyrouse. The uncertainty respecting his melancholy fate, which existed, to this moment, makes this a duty. As I doubt not this news will interest all your readers, I beg you to insert it in your next number.

Yours, &c. J. F. De FROBENVILLE.

Lieutenant in the navy.

A Portuguese captain, who arrived at Macao, on the 3d of February, 1815, relates that on passing at the eastward of the Phillipines, near a dry rock south-eastwardly of the island of Timor, he perceived on the shore, a man who by signs was imploring assistance. He immediately despatched a boat to land and brought off a Frenchman named Dagelet, the astronomer of the expedition of M. La Peyrouse, who gave the following particulars:

M. La Peyrouse departing from Botany bay on the ——— 1788, with the two ships under his command, proceeded, to the south-west of New Holland, running along a chain of rocks whose bearing and situation were not designated by Mr. Dagelet. The *Astrolabe* ran upon the breakers in the night and was lost; part of the crew were saved; but in a short time after, being very much in want of water and provisions, and continuing to run down the chain of rocks, La Peyrouse discovered an island situated S. S. E. from the island of New Zealand, which may be about twelve or fifteen leagues in circumference. After having gone round this island, he entered with his only remaining vessel, into a deep and safe bay, where he came to anchor. He was there well received

and found a hospitable people, assistance and provisions of every kind, and obtained permission to erect his tents on shore for the accommodation of his sick. Nothing hitherto had disturbed the harmony which subsisted between his people and the natives of the country. But by the carelessness of the cook, a fire broke out on board his ship, and it was entirely consumed. By the greatest exertions La Peyrouse saved every thing possible, of the sails, cordage, utensils, arms and ammunition. His design was to build a vessel which should carry the news of his misfortune to some European colony. But the natives of the country, who permitted him to establish his camp, and to take all measures for his safety, constantly opposed this design.

He then had no other hope than that the uncertainty respecting his fate might induce the French government to send in search of him. In the meantime years passed away, and not a vessel was seen. After having passed twenty-one years in fruitless expectation he at last resolved on making preparations to embark. Having given orders for cutting in the wood the necessary pieces of timber, the natives regarded the order as an act of hostility, and soon began war upon him. The French being obliged to act always on the defensive, could not carry their project into execution. M. La Peyrouse repeatedly endeavoured to raise their spirits, but always without success. At last, after a war in which the little ammunition which had been saved, was exhausted, the French overcame by numbers, yielded, and were all massacred. The Indians burnt the camp. M. Dagelet commanded a small post of seventeen men. On being informed of the fate of M. La Peyrouse, and having no doubt of the fate which awaited him, with his companions abandoned his little battery, and was so fortunate as to reach a bay, where they found some Indian boats of which they took possession. With the aid of these frail vessels, they gained the ocean, without oars, without instruments, and without provisions, where they had to struggle with the horrors which threatened inevitable death. In the meantime the wind and currents drove them, after several days, upon the dry rock whence the Portuguese vessel took M. Dagelet, after having subsisted there two years, during which time, he saw the sad companions of his misfortunes, one after another perish.

M. Dagelet was the sole survivor, and he died on the ninth day after being taken on board the Portuguese vessel. His declaration has been delivered, and his journals deposited at Macao by the Portuguese captain.—In them the latitude and longitude of the island where La Peyrouse remained so long a time was determined. The governor of this place, has sent them both to Batavia, whence they will be forwarded to France. They have been compared with d'Entrecasteaux's journal, and it appears that the latter passed within eight or ten leagues only of the island where M. La Peyrouse was detained. But the narrative of M. d'Entrecasteaux makes no mention of any land discovered in those parts.

I will indulge in no reflections on this narrative, which to this moment no authentic declaration confirms. It is to be hoped that the part of the narrative

which relates to the sending to Batavia, and the forwarding to France of the journals of M. Dagelet, may prove true. These important documents will be a durable monument to the French nation of their zeal for the progress of the sciences, and their title to a species of glory which seems to have been exclusively claimed by our rivals.

J. F. De FROBERVILLE.

Lieutenant in the navy.

N. B. It will be recollected, that Louis XVI himself drew up the plan of the voyage of La Peyrouse.

Congo steam vessel. There has been lately equipped a steam vessel, to be called the Congo, designed for the investigation of the course of the great African river of that name, by the expedition preparing under the command and direction of captain Tuckey, one of the most scientific and best informed officers of the navy, in geography, hydrography, and all the branches of general and practical knowledge connected with these studies. The immediate object assigned for this expedition, it will be recollected, is to ascend the great river Congo, to examine all its creeks and bays, to trace its principal tributary streams, but principally to follow up the main channel, while the overland expedition, fitted out under the direction of major general sir J. W. Gordon, and conducted by major Peddie, of the royal African corps, making for the great river Niger in the interior of Africa, by following the tract of Park, will pursue the course of that vast volume of water to its discharge.

It is supposed that both these expeditions cooperating may, and will, ascertain the Niger and the Congo to be the same river, and thus establish a navigable channel of communication with almost all the tribes of the immense country on the banks. With a view to the objects of captain Tucker's particular branch of this combined plan of discovery, an experiment has been made to ascertain several points important to the particular kind of navigation to which the steam vessel is to be adapted. The result of that experiment, showed the necessity of some alterations to lessen the draught of water, and to give other facilities, which captain Tuckey is confident of accomplishing in a satisfactory way, so as to be enabled to pursue his enterprize in this vessel.

London Pilot.

The Potatoe. (*Batatas*, or the root of the the *Solanum Tuberosum*) had long been thought to have been taken from North America to England by the famous but unfortunate sir Walter Raleigh; latterly the opinion seems to be, that it is a native of South America. Whatever country may have been the origin of this truly valuable root, it has become one of the most essential articles of food in the whole catalogue of eatables—it is not only one of the most nutritious of all that contribute to the sustenance of man, but it is also the most productive, as it is ascertained, that one acre of potatoes is equal to four acres of wheat.

It is well known, that the potatoe is not a native of Ireland, yet it is a curious fact, that, whether it be owing to the climate, or superior cultivation, it is much drier and has a finer flavour in that country than any other; accordingly Ireland has given its name to this precious root, and "the Irish potatoe" is distinguished and preferred to all others.

Without dwelling on the nutritious and productive nature of the potatoe, we proceed to show, by the following article, its usefulness in the cleaning of linens, cottons, &c.

Take as many potatoes as may be necessary at one time, wash them clean and boil them, drain the water from them and mash them, after which mix them with fresh boiling water, to the consistence of gruel, in which immerse the dirty clothes, and let them remain covered with the mixture for twenty-four hours, then rub the clothes out of it, and rinse them thoroughly in cold water, and dry them, when they will be completely cleansed.

Potatoes, used as above directed, entirely remove grease and every kind of dirt from white or coloured linen or cotton clothes: and in preparing thread, linen or yarn, for the weaver, they supersede the necessity of using soap, or pot ashes, or of boiling the yarn, of which every person may be satisfied who will take the trouble of trying the experiment. The gruel can be given to hogs after being used.

The wire bridge near Philadelphia. As the wire bridge seems to have excited considerable curiosity, a description of it may not be unacceptable to our readers.

It is supported by six wires each 3-8ths of an inch in diameter—three on each side of the bridge—These wires extend, forming a curve, from the garret windows of the wire factory to a tree on the opposite shore, which is braced by wires in three directions. The floor timbers are two feet long, one inch by three, suspended in a horizontal line by stirrups, of No. 6, wire, at the ends of the bridge, and No. 9, in the centre, from the curved wires. The floor is eighteen inches wide of inch board, secured to the floor timbers by nails, except where the ends of two boards meet; here, in addition to the nails, the boards are kept from separating by wire ties. There is a board, six inches wide, on its edge, on each side of the bridge to which the floor timbers are likewise secured by wires. Three wires stretched on each side of the bridge along the stirrups form a barrier to prevent persons from falling off. The floor is sixteen feet from the water, and four hundred feet in length—The distance between the two points of suspension of the bridge is four hundred and eight feet.

The whole weight of the wires is	-	-	-	1314 lbs.
do do Wood work	-	-	-	3580
do do Wrought nails	-	-	-	8

Total weight of bridge - - - 4702 lbs.

Four men would do the work of a similar bridge in two weeks of good weather, and the whole expense would be about three hundred dollars.

The Venus de Medicis has made its solemn entry into Florence: it arrived on the 3d, preceded by a brilliant suite, the principal pictures of the Italian school, the chefs d'œuvre of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Andre del Sorto, and Julio Romano, served for the escort. The whole population went out to meet them. If any thing can console us for our losses in the arts, it would be to see these monuments pass into the hands of an idolatrous people, whose enlightened enthusiasm promises a religious care for their preservation.

Pay of congress. On the subject of the late change in the mode and amount of compensation to the members of congress, the editor of the "National Intelligencer" has given the following statement, the accuracy of which he says "will not, because it cannot be questioned."

"Average annual amount of allowances for travelling expenses of each member of congress (under the present census) for eight years, viz. 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, congress has been \$ 318 15

During these eight years congress was in session thirteen hundred and twenty-two days, averaging number of days per year 165 1-4 at \$ 6 991 50

Average annual amount of pay to the members of the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th congress, including a term of eight years 1903 65

Pay established by the law of March 30th, 1816; which commenced with the 14th congress.

Annual salary	1500
Annual travelling as above	318 15
	1818 15

Which is an increase of the whole pay of all the members of congress of fifty-eight per cent. upon the pay as established in 1789."—*N. Y. Spec.*

A meeting of the society for the promotion of agriculture in the state of Connecticut was holden in New-Haven on the 5th of March, and the president, general Humphreys, at the request of the society, addressed his fellow citizens, soliciting "every farmer, of every condition, and every well-wisher to our substantial interests and prosperity, to note down in writing, and communicate to the public such occurrences and remarks as shall fall within his sphere of action, and may serve to promote the interests of the institution. These it is proposed to publish in an Agricultural Almanac for 1817.

From the extraordinary success which has attended the cultivation of sugar in Georgia, attempts are making to introduce the cane into South Carolina.

A knife has been made at Messrs. Travis Senior and Co's shops, at Manchester, in England, containing seventeen articles, viz. three blades, button-hook and saw, punch and screw-driver, box cork-screw, hook and gimblet, two plumes, picker and tweezers, two lancets, with a ring at the head; the knife is only 11-16ths of an inch long, and weighs one penny-weight, fourteen grains.

Burns. The Scots poet's favourite *Marble Punch Bowl*, was recently sold at Edinburgh for 84*l.* sterling—a handsome compliment to the memory of its late owner.

The following projet has been adopted in the French chamber of deputies.

1st. The 21st of January [the day on which Louis the 16th was beheaded] shall every year be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer.

2d. A monument shall be erected as an expiation of the *crime* committed that day.

3d. A monument shall be also erected at the expense of the nation, to the memory of Louis the XVII, the queen Maria Antoinette, and madame Elizabeth.

4th. A monument shall also be erected to the memory of the duke d'Enghien.

The editors of the Kentucky Advertiser, Winchester Kentucky, being desirous of ascertaining the number and names of all the newspapers and periodical works now published in the United States, request all printers of the same to transmit by mail to the above mentioned place, one or more of their respective publications—and when the above list shall be completed, a copy shall be forwarded to each of the said printers.

Editors of newspapers, &c. throughout the union, are requested to give the above an insertion.

Important to Hose companies. The pipes of the engines used in France for extinguishing fire are made of flax, and are found to answer the purpose much better than those made of leather. They are woven in the same manner as the wicks of patent lamps, and can be made of any length without a seam or joining. When the water runs a short time through the pipes, the flax swells and no water escapes, though the pressure be very great. They are more portable, not so liable to be out of repair, and do not cost by one-half so much as the leather ones used in this country.

Officers of the American Philosophical Society, 1816:

President—Casper Wistar.

Vice-presidents—Robert Patterson, William Tilghman, Peter S. Du Ponceau.

Secretaries—Thomas C. James, Nathaniel Chapman, Thomas T. Hewson, Robert M. Patterson.

Counsellors for three years—William White, William Rawle, Horace Binney, John Sergeant.

Curators—Zaccheus Collins, Joseph Cloud, Samuel Colhoun.

Treasurer—John Vaughan.

Tales of Fancy. The first of these long expected tales, from the pen of Miss Burney, entitled the *Shipwreck*, is at length published, and a more ex-

quaintly beautiful fiction has perhaps not appeared since the publication of mad Cotton's Elizabeth. Another literary effort also deserving the highest commendation is, a novel, entitled Rhoda, the production of the author of Plain Sense, and Things by their Right Names.

London, December 27.

A new village to be called *Waterloo*, enclosing and surrounding a new place of public amusement, somewhat on the plan of Benelagh, but as superior to that as the Italian Opera is to the Royal Circus, beautifully diversified by walks, plantations, and canals, is just announced, by inscriptive boards on the grounds, as to be built, commemorative of that glorious day, on a most charming spot of ground, nearly adjoining Primrose Hill, northward, anuting on the high road to Hampstead, but above Chalk Farm, and extending westward nearly to the above mentioned hill.

The first volume of Nichlin's edition of the Institutes of Calvin, will be published in about a month.

J. E. Hall, esq. editor of the Law Journal, has prepared for the press a new "Treatise on the Law of Evidence. By S. Phillips, esq. of the Middle Temple. The first American, from the second London edition." With copious references to American cases. To which will be added an appendix, containing an essay on the theory of presumptive proof. This work is expected to appear in the course of a few weeks.

Judge Cooper, we understand, means to give a course of chymical lectures in Carlisle during the summer, and a course of chymistry and mineralogy in Philadelphia, from October to April next.

EPIGRAM.

The following was written in the first leaf of Walter Scott's poem of "Waterloo."

NAR and myself one common fate may rue;
We both have lost a crown by Waterloo.

INSCRIPTION.

Over the door of Mr. R. Walker apothecary in High-street Oxford a wag wrote

Venditur hic
Catharticum Emeticum Narcoticum
et omne quod exit in um
præter
Remedium.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dr. Calhoun, of this city, has favoured us with the perusal of a part of an essay, which he will shortly publish, on the Influence of Science upon the rise and downfall of empires. His object is to inculcate the advantages of a system of national instruction.

Major Latour has published his Memoir of the War in West Florida and Louisiana, in 1814—1815. Our last volume contains some copious extracts from this work, from which an opinion may be formed of the style in which it is composed. The major writes with zeal: he is a fervent admirer of Gen. Jackson, to whom he has offered his book in a neat dedication: he appears to dislike the British very cordially, and he has been pretty successful in exposing some of the misrepresentations of the enemy: he thinks the embargo would have been preferable to war; and he censures the agents of the government for not having put New Orleans in a proper state of defence. In this last particular, we should be glad to know what the government *did* and what the agents *did not*, as we have always ascribed the safety of that part of the country, *exclusively*, to the courage and skill of the latter.

We have lately received from Peking, a variety of translations of Chinese tales, public documents, &c. from which we shall make some selections for the Port Folio. Among these is a specimen of a dictionary of the Chinese language, by the Rev. R. Morrison. It is founded on the Imperial Dictionary, compiled by order of Kang-he, late emperor of China, and will be comprised in three or four volumes, quarto. Some of the explanations are very characteristic; e. g. “Săn sze urh how hing.” (We cannot give the original characters.) “Think thrice and then act.”—Sze wăw, &c. Sze said, “Government requires the utmost attention and care; the whole mind should be directed to three points, and then it will be well. First, to choose men, (proper to hold public offices). Second, to accord with the wishes of the people. And third, to act according to the times.”—Saw sing. “Three

stars;" whose lucky influence are much desired; viz. Fùh, lùh, show. "Happiness, the emoluments of office, and long life!"

The Chinese are great office seekers, as all travellers report.

Mr. Riley, of New York, has published the 16th vol. of East's Reports, § 4.

Neal, Wells & Cole, Baltimore, have published "A selection of the Laws of the United States now in force relative to commercial subjects, with marginal notes and references, by John Brice, Dep. Col. port of Baltimore;" to which a supplement will shortly be added, including those of the laws of the present session, as belong to this subject.

Mr. Brice is a gentleman of great industry and accuracy, and having been intimately versed in all the business of the custom-house, his book may be relied upon. We have frequently heard it commended by those whose avocations lead them to use it; and we are very certain that their judgment is just.

Mathew Carey is about to publish a new edition of Goldsmith's Animated Nature.

An American edition of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, is announced by some of the booksellers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO JULIA.

*Forget thee, Julia! No—while Time,
Shall bid me Hope's gay heights to climb,
The maid I love, in me shall see,
An emblem fair of constancy,
For she who wins by charms unseen,
For aye shall be my heart's best queen.
Though steel'd thy breast, and cold thine eye,
Unheeding though thou pass me by:—*

Thou still shalt be my dearest theme,
 My thoughts by day—my nightly dream.
 Though sad and dreary life remain,
 Though hopeless be my constant flame,
 Though no bright views my heart elate,
 My pray'rs on thee shall ever wait,
 That calm content shall bless thy bowers,
 And pleasures chase thy rosy hours.



SEDLEY.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT FORT ERIE.

THE following lines are from the pen of one of the defenders of fort Erie. He is a young soldier, who listens with equal enthusiasm to the call of Bellona or the whispers of the Muse.—Were we to write his biography according to the present fashion, we could introduce the most hard-fought battles that took place on our frontiers during the recent war. *On all occasions*, we should find him *doing his duty like a soldier*, to use the language of one of his general officers, who was an eye-witness of his gallant deportment. At an eventful crisis, we might follow his dangerous and devious path through the wilderness, the confidential channel of important communication between two divisions of our army: but at the end of an eventful story of strange adventures and daring achievements, the reader would only exclaim *cui bono?* The hero of the tale would be found precisely where he commenced his career. His merits have been great, but he has neither been feasted nor flattered; his shoulders are racked by rheumatism, contracted when his “lodging was on the cold ground,” instead of being graced by the badge of promotion.

ON Erie's dark bosom the sun
 Serenely was sinking to rest;
 I thought not of fields to be won,
 For peaceful and still was my breast.
 I thought of the friends of my youth,
 And the days of my early delight;
 Sweet hours of friendship and truth,
 How soon were ye buried in night!

Ah blest, I exclaim'd, be this hour,
 To soft contemplation so dear;
 When Fancy, exerting her pow'r,
 Can call, or can banish a tear!—
 But short was the dream of my bliss,
 The alarm-drum invades the still night,
 And the tender emotions of peace
 Are drown'd in the uproar of fight!

Sept. 1814.

J. H.

—
To a young lady who mended the author's stockings.

FAIR lady you've labour'd so hard,
 A respectable *footing* to give me,
 I shall wear in my *soul* a regard
 For your pretty fingers, believe me.

J. H.

—
 TO MISS —————

FORGET me not, when Pleasure opes her hoard,
 And calls thee smiling to forget thy care;
 Oh! lady, think, how at thy festive board,
 I'd drink sweet poison could I revel there!

Forget me not, if pestilential Wo,
 Her baleful mantle o'er thy bosom fling;
 Think, lady, think, what burning tears would flow,
 If I could know thou felt Misfortune's sting!

Forget me not, when at the midnight hour,
 Thy soul to heaven in silent prayer ascends;
 Commend me, lady, to Almighty power,
 Who gave *thee* beauty, and who gave *me* friends!

Forget me not, when at thy social home,
 Thy gentle heart on humbler cares is plac'd;
 Think, lady, then, before I learn'd to roam,
 How much I lov'd the spot thy virtue grac'd!

And oh! forget me not, if ruthless Fate
Far hence by stranger hands should ring my knell;
Think, if I died victorious, that I died elate,
I liv'd for Glory—for my country fell!
July 1815. J. H.

—
From the Gleaner.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

A SAIL! all hands! the boatswain pipes!
And instant at the signal sound,
Beneath the waving stars and stripes
Each sailor at his post is found.
Due south, close haul'd, in trim array,
A gallant frigate's on our lee—
She hoists her flag—my hearts, huzza!
Huzza! the English ensign see.
O'er all the crew, with heart elate,
Our captain glanc'd his eagle eye,
And saw each tar impatient wait,
To meet the veteran enemy.
And see, with topsail to the mast,
The foe destructive fires prepare,
As ship to ship approaching fast,
All calm and silent down we bear.
But when yard arm and yard arm met,
Our cannon swept his decks amain,
In vain that boasted flag he set,
Which long had awed the subject main.
In vain to every mast he nails
That flag; for, carried by the deck,
Like shattered oaks in wint'ry gales,
Each crashing falls, a lumbering wreck.
No Frenchmen now the conflict wage,
The Briton finds another foe;
And learns amidst the battle's rage,
Columbia's hearts and hands to know.

What shall the desperate chieftain do?
 Around his bravest men expire;
 No hope is left—he speaks, his crew
 A leeward gun, reluctant fire.
 Columbia! from your fatal sleep
 Arise, your tars, your rights to save!
 Thus guard their freedom on the deep!
 Thus claim your empire on the wave!

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, FROM PAUL TO ONE OF HIS KINSFOLK.

Dear Oliver Old.—

I know not why
 You keep *perdu** my poetry.
 Is it because you scorn my lays?
 Or hope, in time,† their worth will raise?
 Or do you keep an iron chest,
 In which you lock what you like best?
 Or do you, like the banks‡ you mention,
 Keep SPECIE under close detention,
 And issue, in its stead, each day,
 “Notes” *promising* that you will pay?
 Come, come, be generous and just,
 And, Oliver, “pay what *thou* ow’st.”

You know that I have still been wistful
 Of rhyming friends to see your list full;§
 And often have my pen exerted,
 Because I thought thee quite deserted
 By those who whilom grac’d thy page
 With inspirations, quaint or sage.
 But ’stead of verse, I grieve to see,
 Dull prose has kick’d out poesy.

* *C’est du bien perdu*—he does not know how to avail himself of this advantage.

† Horace thought that poetry ought to be kept, as mother Glasse would say, for the space of nine years: but *we poets*, of the present day, are out of humour at a delay of nine days. I shrewdly suspect that our editor dabbles a little in this way himself.

‡ *Vid.* p. 334.

§ The list is full enough of this sort of gentry, if those who never pay are to be ranked in the class of poets.—*Note by a printer’s devil.*

Hear it ye Muses, and Apollo!
 And vengeance take on this sad Noll—o!
 Grave *Martha* who, in younger days,
 No doubt could weave poetic lays;
 Comes down upon us with *St. Mark*,*
 And re-marks on a subject dark:
 In her own phrase, I'll tell thee friend,
Look closely to thy latter end,
 Where fairest flow'rs were wont to shoot
 In luscious, *not forbidden*, fruit.
 And then you treat of *History's lies*,†
 Right skeptical, and, no doubt, wise:
 Next *Parliament*,‡ and *Eton college*,§
 Both fond alike of wine and knowledge;
 And “*Discipline*,” to tell again,||
 What Solomon had told in vain;
 'The *Ranz des Vaches*¶ and *Ali Bey*;
Mawe's Travels, and the *First of May*,**
St. Michael's Cave—*Gibraltar's Rock*;††
 Our disappointed senses shock.
Lay Preachers, too, your readers bore,
 While our “effusions” soundly snore:
 Poor *Dennie's* ghost walks unaneled,
 Without a *Life* to grace the field;
 And *Allston's* view‡‡ of *dead men rais'd*,
 At our expense, is highly praised.
 By mad-dog bites,§§ and *Tricks of Scholars*,|||
 You hope to gain some paper dollars:
 And even book-intelligence,
 Of us, alas! takes precedence!
 I tell you, Noll, if you do so,
 Not only “paler,” ¶¶ but you'll poorer grow:

* P. 365. § P. 397. ** P. 392. §§ P. 149.

† P. 369. || P. 411. †† P. 298. || P. 153.

‡ P. 375, ¶ P. 420. ‡‡ P. 437.

¶¶ And grow still paler by the midnight lamp. This is the *ecce signum*, which the “Author” holds up in order to attract attention to his “Evenings.” Vid. p. 125.

And vainly you, our cash to fob,
 May swear that you are poor as Job.*
 'Tis "nominated in the bond,"†
 That you, of wits and poets fond,
 Would make, to set our ears a ringing,
 Your people "break forth into singing,"‡
 That some would stray the groves among
 And "charm with no inglorious song."§
 We hop'd ere this, with pride, to see
 Your quondam friend, the witty D.
 That you would, once a month or so,
 In sprightly page, display Ao?
 And Samuel Saunter, prince of rakes,
 Would wake to life the sleeping Jaques.
 Has gay *Mercutio's* fancy fled?
 Is P. now number'd with the dead?
 Where does the Muse of *Imlac* wander?
 Shall we ne'er hear, again, *Lysander*?
 Come rouse thee, Noll! or we shall swear,
 Of thy bureau, no hope is there:
 And thou'lt compel thy friends to say,
 FUNGAR INANI MUNERE!||

Translation of the Physician's advice to his Pupil.

Port Folio, p. 440.

When sickness sighs, "ah me! ah me!"
 Do thou respond, "a fee! a fee!"

Another, from a Correspondent.

When the patient's on his back,
 "Fee me!" "fee me!" cries the quack. F.

Latin turned into English.

When Dido's spouse would not to Dido come,
 She wept in silence, and was *Di-do dum*.

* Vid. a very civil dun, a sort of outside passenger, who went on his travels about the 1st of May.

† P. 171. ‡ Ib. § P. 172. || Rich in empty promises.—Print. Dev

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE decline the insertion of O. in reply to C. and shall give our reasons at some length.

The strictures on the *Westminster Epilogue*, which we published in our May number, were very far from being written *con amore*. They were given with great pain and no slight degree of reluctance. After a deliberate survey of that article, we see nothing to retract or to palliate. We did not employ half the weapons which the usages of legitimate warfare, on such a subject, would have authorized. But we shall use them, if further provocation should require us to vindicate the reputation of our country. We love England, but we love America more. If our correspondent can adduce the slightest evidence in support of the infamous scurrility of which we complained, he shall have a fair hearing. Any editor of an American journal would be glad to meet one of these vicious slanderers on fair ground. But our correspondent does not pretend to support the allegations of the author of the *Epilogue*, which occasioned our strictures. He has written, what we are willing to acknowledge is a very eloquent exhortation to "cordiality," and "friendly feelings,"—"reciprocation between congenial minds," and a great deal of that sort of stuff, to persuade us to listen in silence to the most shameless misrepresentations that ever degraded the press. All this coaxing epistle is attempted to be supported by an extract from the *Quarterly Review*, a journal from which we have derived much pleasure and instruction. This extract we shall insert, because it contains the substance of our correspondent's communication, and is entirely in unison with our own feelings; as our readers will find in one of our recent numbers, in which we have expressed the same ideas, so closely, though inadvertently, as almost to subject us to the charge of plagiarism:

"Let but the American government abstain from war, and direct its main attention to the education of the people, and the encouragement of arts and knowledge; and, in a very few generations, their country may vie with Europe. Above all, let not that anti-Anglican spirit be cherished, for which there no longer exists a cause. With whatever indignation they may think of the past, they ought to remember that it was from England they imbibed those principles

for which they fought, and by which they triumphed. There is a sacred bond between us, of blood and of language, which no circumstances can break. Our literature must always continue to be theirs; and though their laws are no longer the same as ours, we have the same Bible, and we address our common Father in the same prayer. Nations are too ready to admit that they have natural enemies—why should they be less willing to believe that they have natural friends?" 2. *Quarterly Review*, p. 337.

If the reviewer of *Inchiquin's Letters*, and some other articles which might be mentioned, had been actuated by the honourable sentiments which dictated this paragraph, it is probable that we might have been spared the pain of commenting upon the disgraceful language of the pedagogues of Westminster. Our regret is greatly enhanced, by the reflection, that the indulgence of such a spirit, as is displayed by the critic, will tend to circumscribe the influence of this journal. We had hailed its appearance as a necessary and a powerful antidote to the pernicious principles of a rival review; and there is no doubt that it would have this salutary influence here, if its editor would reduce to practice the conduct which he recommends. We exhort *him* not to cherish an anti-American spirit, if he would soften the "anti-Anglican" rancour which is so industriously diffused throughout this country. We are willing, most cordially, to receive and study their literature; but it must not be tarnished with obloquy, and polluted with falsehood. Every high-minded gentleman, in this country, reciprocates the sentiments of this extract, and the best men in our community are those who have not forgotten the land of their ancestors—the source of their principles, their taste, and their learning.

R. H. L. on the characters of Hamilton and Pitt in'our next.

We have the same promise to make to J. M. S. in relation to his excellent paper on the character of Socrates in reply to one of our best correspondents.

In the critical department we have prepared a review of the New York "*Juvenile Spelling-book*"—and a survey of Sismondi's *View of the Literature of the South of Europe*.

The *London Monthly Magazine* is now regularly republished in this country. We believe the editors of this journal are not so fond of misrepresenting our national character, as some of their neighbours. The popularity of writers, among the very people whom they delight in defaming, is a mortifying fact. We remarked, some time since, in allusion to these critics, to the tourists, and the pattern-card cockneys who swarm in our streets, that we paid our slanderers and admired their abuse, while they battered on our humility. Shall we never learn to think for ourselves? Patriotism must be a hardy plant, indeed, if it thrive under the influence of a power more potent than the shade of the Upas:

Our kinsman, *Paul*, is very cordially greeted; and we promptly exhibit his accusation, with a plea of not guilty. Our table groans with the *tales of Phillis and Hypsipile, and all the trash of sing-song poetasters,*

Phyllidas, Hypsipilas, vatum et plorabile si quid.—*Persius*.

of which we might safely affirm, that it is easier to comprehend the doctrine of the rising and setting of the stars than to abstract common sense from such strange contortions and eccentricities. (Cic. de Fato, sect. 8.)

VERSE, the child of GENIUS and the parent of SONG, will never become the oracle of POETRY in the hands of such rude artificers. They possess none of that divine enthusiasm which is so essential—their monotonous lines are worked on a rough anvil by the mere mechanism of rhyme, instead of flashing with those ethereal sparks which fire the fancy of the votary, bear him to the extremest limits of the regions of probability, enable him to seize the fleeting visions of invention, and pour the unpremeditated lay.

These unlucky wights are sure to find some foolish friends, who, not having the fear of Satire before their eyes, obtain a copy for publication. It would be well if such persons would bear in mind the advice of the French poet; that a good artist is better than an indifferent writer:

Soyez plutot mason, si c'est votre talent;
Ouvrier estimé dans une art necessaire;
Qu'ecrivain du commun et poëte vulgaire.

Many may think these remarks are couched in a tone of unnecessary severity; but if, as the great poet avers, "a *rat* may be rhymed to death," what may not be dreaded by the editor of a repository of polite literature? The same writer, varying his character, as he does, at will, from the naturalist to the historian, says,

————— the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end. —————

When these times were, whether in the days of the mad Macedonian or the frantic Swede, we do not know. That we have not fallen upon them, is abundantly manifest from the multitude of these effusions. In taking our lonely rounds, through the environs of the city, we sometimes meet one of these witless wits, and though we have in our possession, sufficient testimony of his demise, if Shakspeare were the assessor, we are compelled to yield to the superior evidence of locomotion, and admit that the "fell serjeant, Death," has not "been strict in his arrest," in this instance.

—

If "Damon" use his tongue no better than his pen, he must be but a sheepish lover. The times are prodigiously altered since the days of SHENSTONE, when maids were invited to stray through velvet lawns and loll on the margins of lingering streams. If we were to exhibit the praises of this "lamb," as she is styled by our simple swain, we fear she would be hailed as

The LAMB thy riot dooms to bleed to-day.

—

By a strange coincidence, two of our correspondents have transmitted to us their verses in praise of the musical accomplishments of the same lady. We do not wish to detract from the merits of this fair performer; but in relation to our poets, we dare affirm,

She cannot sing so well, as they can BRAY!

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Sunday the 27th of April, in the fortieth year of his age, JOHN EWING, esq. counsellor at law at the bar of Philadelphia.

On the 19th of that month he was suddenly afflicted with a paralytic stroke, and was carried home speechless, from a meeting on professional business, which he was actually attending, when his career was thus suddenly arrested. Not an hour before the overwhelming blow, he conversed with the friend who inscribes this frail memorial, on the legal questions which were about to be discussed. During the space of nine days he languished in great suffering; but he did not murmur at one of those dispensations to which he had been taught to bow from his earliest years. He bore his trial with patient resignation, and his soul was disentangled from the body without a struggle.

Death is at all times a subject which excites emotions of terror and regret. Though disease have enfeebled the frame, or age have almost frozen the current of life, we are still unprepared. We are unwilling to contemplate what we dare not approach, and we resign ourselves to the delusive phantoms of hope, when we should ponder upon the momentous truths of reality.

In the sudden demise of Mr. Ewing, in the midst of health and in communion with the church, the gay and the giddy may receive an awful warning to prepare for their inevitable hour. They are all embarked on a troubled ocean, and no man can tell the instant when his vessel may sink.

Of the deceased—[our first *professional preceptor*]*—*whether we remember him in the hours of business, or the moments of relaxation, as the barrister or the companion—the parent, the husband, or the friend—it may be affirmed that he made no honest man his enemy, and that every good man was his friend. His principles were so pure, his affections so warm, his temper so even, his whole life so blameless, that this encomium will not be imputed, by those who knew him, to the enthusiasm of praise or the fondness of friendship. SIT MEA ANIMA CUM LANGTONI! But while these considerations aggravate our regret for what cannot be recalled, let us learn submission from the consolations of religion—let us indulge the sure and certain hope, that he whom we

mourn is removed from a place of temptation and sin, and infirmity, to the regions of rest and the mansions of joy. Such were the reflections which soothed his latter moments, and enabled him to meet his fate with the composure and the confidence of a CHRISTIAN.

Scarcely had we performed the above melancholy duty to the memory of a deceased kinsman, when we were summoned to the grave of another invaluable friend, to witness the repose of beauty in the silence of the tomb: so true it is that in the midst of life we are in death.

The southern papers inform us of the death of Mrs. ELIZA BRENT, late the wife of Daniel Brent, esq. of Washington, and daughter of Robert Walsh, esq. of Baltimore.

With great truth it is remarked, in announcing these melancholy tidings, that Death has "suddenly cut off, in the prime of life, one of the brightest ornaments of her sex; a model in its peculiar virtues, charities, and accomplishments." This is lofty panegyric, but the rigid scrutiny of an Egyptian inquest would attest its truth.

In the idioms of Italy and France, this inestimable woman was familiarly versed; and in the liberal circle of our own literature, she had collected all that is calculated to enlarge and adorn the female mind. Her judgment of life and manners was well matured, and in music and poetry her taste was formed from the most exquisite models. In her conversation, she discussed with fluency the merits of popular works, in various languages, and her opinions sparkled with easy gayety and good-humoured wit, supported by the suggestions of solid sense. Her manners were so affable as to invite cordiality, and so correct as to repress levity. Of the qualities of her heart, it may emphatically be said, her's were *the charms that win unseen*.

The cheek is now cold on which the softest affections so lately played; those eyes are dark that once beamed with inexpressible sweetness; and that tongue is silent, in which all the powers of melody combined to warble their mildest strains. Long, indeed, shall we deplore the loss of one, who, in elegance, in wit, in sympathy with weal or wo, in every loveliness, that belongs to the sex, was so highly distinguished!

DIED, at his residence near Baltimore, on the 3d inst: in the sixty-third year of his age, JAMES M'HENRY, esq.—a man loved, respected, and esteemed by all good men. During the revolutionary war, the great Washington, perceiving his talents, selected him as his companion and friend—he found him virtuous, wise, and capable—he had the greatest confidence in his integrity and advice. In all his transactions just; in his friendship sincere; in his walks through life mild, amiable, and inoffensive; a good husband, father, master and neighbour; those who knew him loved and respected him most—he was a moral and religious man—in short, as a useful citizen, a statesman, and a Christian, he had no superiors, and few equals.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF THE HON. SAMUEL DEXTER.

Hudson, (New York) May 7.

Died, at Athens, opposite this place, on the 4th inst. the Hon. SAMUEL DEXTER, esq. of Boston, (Mass.) aged fifty-five. I am informed by the physicians who attended him from this city, that his complaint was a scarlet eruptive fever, supposed to be similar to an epidemic prevailing in and about the city of Washington. It may be proper to state, that Mr. Dexter arrived here from Washington, accompanied by his family, in the steam-boat, on Sunday the 28th ultimo—crossed directly to Athens, to visit his friends, and felt some indisposition that evening; but did not think it necessary to call medical aid until Tuesday—was able to walk his room till Friday afternoon, and closed his earthly existence at seven o'clock on Saturday morning.

He was buried at Athens on Sunday afternoon. The common council of this city, had previously made arrangements for attending the funeral. At four o'clock, the corpse, preceded by the clergy and attending physicians, and followed by the mourners, the common council of this city, the trustees of the village of Athens, and citizens, moved from the house of Andrew Dexter, jun. esq. to the church, where Divine service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Prentice. The funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of people, whose mournful silence evinced the solemnity of the occasion.

The political life of Mr. Dexter has been somewhat mysterious and remarkable. Lips, that once cursed him in the bitterness of malice, were recently employed in extolling his talents, and his virtues—Hands, that once poured the vials of political wrath upon his character and person, were now actively engaged in placing him in the chair of state. But, notwithstanding the violence of party, the changes and virulence of opinions, his principles seem to have remained, not only unimpaired, but to have taken deeper root. Some of the leaves of the tree, may, indeed, have fallen, and the tenderest branches been bent, but the trunk has stood firm and erect, amid the fury of the veering tempest.—Upon the whole, he will be entitled to an honourable place in the assembly of statesmen. As a father, friend, advocate, his death will be more severely felt, and more deeply lamented.

Among the distinguished luminaries of the law, he stood conspicuous, and shone with peculiar splendour. Perhaps no one has ever excelled him in legal science and forensic eloquence, since the days of Hamilton.

Northern Whig.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME I.

- AUSONIUS**, Remarks on his writings, 42
- Adversaria**, The—Extract from Roger Ascham—Defence of American Manners and Literature—Character of an obstinate Man—Retaliation—Virtues of Wine—Ancient manner of enjoying it—Classical Pun, occasioned by erroneous punctuation: another from incorrect emphasis—Beauty defined, 48
- Attack on Fort Erie**, Details of, 97
- April Fools**, 287
- American Lounger**, 291—Clarendon, to 298—Saunter's annunciation of his return, 122—On Celibacy, 489
- An Author's Evenings**—Anecdote of Milton, 125—Extract from *Horæ Ioniæ*, 126—American Navy triumphant in classic regions—Present state of Greece, 127—The modern *Dunciad*, 128—Edinburgh Reviewers—their malignity, obliged to recant, *ib.*—Propriety of kneeling in Prayer, 138—Ass's Festival, 185—Marriage Contracts, 366—Student's Dream, 367—Progress of Civilization, 368—Mary, Queen of Scots, 482—Dryden, 484—Love of Novelty, *ib.*—Orpheus going to hell for his wife, 486
- American Register** proposed, 263—Watchman, 328—Philosophical Society, 254—Manners and Customs defended from British scurrility, 402
- Algebra**, New Treatise of, . . 261
- Algalia**, of Guatamala, similar to the Cotton plant and Ochra of South Carolina, . . . 162
- Acrostic**, 163
- Arabia**—Descriptive lines, . . 189
- Americanus** on English liberality, 333
- Allen Ralph**, not sufficiently known, 189
- Annet Peter**, *ib.*
- Aios Stephanos** visit to, . . . 323
- Addition to Wood's** continuation of Goldsmith's England, Review of, 232
- Apes' Hill**, 299
- Ascham**—Suicide, 302
- Addison and Spectator**, 327—and Johnson, 291
- Athenæum**, First annual report, 257
- Atlas**, Pinkerton's, 263
- Ali Pasha**, 383
- Athanasius Psalida**, 316—his academy, 321
- Allston's Picture**, Analysis of, . 437
- Aborigines of America**, . . . 457
- Behman**, 337
- Battle-monument at Baltimore**, 3—Ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, *ib.*—Prayer by Bishop Kemp, 4—Address by Dr. Inglis, 7
- Benevolus** on the advantages of good teeth, 22
- Broken Harp**, The, reviewed, . . 59
- Bassano**, 349
- British Literature** in the time of James I, 155—Parliamentary Eloquence, 375, 492—Abuse of American manners, &c. . . 397
- Banquet of Virgins**, 191
- Biblical Criticism**, by W. 222—by Martha, 365—Query, . . . 188
- Birth-day Ode**, 268

- Brice's Revenue Laws, . . . 526
 Burns's favourite Punch-bowl, . . 523
 Barton's Life, . . . 273, 349
- Cast-iron, Improved mode of pre-
 paring, . . . 161
 Cara, To, . . . 456
- Carburetted Hydrogen Gas, obtain-
 ed from birch bark and pitch-
 pine knots, . . . 161
- Cowper—The Flating Mill, . . 166
 Charms of a well-bred woman, . . 187
 Charlemagne, Character of, . . 251
 Cave, St. Michael's, . . . 299
- Chinese Literature, 464—Diction-
 ary, . . . 424
- Curious Branches of Knowledge,
 vindicated, . . . 13
- Constitution and Guerriere, an ode, 529
- Constitutions of the Helvetic and
 Rhenish confederacies, . . 475
- Calvin's Institutes announced, . . 350
- Cokquhoun's Resources, . . . 331
- Cooper, Judge, . . . 524
- Comparison of the Interior and
 Atlantic states, . . . 27
- Clinton on Canals, . . . 227
- Deserted Village, De Russy's French
 translation, criticised by R. N. 38
- Drake's Picture of Cincinnati, Re-
 view of, . . . 25
- Darby's Map of Louisiana, . . 266
- Dennie, Joseph, Life of, . . 361
- Discipline, Review of, . . . 411
- Dido, Epigram on, . . . 532
- Eric, Stanzas written at, by J. H. 527
 — Description of, . . . 97
- Editor, Parting address of the third, 86
 — Introductory of the present,
 to patrons and friends of lite-
 rature, 169—To Readers and
 Correspondents, . . . 171
- Essay, by X. on Steam-engines, 145
 — on the History of Nature, 243
 (*For other essays see their various titles.*)
- England—liberality to her heroes, 329
- East's Reports, 16th vol. . . 526
- Epitaphs—on Mr. Joseph King—
 Mr. Cumming—Author and
 Critic—The Ugly Wife—
 Voltaire, . . . 168
- Epicure, To an, . . . 463
- Εἰκὼν Βασιλική, Controversy re-
 specting, . . . 188
- Europe, Letter from an American
 traveller in, . . . 197
- Evangelical Repository, noticed, 262
- Ever-bloom, The, . . . 360
- Egyptian Prophecy, . . . 187
- Epervier, 356—Tyro, *ib.*
- Epithalamium, . . . 358
- Epigrams, . . . 456, 463, 488, 524
- Floræ Philadelphicæ; reviewed, 74
- Frederick, . . . 353
- Francis I, Proverb in the time of, 506
- French and English Obituaries, 327
- Fontaine's Characters, . . . 326
- Fate of La Peyrouse, . . . 517
- Flax Hose-pipes, . . . 523
- Forget me not, . . . 528
- French *projet*, . . . 523
- Female professor in Germany, 265
- Goldsmith's Animated Nature, 526
- Ghosts, Remarks on, . . . 131
- Gazettes in Zante—Italian—Ro-
 maic, . . . 311
- Greeks, Modern—Manners, cus-
 toms, and literature, 317—
 Monasteries, 323—School at
 Ithaca, . . . 315
- Grey, Lady Jane's Letter, . . 302
 On Suicide, . . . 304
- Goats, . . . 314
- Gallatin's Letter on the subject of
 Banking—A Citizen—Dr.
 Bollman—Judge Workman, 334
- Gibraltar, View of and from, . . 310
- Guilford, Lord Keeper, Life of, 214
- Hermit, Thoughts of a, . . . 12
- Hamilton, . . . 338
- Holland's Travels, . . . 310
- Hall's Distiller, . . . 448
- Hunter and Martin, Law case, 449
- History—its impostures exposed,
 by C. R. . . . 369
- Hoole's Metastasio, . . . 474
- Helena, St., Tour through, . . 447
- Hydrophobia, Dr. Rush's method
 of treating it, filched by Dr.
 Hufiland, of Berlin, . . . 149
- I. H. to a young lady, . . . 528
- Irish antiquities, . . . 480
- Inscription, A milk-seller's, . . 491
 — An apothecary's, . . 524
- Ioannina, Academy at, 316—Li-
 terature of, . . . 315
- Journey of Life, by Quevedo, 455
- Jackson, General, . . . 30
- Judges, in the time of Henry VI, 326

- Knife, An extraordinary, - 522
 Kiss, The, 451—Love's first, - 450
- London, Letter from to Editor, 445
 ——— Naval Chronicle, its motto, 447
 Latour's Historical Memoir, 525
 Lay Preacher, on early rising, 218
 Love beguiling Time, 164
- Literary Intelligence—Works of
 Tronto, 448—Hall's Distiller,
ib.—War in the Western
 country, 447—Douglass's Ta-
 bles, 448—Law of Carriers,
 449—Index to the English
 and American Essayists, 449
 —Declaration of Independ-
 ence, splendid edition, 449—
 Hall's Dissertation on the
 Terms of Communion, 449
 —Case of Hunter v. Martin, 449
- Medicus on the use of Phosphorus
 as a medicine, - 149
 Maret, - - - 349
 Madame de Genlis's Life of Henry
 the Great, - 241
 Martha greets Mr. Saunter, - 196
 Muse, Quevedo to his, - 454
 Mission to Warsaw, M. de Pradt's, 245
 Masonic Minstrel, - 265
 Monkeys, Migration of, - 299
 Meteora, Account of, - 322
 M'Donough, Donation of Massa-
 chusetts to, - 329
 May-day Gumbols, - 392
 Miss Someday, - 463
 Motto for a Segar-smoker, - 450
 Mawe's Travels in Brazil, - 432
- Naval Monument, - - 446
 Nero—Seneca, - - - 327
 Names, - - - 455
 New Orleans, - - - 380
- Palestine, a poem, - - 77, 360
 Pua, A Classical, by I, - 165
 Parody, The Tailor's Lamentation, 166
 Publisher's address, - - 1
 Peters, Charles—his literary cha-
 racter, 189—Criticism on the
 book of Job, *ib.*
 Piron and Voltaire, - - 190
 Philological Researches, J. P. Wil-
 son's, - - - 261
 Paradise of Coquettes, - 262
 Pinkerton's Atlas, - - 263
 Portico, The, - - - 266
 Practical Hints, Mrs. Taylor's, *ib.*
- Pilgrim's Rest, by Sydney, - 270
 Poor Robin's Almanac quoted, 289
 Pegge, Dr., his anonymous signa-
 ture, - - - 290
 Picture, Allston's, - - - 437
 Parisian Sanhedrim, - - 444
 Prize, Literary, awarded in Scot-
 land, - - - 264
 Proposed amendment in the motto
 to the London Naval Chroni-
 cle, - - - 447
 Physician's advice to his student,
 Translated, - - - 532
 Pennsylvania, why settled, - 450
 Paraphrase, by Sydney, - 456
 Pledge, The, redeemed, - *ib.*
 Pensions granted by the British
 government, for distinguish-
 ed merit, - - - 328
 Peyrouse, La, Fate of, - 517
 Potatoe, Productiveness of, - 520
 Philosophical Society, - - 523
 Pay of Congress, - - - 522
 Pistol, - - - 360
 Paul's epistle to the Editor, - 530
- Quarterly Review, Strictures on, -533
 Quevedo, - - - 454, 455
- Riley's publications, - - 350
 Rattlesnake, Cure for the bite of a, 162
 Readers and Correspondents, - 270
 Ranz des Vaches, Inquiry into, 420
 Repulse, The, - - - 452
- Sugar-cane, - - - 522
 Sedley to Julia, 527—To Fanny, 453
 Seng, by Sydney, - - - 455
 Steam-engines, X on, - - 145
 Scott's Waterloo, - - - 178
 Sacred music, Effect of, - 188
 Shakspeare's songs, - - 225
 Soerates, X on the character of, 203
 Steele, Addison and Johnson, - 291
 Summary of voyages and travels, 263
 Sardinia, - - - 311
 Spanish literature, 326—Montes-
 quieu's opinion of, *ib.*
 St. Helena, Tour through, - 477
 Spring, Description of, - - 487
 Silver Lake, Description of, - 503
 Straits of Gibraltar, - - 507
 Shée's Rhymes on Art, - - 511
 Science, Influence of, - - 535
 Saunter on periodical writing, - 193
- Tragedy of Tamerlane, - - 138
 Tasso and Ariosto compared, - 141

Tricks of Scholars, - - -	158	Ward's War of Elements quoted, 289
Toast, The, by S. - - -	163	Wire-bridge over the Schuylkill, 523
Troubles of a periodical writer, -	193	Waterloo—Fate of Walter Scott
Triumphs of Folly, quoted, -	290	in the battle of, 499—Village
Talkers, - - - - -	327	of, 524—Poem of, - Lines
Transactions of the Parisian San-		written in a blank leaf, - 524
hedrim, - - - - -	444	Workman's opinions on Banking, 346
Trout, M. Cornelius, - - -	448	Westminster epilogue, - - 533
Tables of British sterling money, -	ib.	
Tales of Fancy, Miss Burney's, -	526	X, on Steam and Steam-engines, 145
Taylor's Sermons, - - - - -	ib.	
		Zotti, Mr. editor of the Tuscan
Valli, - - - - -	358	Classics, - - - - - 264
Venus de Medici—its return to		Zero's newspaper, - - - - 312
Florence; - - - - -	523	Zante, Anglo-Greek regiment at, 312

